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Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Fol. II.

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AND PARLIAMENT STREET

Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript.

Ballads and Romances.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

As the first volume was specially that of Arthur and Gawaine, of Robin Hood and his great compeer, now almost forgotten, ‘ Randolph, Erl of Chestre,’ so this second volume is specially that of Sir Grey, who did such mighty deeds for England, and the pathos of whose death in his hermit’s cell near Warwick has never yet been worthily sung.

But the Arthur and Gawaine stories are here continued in *The Grene Knight*, the *Boy and Mantle*, and *Libius Disconius*; and we have besides, in the present volume, versions of some of the best of our English ballads, *Chevy Chase*, *Childe Waters*, *Bell my Wiffe*, *Bessie off Bednall*, &c. Of one of the best of them, *King Estmere*, Percy’s ruthless hands (p. 200, note) have prevented us giving the MS. version of the folio. We have been unable to find any other MS. or printed copy of this ballad, and have therefore been obliged to put side by side in an appendix Percy’s two printed versions of it, with all their differences from each other marked in italics, so that readers may judge for themselves as to his probable amount of alteration in the other parts.

The folio version of *Bell my Wife*—a ballad to which Shakspere’s quotation of it in *Othello* has secured immortality—is believed to be the earliest known; and as it just filled a page

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

in the MS. it was chosen for photolithographing, and an impression of it will be given with Vol. III. for Vol. I.

John de Reeue is (among other pieces) here printed for the first time, and if it can be taken in any degree as a picture of the bondman's condition at the time it represents, or even the time it was written, it is of considerable historical value. At any rate, it shows us a merry scene of early English life. *Conscience's tale* is of a darker tint, but is valuable for its sketch of the corruptions of its times. The other historical ballads treat of fights and plots abroad and at home—of Agincourt, Buckingham's Fall, the Siege of Cadiz, Durham Field, Northumberland besieged by Douglas, &c. &c.,—but none of them are of more than average merit.

Mr. Hales has written all the Introductions, except those to *Cales Voyage* (for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society), to *Earle Bodwell* (which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*), to *Boy and Mantle* (which is reprinted from Professor Child's *Ballads*), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *Come, Come; Conscience; Agincourte Battell*; and *Libius Disconius*. Mr. Hales has also written the Introductory Essay on The Revival of Ballad Poetry in the Eighteenth Century.

For the text Mr. Furnivall is, as before, mainly responsible, and has to thank Mr. W. A. Dalziel for his help in reading the copy and proof with the MS. The contractions of the MS. are printed in italics in the text.

To the Revs. Alexander Dyce, W. W. Skeat, J. Roberts, and Archdeacon Hale; to Messrs. Chappell, Bruce, T. Wright, Planché, and Jones, the Editors tender their thanks for help in divers ways.

February 4, 1868.

Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

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CORRIGENDA.

- p. 9, l. 68, *for armour read armor.*
p. 16, l. 253, *for and read &.*
p. 23, l. 9, *for [and] read &.*
p. 28, l. 6, *for with read with.*
 l. 28, *for between read betweene.*
p. 29, l. 77, *for thein read them.*
p. 41, l. 9, *for up read vp.*
p. 46, l. 7, *for bells read bell.*
p. 60, note 8, *for theye read they.*
p. 63, l. 134; p. 66, l. 203, 215; *for and read &.*
p. 72, note ¹: *the r has fallen out of the A.-Sax. Gram.*
p. 77, note, col. 1, l. 8; *for missed. As read missed, as.*
p. 140, l. 109, *add witt at the end of the line.*
 note ¹, *for Strowt yn read Strowtyn.*
p. 159, l. 7, *for 1569 read 1659.*
p. 164, note ², *for terme read tenne.*
p. 254, l. 12, *for Robert read Richard.*
p. 379, notes, col. 2, for "1867" read "*Babees Book, &c. 1868.*"
N.B. The reading of the vol. with the MS. was stopt at p. 74 by the return of the
MS. to its owners.



THE REVIVAL OF BALLAD POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE last century in England was in more respects than one a valley of dry bones. About the middle of it, “they were very many,” and “they were very dry.” Shortly afterwards, “behold, a noise,” and the bones began to come together. These signs of life were followed by a growing animation. From the four quarters came the wind, and breathed on the quickening mass. From the north it came in its strength ; from the east and the west it blew vigorously ; from the south it rushed with a wild furious sweeping blast that changed the face of the valley. So at last the century revived—its dull lack-lustre eyes brightened—its stagnant pulse leapt—it lived.

I do not now propose to attempt a full description of this mighty revival. But I propose confining myself to one particular feature of it—the appreciation of our older literature, and especially of our ballad poetry. The century that had long been fully satisfied with its own productions, at last recognised that the English literature of ages that had preceded it was not wholly barbarous. The century that had given up itself to rules, and reduced the art of poetry to a mechanical trick, at last acknowledged graces beyond the reach of its art. At last it was brought to see that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in its philosophy.

It discovered that there were innumerable beauties around it to which it had long been blind. It left its gardens and its

elaborate manipulations of nature to see Nature herself. It gave over refining the lily and gilding the rose to look at the flowers in their simple beauty. It became conscious of the exquisite beauties and glories of Switzerland, of the English lakes, of Wales. New worlds of splendour, and of noble enjoyment, dawned upon it. Not greater discoveries were made by Columbus and his followers four centuries before than were then made. The age, with all its self-complaisance, had been living in a prison. The doors were thrown open, and it came forth to feel and enjoy the fresh breezes and the gracious sunshine. A huger, more dismal, more cramping Bastile than that of Paris fell along with it. The age saw at the same time that, besides the beauties of nature, there were beauties that the art of former days had bequeathed it. It began to discern the subtle loveliness of old cathedral churches that studded the country. It had long eyed them with much disfavour. It had sadly disfigured them with adornments of its own devising, and according with its own notions. It had deplored them as monstrous relics of a profound barbarism. But at last the scales fell from its eyes, and it saw that these "tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts" were "amiable." It awoke to their supreme, lavish, refined beautifulness. So with respect to other branches of Gothic art, other fruits of the old Romantic times, they came to a better appreciation of them. Poets and poems that had for many a day been relegated to neglect and oblivion, were more frankly and fairly valued. Voices that had long been silenced or ignored began to find a hearing and a heeding audience. As Greek literature was revived in the fifteenth, so was Romantic in the eighteenth.

A fair criterion of the progress of the century in the recognition of the Romantic age is its appreciation of Chaucer. The most important event of the century regarding him is the appearance of Tyrwhitt's edition of him in 1775. Then at last

an attempt was made to vindicate his fame from the imputation of rudeness; to show that he, no less than the eighteenth-century poets, had some sense of melody, some talent for character-drawing, some power of language. Spenser was more readily and continuously accepted. The age sympathised with the moralising part of his genius, and found pleasure in imitating him. But, as I have said, I propose now considering the history of our ballad poetry; and to it I turn.

The most signal event regarding it is the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. Let us see how the century was prepared, or had been preparing, for that famous publication.

Our English ballads, though highly popular in the Elizabethan age, as innumerable allusions to them in Shakespeare and the other dramatists, and in the general literature of the time, show, were yet never collected into any volume, save in *Garlands*, till the year 1723. They wandered up and down the country without even sheepskins or goatskins to protect them. They flew about like the birds of the air, and sung songs dear to the heart of the common people—songs whose power was sometimes confessed by the higher classes, but not so thoroughly appreciated as to induce them to exert themselves for their preservation. They were looked down upon as things that were very good in their proper place, but which must not be admitted into higher society. They were admired in a condescending manner. They were much better than could be expected. But no one thought of them as popular lyrics of great intrinsic value. No one put forth a hand to save them from perishing. The custom of covering the walls of houses with them that happily prevailed in the seventeenth century did something for their preservation. So secured, they had a better chance of keeping a place in men's memories, and meeting some day appreciative eyes. Towards the end of the said century were made one or two

collections of the broad sheets containing them. The black-letter literature of the people was collected rather for its curiousness than its power or beauty, by antiquaries rather than by poets or enjoyers of poetry. Whatever their motives, let us praise Wood and Harley, Selden¹ and Pepys, Rawlinson, Douce, and Bagford, for their services in gathering together and protecting the frail outcasts from destruction. They were as great benefactors of the old ballads as Captain Coram was of foundlings. Be their names glorified!

There can be no doubt that the powerful mind of Dryden justly appreciated the strength of our old literature, although he so far bows before the spirit of his age as to deface it for the reception of that age. Even when he revised and spoiled Chaucer's works, he felt the power of them. But he resigned his own judgment to that of his contemporaries. This Samson in his captivity consented to make merry and carouse with his captors—to translate the songs he loved into the Philistine dialect. He had a fine appreciation of the old ballads. "I have heard," says a *Spectator*, "that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour." He is, I think, the first collector of poems who conceded to popular ballads their due place,—who admitted them into the society of other poems—poems by the most Eminent Hands,—who perceived their excellence, and welcomed them accordingly. To other collectors of that date it was as disgraceful to a poem as to a man to have no father,

¹ Tradition says that Pepys "borrowed" a part of his Collection from Selden, and forgot to return it.—W. C.

or to be suspected of a common origin. Dryden rose above this prejudice. He showed one or two ballads the same hospitality as he extended to the poetasters of Oxford and Cambridge, whose name was Legion at this time. In the *Miscellany Poems*, edited by him, of which the first volume appeared in 1684, the last in 1708, eight years after his death, are to be found "Little Musgrave and the Lady Bernard," certainly one of the most vigorous ballads in our language; "Chevy Chase," with a rhyming Latin translation; "Johnnie Armstrong," "Gilderoy," "The Miller and the King's Daughters." But the evil that men do lives after them. Dryden, in his "Knight's Tale" and other works, had set the fashion of imitating and modernising our old poems. That fashion survived him. For more than half a century after his death, with the exception of the insertion of two or three in Playford's¹ *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, and of the *Collection of Old Ballads* above referred to, we have produced in England imitations or adaptations of ballads—no faithful reprint of the genuine thing. The wine that the age had given it to drink was a miserable dilution, or only coloured water. Conspicuous amongst these imitators or adapters were Parnell, Prior, and Tickell. But there were two men in Queen Anne's time who had a genuine relish for old ballads, and who said a good word for them. These were Addison and Rowe. Addison's taste for them had been awakened during his travels on the Continent. "When I travelled," he writes, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness

¹ This Collection, though generally called D'Urfey's, was Henry Playford's. (1719), in six volumes. Five were printed in 1714; the first volume in 1699.—W. C.

to please and gratify the mind of man." He gives, as is well known, two numbers of the *Spectator* to a consideration of "Chevy Chase," one to that of the "Children in the Wood." "The old song of 'Chevy Chase,'" he writes, "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." Then he quotes Sir Philip Sidney's famous words; and then adds, "For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing." And he proceeds to investigate the poem according to the critical rules of his time. He compares it with other heroic poems, and illustrates it from Virgil and Horace. He read the old ballad in the light of his age—viewed and reviewed it in a somewhat narrow spirit. But he did read it—he did look at it. In spite of the confining criticism and hypercriticism of the day, he did feel and recognise its power. "Thus we see," his *examen* concludes, "how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit." In another paper he calls attention to and expresses the "most exquisite pleasure" he had received from "The Two Children in the Wood," which he had encountered pasted upon the wall of some house in the country. He describes it as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and as having been "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age;" and then he discusses it after his manner. "The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." But he could not bring his

contemporaries to sympathise with him. They would not hear, charmed he never so wisely. His "Chevy Chase" papers were ridiculed and parodied by Dennis and Wagstaff and kindred spirits. To them perhaps he alludes in the concluding words of his notice of the other ballad he reviews: "As for the little conceited wits of the age," he writes, "who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire those productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art." He fought a losing battle. What appreciation of the old things there was at the beginning of the century was rapidly decaying. An age of elaborate artificiality, and studied affectation, was dawning.

I have mentioned Rowe as sharing Addison's appreciation of the old ballads. He takes for one of his plays a subject that was the theme of a widely popular ballad, and in introducing his tragedy, deprecates the adverse prejudices of his audience, and speaks boldly in favour of the elder literature, and against the wretched affectations of his time. The Prologue to his "*Jane Shore*," first acted in 1713, opens thus:

To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English feast,
A tale which, told long since in homely wise,
Hath never failed of melting gentle eyes.
Let no nix sir despise the hapless dame
Because recording ballads chaunt her name;
Those venerable ancient song-enditers
Soared many a pitch above our modern writers.
They caterwaul'd in no romantic ditty,
Fighing for Phyllis's or Cloe's pity;
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christian name—'twas Jane.
Our numbers may be more refined than those,
But what we've gained in verse, we've lost in prose;
Their words no shuffling double-meaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

In such an age immortal Shakespear wrote.
By no quaint rules nor hampering critics taught,
With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.
Our humble author does his steps pursue;
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
And in these scenes has made it more his care
To rouse the passions than to charm the ear.

But this advocacy, too, of a better taste was doomed to fail. Rowe, as Addison, spoke in vain. The literary dominion of France was growing more and more supreme. Protests in behalf of our old masters were urged fruitlessly. The charms of our ballad poetry were disregarded, were despised.

There were, however, others besides Addison and Rowe who had some slight sense of those charms, as for instance those whom we have named—Parnell, Tickell, Prior. Parnell's acquaintance with our older literature is shown in his "Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style." It is but a feeble piece, written in a favourite Romance metre—the metre of Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Topas"—and decorated with occasional bits of bad grammar to give it an antique look. Tickell's friendship with Addison could not but have conduced to some familiarity on his part with the old ballads. He seems to have been inspired by them in no ordinary degree. Apropos of his "Lucy and Colin," Goldsmith remarks: "Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is perhaps the best in our language in this way." The writer of it has evidently drunk from the old wells. The story is simple. It is told in a queer style—a sort of strange compromise between the simplicity of the old ballad language and the superfine verbiage that was rising into esteem in Tickell's own day. Lucy, the reader may remember, is deserted by her lover for a richer bride. She cannot survive this cruelty. She says, to quote well-known lines,

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay.
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

She is buried on the day of her false lover's marriage. The funeral cortège encounters the hymeneal. The bridegroom's old passion, too late, revives.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew his brow;
 He shook, he groaned, he fell.

There is not the true note here, but there is a distant echo of it. In the handsome folio volume of poems published by Matthew Prior in 1718 was printed the "Not-Browne Maide," not for its own sake, but for the sake of a piece called "Henry and Emma," an extremely loose paraphrase of it, that the reader might see how magic was Mr. Prior's touch, who could transmute so rude an effort into a work so finely polished. However, Prior deserves some credit for having brought the old poem forward at all. His "Henry and Emma" won great applause. What a strange, instructive, significant fact, that when it and its original were placed before them, men should deliberately choose it! A morbid taste was prevailing with a vengeance. No plea that the language was obscure can be advanced in this case, as for Dryden's and Pope's versions of the *Canterbury Tales*. There is no obscurity in these words :

O Lorde, what is
 This worldis blisse,
 That chaungeth as the mone !
 The somers day
 In lusty may
 Is derked before the none.
 I hear you say
 Farewel ! Nay, nay,
 We departe not soo sone ;
 Why say ye so ?
 Wheder wyle ye goo ?



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The last century in England was in more respects than one a valley of dry bones. About the middle of it, "they were very many," and "they were very dry." Shortly afterwards, "behold, a bone," and the bones began to come together. These signs of life were followed by a growing animation. From the four quarters came the wind, and breathed on the quickening mass. From the north it came in its strength; from the east and the west it blew vigorously; from the south it rushed with a wild furious sweeping blast that changed the face of the valley. So at last the century revived—its dull lack-lustre eyes brightened—its stagnant pulse leapt—it lived.

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It discovered that there were innumerable beauties around it of which it had long been blind. It left its gardens and its

having “observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural strength of thought and simplicity of stile our Forefathers practised,” published his “Ever-Green, being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600,” and in the same year “The Tea-Table Miscellany, or a Collection of Scots Sangs, in three volumes.” All three collections seem to have enjoyed a fair success. Who was the author of the English one is not known.¹ It is called “A collection of Old Ballads corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, illustrated with copper plates.” The editor adopts an apologetic motto for his book—some of the above-quoted words of Rowe. He writes, too, in an apologetic vein. “There are many,” he says, “who perhaps will think it ridiculous enough to enter seriously into a Dissertation upon Ballads.” He is evidently rather afraid of being thought a frivolous creature by his lofty-minded contemporaries. He is a little uneasy in introducing his protégées to the polished public. But he does his duty by them bravely, only indulging himself now and then in a little superior laugh at their expense. He gives what account he can of the theme of each one, and shows always a thorough interest in his work. But the time was not yet ripe for his labours. The popularity that attended the first appearance of his collection soon ceased. The predominant character of the age was not changed. The old voices could not yet secure a hearing. The age clung to its idols. Its Pharisaic spirit was too strong to be restrained. It could not yet believe that out of the mouth of the common people there was ordained strength.

After the middle of the century some promise was shown of

¹ Dr. Farmer ascribes it to Ambrose Phillips. See Lowndes, under “Ballads.” —W. C.

a better era. In Capell's "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry, compil'd with great care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of Worthy Authors," published in 1760, appeared the "Not-browne Mayde," no longer accompanied by a modernised version. This book gives hints of the reaction that was coming against the old manipulating method. "Fidelity to the best Texts," is its watchword. In the same year (1760) appeared Macpherson's Ossian, and produced an immense sensation. Bishop Percy, with the good wishes and assistance of many then distinguished men—of Shenstone, Garrick, Joseph Warton, Farmer—was supplementing the treasures of his wonderful Folio MS. from other quarters, and preparing the materials of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. About the same time (1764) appeared Evans's "Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards." Mallet's work on "the remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia," had already been published some years.¹ About the same time Gray was writing his Welsh and Scandinavian pieces.² At the same time Chatterton was striving to satisfy the new taste that was spreading with forgeries of old poems.³ The first decade, then, of George III.'s reign is most memorable in the history of the

¹ Mallet (P.-H.) Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemark, où l'on traite de la religion, des mœurs et usages des anciens danois etc. Copenhague, 1755-56. *Les Monumens de la Mythologie et de la Poesie des Celtes* (trad. des *Edda*) ouvrage qui fait partie de cette introduction, ont aussi paru séparément avec un titre particulier, en 1756. *Brunet*. Percy's translation was published in 1770.—F.

² In 1767 he [Gray] had intended a second tour to Scotland. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his poems was published by Foulis at

Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the "Long Story" was omitted. Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian poetry, written in a bold and original manner, were inserted in its place. *Mitford's Life of Gray*, Works, i. xlxi.1.—F.

³ Published in 1777. He died Aug. 25th, 1770. His first article, purporting to be the transcript of an ancient MS. entitled "A Description of the Fryers' first passage over the Old Bridge," appeared in Farley's Journal, Bristol, Oct. 1768. *Penny Cycl.*—F.

revival of our ballad poetry. Then commenced an appreciation of it which has grown stronger and stronger with the lapse of years. Then it found itself so well supported that it was able to hold up its head in spite of peremptory contemptuous criticism. It feared no more the frowns of the great. Its beauty was no longer to be hid—its light no longer veiled away from men's eyes. "Even from the tomb the voice of nature cried." In the midst of conventionalisms and artificialities, Simplicity and Truth asserted themselves. The age was growing sick and weary of its old darlings; growing sensible that there was no salvation in them, no infallibility, no supreme delight in their worship:

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Cinderella had sat by the kitchen fire for many a day. For many a day the elder sisters, tricked out in all the modish finery of the time, every attitude studied, every look elaborated every movement affected, had possessed the drawing-room in all their fashionable state. Cinderella down in the kitchen had heard the rustle of their fine silks and satins, and the sound of their polite conversation. She had been perplexed by their polished verbiage, and felt her own awkwardness and rusticity. She had never dared to think herself beautiful. No admiring eyes ever came near her in which she might mirror herself. She had never dared to think her voice sweet. No rapt ears ever drank in fondly its accents. She felt herself a plain-faced, dull-souled, uninteresting person, not worthy to receive any attention from any one of the fine gentlemen who adored her sisters, or to enter their well-mannered society. But her lowliness was to be regarded. The songs she had sung in the kitchen to the servants—her humble, unpretentious songs—they were to find greater favour than ever did those of her much-complimented sisters. She too was to be the *belle* of balls. It was about the year 1760 when the possibility of so

great a change in her condition became first conceivable. She met with many enemies, who clamoured that the kitchen was her proper place, and vehemently opposed her admission into any higher room. The Prince was long in finding her out. The sisters put many an obstacle between him and her. They could not understand the failure of their own attractions. They could not appreciate the excellence of hers. But at last the Prince found her, and took her in all her simple sweetness to himself. At last, to lay metaphors aside, England acknowledged the power and beauty of the ballads that had suffered for so long a time such grievous neglect.

At the accession of George III., William Whitehead was in the third year of his adornment of the Poet Laureateship. “The Pleasures of Imagination,” “The Schoolmistress,” “The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality”—works which had been given to the world some sixteen or eighteen years before—were at the zenith of their fame. The general character of our literature at this time was wholly didactic. We cannot wonder, then, if the appearance of a poetry that was weighted with no overbearing moral, or other purpose, produced a tremendous effect. We may be prepared to understand the prodigious excitement caused by the publication in 1760 of “The Works of Ossian the Son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson.” With all their magniloquence, they did not sermonise; they expressed some genuine feeling. Amidst all their affected cries there was a true voice audible. Three years subsequently, Bishop Percy, moved by Ossian’s popularity, published a translation from the Icelandic language of five pieces of Runic poetry.

In the following year, 1764, appeared “Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards translated into English, with Explanatory Notes on the Historical Passages, and a short Account of Men and Places mentioned by the Bards, in order

to give the Curious some Idea of the Taste and Sentiments of our Ancestors and their Manner of Writing, by the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans, curate of Glanvair Talyhaern in Denbighshire"—a work with which Gray was familiar. Shortly afterwards appeared Gray's own translations, made from translations, of Norse and Welsh pieces : "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," "The Triumphs of Owen," and "The Death of Hoel." About the time, then, of the appearance of the *Reliques* in 1765, there was dispersed over the country some slight knowledge of the old Celtic and of Scandinavian poetry.

And now the age was ripe for the reception of such a collection of old ballads as had been published some forty years, but had then, after a short-lived circulation, fallen into neglect. Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, a graduate of Oxford, vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, was by nature something of an antiquarian. When "very young," he became possessed of a folio MS. of old ballads and romances. "This very curious old MS." he says in a memorandum made in the old folio itself, "in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt, Esq. then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee near that town ; who died very lately at Bath ; viz. in Summer 1769. I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y' Parlour: being used by the maids to light the fire." "When I first got possession of this MS." he says in another entry in the same place, "I was very young, and being in no degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its margin; and in one or two instances, for even taking out the leaves, to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful." Besides this famous folio, he possessed also a quarto MS. volume of similar pieces, supposed

to be the same as one still in the hands of his family, and containing only copies of printed poems. The folio has remained in the hands of the Bishop's family in the greatest privacy hitherto; Jamieson and Sir F. Madden being (I believe) the only editors who have printed from it, though Dibdin was allowed to catalogue part of it. It is now at last, as our readers know, being printed just as it is. These volumes had in Percy a (for that time) highly appreciative possessor. He determined to introduce to the public some specimens of their contents. This proposal was promoted by the sympathy of many then distinguished men: of Shenstone, Bird, Grainger, Steevens, Farmer, and by others of still greater and more enduring note—Garrick and Goldsmith. At last, in 1765 appeared *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind) together with some few of later date.* The editor, even as the editor of the collection of 1723, of whom we have spoken, has, manifestly, some misgivings about the character of his protégées. He is not quite sure how they will be received by his polite contemporaries. He speaks of them, in his Dedication of his volumes to the Countess of Northumberland (he was extremely ambitious to connect himself with the great Percies of the North), as “the rude songs of ancient minstrels,” “the barbarous productions of unpolished ages,” and is troubled for fear lest he should be guilty of some impropriety in hoping that they “can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example. But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages.” In his Preface he says that “as most of” the contents of his folio MS. “are of great simplicity, and seem to have

been merely written for the people, the possessor was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed." "In a polished age, like the present, he adds, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics [a foot-note cites Addison, Dryden, Lord Dorset &c., and Selden] have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination [Did "The School-mistress," "The Sugar-cane," dazzle the imagination?] are frequently found to interest the heart." Still more striking are the following words: "To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing." And then he buttresses his volumes with eminent names—Shenstone, Thomas Warton, Garrick, Johnson (we shall see presently how far Johnson was likely to smile on his undertaking), which "names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It hath been taken up and thrown aside for many months during an interval of four or five years." With such apologies and antidotes did the Reliques make their *début*! How strange—what a wonderful tale of altered taste it tells—that in order to make "Chevy Chase," "Edom o' Gordon," "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard," endurable, to reconcile

the reader to their rudeness, such charming *chaperones* should be assigned them as “Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad by Dr. Grainger,” “Jemmy Dawson, by Mr. Shenstone”! “Bryan and Pereene,” “founded on a real fact,” narrates how Pereene, “the pride of Indian dames,” went down to the sea-shore to meet her lover, who, after an absence in England of one long long year one month and day, was returning to St. Christopher’s and his mistress.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk, so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;

Bryan, seeing her in the said sea-green silk, impatient also, leapt overboard in the hope of reaching her sooner.

The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display’d,
Which he at parting gave;
Well-pleas’d the token he survey’d,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch’d the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart’s blood dy’d the main.

He shriek’d! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring;
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

And so the doleful ditty ends with an injunction to the "fair," to strew her tomb with fresh flowerets every May morning, to the end that they and their lovers may not come to similar distress." Jemmy Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels who took part in the '45, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in 1746.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear;
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh ! Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Poor Kitty inflexibly witnesses his execution.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Such were the pieces whose elegance was to make atonement to the readers of a century ago, for the barbarousness of the other components of the *Reliques*.

This barbarousness was further mitigated by an application of a polishing process to the ballads themselves. Percy performed the offices of a sort of tireman for them. He dressed and adorned them to go into polite society. To how great an extent he laboured in their service, is now at last manifested by the publication of the Folio. The old MS. contained many

pieces which, it would seem, were considered hopeless. No amount of manipulation could ever make them presentable. It contained many pieces and many fragments—thanks to the anxiety of Mr. Humphrey Pitt's servants to light his fires!—which the art of the editorial refiner of the eighteenth century deemed capable of adaptation; and Percy adapted them. The old ballads could reckon on no genuine sympathy. They were, so to speak, the songs of Zion in a strange land.

Percy, as the extracts we have quoted from his Dedication and Preface have shown, was not free from the prejudices of his time. He was but slightly in advance of them; but he *was* in advance of them. He *did* recognise the power and beauty of the old poetry, more deeply, perhaps, than he ever dared confess. And, though unconscious of the greatness of the work he was doing, did for us—for Europe—an unutterable service. He was, to the end, curiously unconscious of it. He had given a deadly blow to a terrible giant, and freed many captives from his thraldom, without knowing. Men are often reminded to be delicately careful in their actions, because they know not what harm they may do. They might sometimes be encouraged by the thought that they know not what good they do. Certainly Percy performed for English literature a far higher service than he ever dreamt of. He always regarded the *Reliques* as something rather frivolous. “I read ‘Edwin and Angelina’ to Mr. Percy some years ago,” writes Goldsmith, in 1767, to the printer of the *St. James’ Chronicle*, who had assigned Goldsmith’s ballad to Percy, “and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual goodhumour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved of it.” “I am so little interested about *the amusements of my youth*,” writes Percy to his

publisher in 1794, "that, had it not been for the benefit of my nephew, I could contentedly have let the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* remain unpublished." The great effect the memorable work produced came "not with observation."

With all the consideration Percy showed for the prevailing taste, he did not succeed in winning over to his support certain great leaders of it. He was extremely solicitous to secure the approval of the leader of the leaders of it—of that supreme potentate, Dr. Johnson. In his Preface he twice mentions him: first, as having urged him to publish a selection from the Folio ("He could refuse nothing," he says, "to such judges as the author of the *Rambler*, and the late Mr. Shenstone,"); and secondly, as having lightened his editorial task with his assistance ("To the friendship of Mr. Johnson," he writes, "he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of his work"). But, for all these complimentary mentions, Johnson seems to have liked neither the work nor its author, as may be seen in *Boswell* again and again; thus: "The conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned." The 177th number of the *Rambler* gives a satirical account of a Club of Antiquaries. Hirsute, we are told, had a passion for black-letter books; Ferratus for coins; Chartophylax for gazettes; "Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the natural taste. He offered to show me a copy of *The Children of the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him." In his Life of Addison, after a sarcastic reference to his *Spectators* on "Chevy Chase," and Wagstaff's ridicule of them, he adds, in modification of Dennis's *reductio*

bsurdum of Addison's canon—that "Chevy Chase" pleases, ought to please, because it is natural—"In Chevy Chase is not much of either bombast or affectation, but there is and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told manner that shall make less impression on the mind." what horror the ghost of Sir Philip Sidney must have struck if ever it was aware of this crushing dictum! Still suggestive are his observations on another old ballad. greatest of all his amorous essays," he remarks in his of Prior, "is Henry and Emma—a dull and tedious que, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderfor the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive deserves no imitation [would Johnson have said that the xcoon," or the "Venus de Medici," deserved an imitation? could his critical rules have been applied to them?], and experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy is as must end either in infamy to her or in disappointment myself." With these terrible sentences in our ear, let us these stanzas:

Though it be songe
Of old & yonge,
That I shold be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge
That speke so large
In hastynge of my name ;
For I wyll prove
That faythfulle love,
It is devoyd of shame ;
In your dystresse,
And hevynesse,
To part with you the same ;
And sure all tho
That do not so
True lovers are they none.
For in my mynde
Of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

And,

I think nat nay
 But as ye say,
 It is no mayden's lore ;
 But love may make
 Me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before,
 To come on foote
 To hunt, to shote
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I
 Your companey
 May have, I ask no more.
 From which to part,
 It makyth my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For in my mynde
 Of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Read these high passionate words, and think of Johnson's criticism.¹ He misses, evidently, the point of the poem—does not see how one noble idea permeates and vivifies every line, and glorifies the self-abandonment confessed.

Here may ye see
 That women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable ;
 Late never man
 Reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But rather pray
 God that we may
 To them be comfortable.

His criticism of the "Nut-brown Maid" makes his dislike of the old ballads intelligible enough. We can understand now how he came to despise and abuse them, and parody their form in this wise :

¹ Cf. Mr. Gilpin's (Saurey-Gilpin, an artist, 1733-1807,) remark, *apud* Nichols and Steevens' *Hogarth*, on the seventh plate of the Rake's Progress : "The episode of the fainting woman might have given way to many circumstances more proper to the occasion. This is

the same woman whom the Rake discards in the first print, by whom he is rescued in the fourth, who is present at his marriage, who follows him into jail, and lastly to Bedlam. The thought is rather unnatural, and the moral certainly culpable."

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

Warburton, Hurd, and others heartily concurred in his opinion. Warburton thought that the old ballads were utterly despicable by the side of the exalted literature of his own and recent times. He called them “specious funguses compared to the oak.”

But in the face of this contumely, looked down on and sneered at by the learning and refinement of the age, the old ballads grew dear to the heart of the nation. They stirred emotions that had long lain dormant. They revived fires that had long slumbered. The nation lay in prison like its old Troubadour king; in its durance it heard its minstrel singing beneath the window its old songs, and its heart leapt in its bosom. It recognised the well-known, though long-neglected, strains that it had heard and loved in the days of its youth. The old love revived. The captive could not at once cast off its fetters, and go forth. But a yearning for liberty awoke in it; a wild, growing, passionate longing for liberty, for real, not artificial flowers; for true feeling, not sentimentalism; for the fresh life-giving breezes of the open country, not the languid airs of enclosed courts.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,

so did the nation issue forth from its confinement, and conceive truer, more comprehensive joys.

The publication of the *Reliques*, then, constitutes an epoch in the history of the great revival of taste, in whose blessings we

now participate. After 1765, before the end of the century, numerous collections of old ballads, in Scotland and in England, by Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson, were made. The noble reformation, that received so great an impulse in 1765, advanced thenceforward steadily. The taste that was awakened never slumbered again. The recognition of our old life and poetry that the *Reliques* gave, was at last gloriously confirmed and established by Walter Scott. That great minstrel was profoundly influenced by the *Reliques*, both directly and indirectly, through Burger and others who had drunk deep of its waters.

"Among the valuable acquisitions," says Scott in his Autobiography, writing of his studies after his leaving Edinburgh High School, "I made about this time, was an acquaintance with Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole's translation. But above all I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration by an editor who showed his practical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantain tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onwards so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and

to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

ON “BONDMAN,”
THE NAME AND THE CLASS,
WITH REFERENCE TO THE BALLAD OF “JOHN DE REEUE.”

By F. J. FURNIVALL.

JOHNSON’s definition of *bondman* is “a man slave.” To it his latest editor, Dr. Latham, puts neither addition nor qualification; and the popular notion undoubtedly is, that whenever the word is used, of Early English times or modern, a *slave* is understood, one whose person, wife, children, and property, are wholly in his owner’s power. We have to ask how far this popular notion is true with regard to our Bondmen, John de Reeue, Hobkin or Hodgkin long, and Hob o’ the Lathe, and their class.

I do not find the word *bondman* in English till about 1250 A.D., taking that as the date of the *Owl and Nightingale*:

Moni chapmon and moni eniht
Luveþ and halt¹ his wif arihþ;
And swa deþ moni bondeman.

(*Owl and Nightingale*, l. 1575, p. 49, ed. Stratmann, 1868.)

The earlier word was *bonde*, and the earliest the Anglo-Saxon *bonda*, which Thorpe rightly derives and defines as follows in his glossary to the *Ancient Laws*:

Bonda, boor, paterfamilias. This word was probably introduced by the Danes, and seems occasionally to have been used for *ceorl*; its immediate derivation is from O. N. *búandi*, contr[acted to] *bóndi*, *villicus*, *colonus qui foco utitur proprio*; part. pres. used substantively of *at buá*. Goth. *gabaúan* *habitare*; modern Danish *bonde*, peasant, husbandman.

Bosworth on the other hand defines *Bonda* as

1. One bound, a husband, householder.
2. A proprietor, husbandman, boor: *Bonde-land* land held under restrictions, copyhold.

¹ MS. Cot. *hlad*.

Whether 'one bound' (as if from *bond*, and-a one who has; like *wæd* a garment, *wæda* one who has a garment,) is the original sense of the word, is more than doubtful; and till the proof is produced, I reject the meaning as original,¹ though no doubt at a later period this sense prevailed over the Scandinavian one. Mr. Wedgwood says under Husband:

From Old Norse *bua* (the equivalent of G. *bauen*, Du. *böwen*, to till, cultivate, prepare) are *bu* a household, farm, cattle; *buandi*, *bondi*,² N. *bonde* the possessor of a farm, husbandman; *husbond* or

¹ *bóni* (*d. i.* *bóandi* = *búandi*, *der Bonde*, *freier Grundbesitzer*, *Hausvater*, pl. *bandr* mariti.—Möbius).

² Mr. Cockayne says "The word *Bond* bound has no existence but in Somner, whence others have copied it. Bosworth has built on *Bond* a guess, *Bonda* one bound, which is a delusion. For *Bound*, the true word is *bunden*, and for a *Bond*, *bend*." Mr. Earle also rejects the derivation from *bond*, and the meaning "one bound." Mr. Thorpe says that Ettmüller (p. 293) questions the *búandi*, *bóni* derivation, but without sufficient grounds, in Mr. Thorpe's opinion. Haldorson accepts it "*Bondi* m. *paterfamilias* (quasi *bónandi*, *búandi*) en *Husfader*, *Husbande*, L. *Colonus*, *ruricola*, en *Bonde*, *Stórbandr* *prædictores* (Bonds with a large house and extensive ground), *Smabandr* *villici* (Bonds with a small house and little yard)." Mr. Skeat notes "Bosworth also gives *Buend*, *bugend*, *bugigend*, as meaning an inhabitant, a farmer, from *búan*, to dwell, cultivate. This comes nearer to the Dan. and Sw. *bonde* as regards etymology, though it is not so near in form. Cf. A.-Sax. *búan*, Mæso-Goth. *bauan*, *babauan*, to dwell, *bauains*, a dwelling-place. The G. *bauer*, peasant, is the Du. *boer*, and our *boor*. It is curious that the Du. *boer*, as well as the Sw. and Dan. *bonde*, signifies 'a pawn at chess.' I do not see how you distinguish between A.-Sax. *bonda* and A.-Sax. *buend*, unless you call the former a Danish word. In modern Danish the *d* is not sounded, and the *o* has an *oo* sound, so that *bonde* is called *boon-ne* (Lund's Danish Grammar)."

Professor Bosworth has kindly sent me the following note in support of the

first meaning he assigns to *bonda*. It unfortunately came too late—in consequence of the illness of his amanuensis—to be worked up or noticed in the text. "Bunda, bona, a; m. I. *A wedded or married man, a husband*; maritus, sponsus. II. *The father or head of a family, a householder*; paterfamilias, *economus*. Then follow numerous examples, in proof of these meanings. I've gone over again all the examples, and I have enlarged what I had previously written, as to the origin of 'Bunda, bona,' and given the detail in the following pages.—J. B." "Every word has its history by which its introduction and use are best ascertained. Bede tells us [Bk. I, 26, 2] that Ethelbert king of Kent married a Christian, Bertha, a Frankish princess. The Queen prepared the way for the friendly reception of Augustine and his missionary followers, by Ethelbert in A.D. 597, who was the first to found a school in Kent, and wrote laws which are said to be 'āsette on Augustinus dæge,' established in the time of Augustine, between A.D. 597 and 604. The cultivation and writing of Anglo-Saxon [Englisc] began with the conversion of Ethelbert. Marriage, and the household arrangements depending upon it, were regulated by the law of the Church, and indigenous compound words were formed to express that law:—thus *ē law*, *divine law*; *Cristes ē Christi lex*, *Rihte ē legitimū matrimonium* Bd. 4, 5—*ēw-wedlock*, marriage, *ēw-boren lawfully born*, *born in wedlock*—*ēw-brica m. wedlock breaker*, *m. an adulterer*, *ēw-brice f. an adultress*, *ēw-fæst-mann marriage-fast-man a wedded man, a husband*; *ēw-nian to wed*, take

the master of the house. Dan. *bonde* peasant, countryman, clown.

The word occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Laws, Thorpe reads it "proprietor," and then "husband," meaning "husband is a proprietor."

mbe frithes-bóte, swa þam bondan si selost, ʃ þam þeófan si
-Æthelredes Domas, vi. xxxii.
 concerning "frithes-bot," as may be best to the *proprietor* and
 stile to the thief.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 322-3.

w-nung wedding, marriage—wedded woman.—Hús-bunda, *house binder, husband, house-*. This expressive compound is oldest in the language. It is the interpolated passage of between v. 28 and 29. The is in all the Anglo-Saxon MSS. spels, except the interlineary. The A.-Sax. is a literal ver- Augustinian MS. in the Bodleian, Oxford [Codex, August. 2, 14], from the Old Italic om which the Latin Vulgate spels was formed by St. Jerome v. 384. Though we do not exact dates when the Gospels translated from Latin into A.-Sax., assures us that Bede finished gospel, St. John, on May 27, Pref. to Goth. and A.-Sax. p. ix-xii]. As the three pre-spels were most likely transcribed St. John, then the following was written before 735, Se [hús-bunda in MS. Camb. II. te ȝé árisan and ryman ȝam householder bid thee rise and for the other. Notes to Bos- th. and A.-Sax. Gos. Mt. xx. 6. Hús-bunda is also used in his version of the Scriptit 970 [Ex. 3, 22.] Bunda, wedded or bound, a husband, lan; p. band, bundon; pp. to bind, must have been of gin than the compound hús-t is a well-known rule that in person or agent is denoted by

adding a,* as bytl a hammer, bytla a hammerer, ánwæld rule, government, ánwealda a ruler, governor,—bunden, bund bound, bunda, bonds one bound, a husband. Bunda might be bands, as well as bonds, for a is often used for o, as monn for mann a man. The early use of hús-bunda, -bonda would at once indicate, that it was not likely to be of Norse or Icelandic origin. It could not be derived from the Norse búa to dwell, part. búandi bóandi dwelling, nor even from the cognate A.-Sax. búan to dwell, because the ú and ó are long in the Norse búa to dwell, búandi, bóandi dwelling, and the A.-Sax. búan to dwell, búende dwelling, búend, búenda a dweller, while the ú and o are always short in bunda and bonds. So in other compounds from bindan to bind, as bunde-land bond or leased land, land let on binding conditions. Bunda then is a pure Anglo-Saxon word, derived from bindan to bind. Búan to dwell, with the part. búende dwelling, and the noun búend, es; m. a dweller, is quite a distinct word. Büend has its own numerous compounds; as,—Land-büend a land dweller, a farmer; agriculta. Án-biend one dwelling alone, a hermit; ceaster-, eg-, eorp-, feor-, fold-, grund-, her-, ig-, land-, neah-, sund-, woruld- and þeód-büend."

¹ Ethelred, son of Edgar, succeeded to the throne, on the murder of his brother Edward, in the year 978, and died in 1016.—Thorpe's note in *Laws and Inst. of England*, vol. i. p. 280.

* To a substantive, not a verb or participle.—F.

Again, in the same sentence nearly repeated in *Cnutes Domas*, VIII. Cnute died 12 Nov. 1035. — þam bōdan, for the *pro-prietor*, p. 390–1. At p. 414–5. *Cnutes Domas*, lxxiii.

Cnutes is a late earlend Sodan quām Maritus.

LXXIII. And þer se bōda set māwyd j ubberafod, sitte þ wif j þa cild ox þar fīcan arberacen. And gif se bōda set he dead were, beripod ware, þonne andwyrda þa yfēnanan, swa he sylf sceolde speak he lif hæfie.

And where the *husband* dwelt without claim or contest, let the wife and the children dwell in the same, unassailed by litigation. And if the husband, before he was dead, had been cited, then let the heirs answer, as himself should have done if he had lived.

So the Laws of King Henry the First (who reigned 1100–35 A.D.), repeating the last provision, say :

§ 5 Et ubi *bunda* manserit sine calumpnia, sint uxor et pueri in eodem, sine querela &c.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 526.

In 1048 A.D. the Saxon Chronicle uses *bunda* for a householding cultivator or farmer :

Da he [Eustatius] wæs sume mila oððe mare beheonan Dofran. þa dyde he on his byrnan. and his ge-feran calle. and foran to Dofran. þa hi pider comon. þa woldon hi innian hi þær heom sylfan gelicode. þa com an his manna. and wolde wrician set anes *bundan*¹. huse, his unðances. and gewundode þone *husbunden*. and se *husbunda*² ofsloh þone oðerne. Da weard Eustatius uppon his horse. and his ge-seoran uppon heora. and ferdon to þan *husbunden*. and ofslogan hine binnan his agenan heorðe. and wendon him þa up to þare burge-weard. and ofslogan ægðer ge wiðinnan ge wiðutan. ma þa ne xx manna.—*Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle, p. 177 (A.D. 1048.)

When he [Eustathius] was some miles or more beyond Dover, then put he on his armour, and all his companions (did likewise), and went to Dover. When they came thither, then would they lodge where they pleased. Then came one of his men, and would dwell at the house of a *cultivator* (or *householder*) against his will, and wounded the *cultivator*; and the *cultivator* slew the other. Then Eustathius got upon his horse, and his companions on theirs, and went to the *cultivator*, and slew him within his own hearth; and

¹ *bundan*, gen. sing. *goodman*, 1048. *Glossarial Index*.

² The equivalence of the *husbunda* with the *bunda* here is enough to ex-

plode the “moral-etymology” of a *husband* being so called because he is the band or binder-together of the house, even if Dr. Bosworth be right.

went then up to the guard of the city, and slew both within and without more than 20 men.

In a passage in *Hickes* the (no doubt) free *bunda*, paying a fine, is contrasted with the *thrall* who gets a flogging:

And gif hwa ðis ne gelæste . þonne gebete he þ swa swa hit gelagod is . *bunda* mid xxx pen. ðrael mid his hyde . þegn mid xxx scill.—From Hickes's *Dissertatio Epistolaris*, p. 108.

And if any one does not perform this, then let him make amends for that as is laid-down-by-law: the *bonde* with xxx pence, the *thrall* with his hide, the *thane* with xxx shillings.

Thus far then the evidence—for I do not admit Bosworth's "one bound" as right—points to the *bonde* being a freeman, and if not a landed proprietor, still a free tenant. The evidence of the freedom is strengthened if we may regard the Danish-named *bonde* as a Saxon-named *churl*—the name of one seeming to be used for the other, as Mr. Thorpe observes, for the *ceorla* was a free man, the "ordinary freeman" of Anglo-Saxon society, though obliged by "the feudal system" which "may be traced throughout all Anglo-Saxon history, to provide himself with a lord, that he might be amenable to justice when called upon."¹ Still, this vassalage was no *bondage* in the later or the modern sense of the term; the vassal churl was a freeman still, if we may trust Heywood.

In Alfred's time, and later, the *ceorl* had slaves. Sec. 25 of Alfred's Laws (translated) is:

If a man commit a rape upon a *ceorl's* female slave (mennen), let him make bōt (amends) to the *ceorl* with 5 shillings, and let the wīte (fine) be 60 shillings. *Anc. Laws*, i. 79.

The A.-S. laws of Ranks enact that,

if a *ceorl* thrived, so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house, and "burh"-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth of thane-right worthy.—*Anc. Laws*, i. 191.

Thorpe defines *ceorl* thus:

Ceorl. O.H.G. charal. A freeman of ignoble rank, a churl, twy-hinde man, villanus, illiberalis.

Turyhynde (*Man*), a man whose 'wér-gild' was 200 shillings. This was the lowest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy. *Twelf-hynde*

¹ Heywood's *Distinctions in Society*, 1818, p. 325.

(*Mun.*), a man whose *wér-gild* was 1200 shillings. This was the highest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy.

The slave was a *þral* or *þeow*. Mr. Thorpe considers *þral* to be a Scandinavian word.

Next comes the question, did these bondes or ceorls continue free till the time of the Conquest? Kemble says not:

'Finally, the nobles-by-birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-widening whirlpool: day by day the freemen, deprived of their old national defences, wringing with difficulty a precarious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to a yoke which they could not shake off, and commended themselves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new order of things was consummated, in which the honours and security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, to be taken back as *beneficia*, under mediate lords, the foundations of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every side.—Kemble, *The Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 184.

The very curious and instructive dialogue of Ælfric numbers among the serfs the *yrðling* or ploughman,¹ whose occupation the author nevertheless places at the head of all the crafts, with perhaps a partial exception in favour of the smith's.—Ibid. p. 216.

Mr. C. H. Pearson also says not:

Not only were slaves increasing, but freemen were disappearing. The ceorl is never mentioned in our laws after Edward the elder's time. If he became the villan of a later period, he was already semi-servile before the Norman conquest. If he passed into the Freeman,² sometimes holding in his own right, and sometimes under a lord's protection, the class did not number 5 per cent. of the population at the time when Domesday was compiled, was virtually confined to Norfolk and Suffolk, and had not even a representative in the counties south of the Thames. It is evident that the bulk of the Saxon people was in no proper sense, and at no time free. Even the free in name were virtually bound down to the soil with the possession of which their rights were connected, and from which their subsistence was derived; . . . the idea that any man might go where he would, live as he liked, think or express his thoughts freely, would have been repugnant to the whole tenour of a constitution which started from the Old Testament as a model, preserved or incorporated the traditions of Roman law, and regarded the regulation of life as the duty of the legislator.

¹ This should be compared with the second extract from *Havelok* below.

² Had he not always been free?

The mention of *villan* brings us to the Conquest¹ and to Domesday-book. On every page of the latter *villani* are mentioned, and the articles of enquiry for the composition of it show that the enquiry into the population and property of each district "was conducted by the king's barons, upon the oaths of the sheriff of each county, and all the barons, and their French-born *valets*, and of the hundredary (reeve of the hundred), priest, steward, and six *villeins* of every *vill*," &c. (Heywood, p. 290, note). The question for us is, are we to take as free men or not these *villans*, who were to help in settling what "served for centuries as the basis of all taxation, and the authority by which all disputes about landed tenures and customs were decided," who were to state "on oath what amount of land there was in the district, whether it was wood, meadow, or pasture, what was its value, what services were due from its owners; and generally the numbers of free and bond on the estate" (Pearson, i. 374).

The arguments of Serjeant Heywood for the identity² of the *villein* with the *ceorl* or *turhynde man* seem to me very strong indeed; and Mr. Pearson tells me that in the earlier use of the word *villanus*, the first which he knows,—namely, that in the preamble to the Decree of the Bishope and Witan of Kent about keeping the peace under Athelstan, which speaks of *Thani, Comites, et Villani*,—he thinks that "villan" means "ceorl" very literally.

Serjeant Heywood first shows that the *Textus Roffensis*, in explaining a passage from the *Judicia Civitatis Lundonia* like that quoted above from the Anglo-Saxon Laws³ "makes it

¹ The name *villanus* first Heywood says I have not met with it in any of the documents till about the time of Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Henry the first. In the same time there were many words descriptive of persons engaged in husbandry as *ceorl*, *carlise man*, *geneta*, *thegn*, *landen*, &c., but the proper designation for a *villan* has not been ascertained.—Pp. 290-1. But see his next paragraph above.

² Mr. Pearson says we must "understand" that his observation that while the majority of the *ceorl* class had lost the position of *villans*, they were distributed in the different

ranks of society as freemen, soemen, and perhaps in some cases bordars and cottars. It must be remembered that the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum* use the word *villanus* to translate the Saxon *genet*, and that the word *ceora* does not occur in the whole document.

³ De gentis et legis honoribus. Fuit quondam in legibus Anglorum ex gens et lex pro honoribus, et ibi erant sapientes populi honore digni, quilibet pro sua ratione, comes et *colonus*, thanus et rusticus (*ceorl* and *ceord*, *thegen* and *thowen*).

Et si colonus tamen sit, qui habet integras quinque hydas terre, ecclesiam et culinam, turrim sacrum (*bill-hus*) et

relate to villan and not to ceorls (*L. coloni*), whence we may infer that the author considered them as the same persons" (*Dissertation*, p. 185). He next shows that the eighth law of William the Conqueror, which makes the were of a villan only 100 shillings, was probably wrongly transcribed; and that the seventieth law of Henry I. expressly defines the free twihind as a villan:—"the were of a twihind, that is, a villan, is five pounds: *twyhindi, i. villani, wera est IV lib'*";—and the 76th law classes the twihinds among the free men. Also that

in other parts of the laws, villans are ranked with ceorls and twihinds. Moreover the weres of a cyrlic man & [that is, or] a villan are expressly mentioned, and required to be regulated in the same manner as that of a twelfhind.¹—*Heywood*, p. 295.

Another proof may be adduced from their being liable to the payment of reliefs which never were called for from the servile class. When, therefore, provision was made in the laws of William the Conqueror for the exaction of a relief from every villan, of his best beast, whether a horse, an ox, or a cow, we must conclude that, at the time of compiling those laws, namely, about four years after the Conquest, a villan was a freeman,

and this notwithstanding the concluding words of the law, *et postea sint omnes villani in franco plegio*, which must be taken as confirming an old truth, for the payment of one relief—which villans before the Conquest had paid—could not have turned an unfree man into a free one. Serjeant Heywood adds:

Another powerful argument in favor of the supposition that villans ranked among freemen, arises from the consideration that, unless this had been the case, the bulk of the population of England must have been found in the servile class. We cannot imagine that the farmers, who held at the payment of rent, either in money or kind, could be so very numerous as to furnish victuals for the armies which were collected, provide members for all the tythings, and crowd the public assemblies which were held for judicial purposes. But upon the demesne lands of almost every lord, villans might be found, and if they were admitted to bear the name, and partake of the privileges of freemen, and rank with ceorls or twihinds, the difficulty vanishes (p. 300).

atrii sedem (*burhgeat scil*) ac officium distinctum (*sunder note*) in aula regis, ille tunc in posterum sit jure thani (*thgen rihtas*) dignus.—*Heywood*, p. 184. *Text. Hoff.* 46 has for *colonus* of the above, *villanus*. "Et si *villanus* ita crevisset sua probitate, quod pleniter

habere quinque hidias de suo proprio allodii &c. *ib.* p. 185.

¹ Eodem modo per omnia *de cyrlici vel villani* were fieri debet secundum modum suum, sicut de duodecies centeno diximus.—*Ll. Hen.* i. 78; *Wilkins*, 270, in *Heywood*, p. 295 n.

Professor Pearson looks on the villans as 'bond upon bond land,' and as to the numbers of them and the freemen and the population generally at Domesday, gives Sir Henry Ellis's and Sir James Macintosh's calculations as follows :

We may probably place it [the population] at rather over than under 1,800,000 ; a number which may seem small, but which was not doubled till the reign of Charles II., six hundred years later. Reverting to the actual survey, we find about two thousand persons who held immediately of the king (E 1400, M 1599), or who were attached to the king's person (M 326), or who had no holding, but were free to serve as they would (M 213). The second class, the free upon bond-land, comprised more than 50,000 ; under-tenants or varasores (E 7171, M 2899) ; burghers (E 7968, M 17,105) ; soc-men (E 23,072, M 23,404) ; freemen, holding by military service, or having been degraded into tenants to obtain protection (E 14,284) ; and ecclesiastics (E 994, M 1564). The largest class of all was the semi-servile. Of these villeins (E 108,407, M 102,704), and bordars,¹ or cottiers (E 88,922, M 80,320), make up the mass, about 200,000 in all. They were bond upon bond-land, that is to say, their land owed a certain tribute to its owner, and they owed certain services to the land ; they could not quit it without permission from their lord. But they were not mere property ; they could not be sold off the soil into service of a different kind, like the few slaves who still remained in England, and who numbered roughly about 25,000.

The large number of the middle classes, and the small number of slaves, are points in this estimate that deserve consideration. It is clear that the conquest did not introduce any new refinement in servitude. In a matter where we have no certain data, all statements must be made guardedly ; but the language of chroniclers and laws, and the probabilities of what would result from the anarchy and war that had so long desolated England under its native kings induce a belief that the conquest was a gain to all classes, except the highest, in matters of freedom. In Essex the number of freemen positively increased, and the change may probably be ascribed to the growing wool-trade with Flanders, as we find sheep multiplying on the great estates, and with the change from arable to pasture-land fewer labourers would be required. The fact that the large and privileged class of soc-men was especially numerous in two counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, in which a desperate revolt had been pitilessly put down, seems to show that existing rights were not lightly tampered with. In Bedfordshire, however, the soc-men were degraded to serfs, probably through the lawless dealing of its Angevine sheriff, Raoul Taillebois, and the county accordingly fell off in rental beyond any other in

¹ Heywood draws a distinction between the villans and bordars, cottars, &c., who are generally mentioned after them in Domesday.

England south of Humber, though it had enjoyed a singular exemption from all the ravages of war.

The concluding paragraph of the foregoing extract is printed because in it is, for me, pointed out the true cause of the villan's hardships, of the exactions of which his class so bitterly complained, the character of the Norman baron, and his power over his dependants. The thirtieth law of Henry I. speaks in moderated phrase the spirit of the earlier time. It calls the villans with the *cocseti* and *pardingi* (probably bondmen inferior to the villans) *hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ*, declares them disqualified to be reckoned among judges, excludes them from bringing any civil suits in the county or hundred courts, and refers them, for the redress of injuries, to the courts of their own barons (Heywood, p. 291).¹

And it is (I believe) precisely because Edward I. made a resolute attempt to break down this power of the barons over their villans,² which must have often been awfully abused,—and not only tried to, but did to some extent substitute his own judges' court for the barons' one³—thereby rescuing many a villan from a bondman's fate; it is for this reason that he is the hero of our ballad of *John de Reeve*. Not only for the long shanks with which he strode against Wales, or the hammer he wielded against Scotland, was the first king who conceived and fought for the unity of Great Britain dear to the villans of

¹ Villani vero, vel cocseti vel pardini vel qui sunt hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ, non sunt inter legum judices numerandi, unde nec in hundredo vel comitatu pecuniam suam, vel dominorum suorum forisfaciunt, si justitiam sine judicio dimittant, sed summonitis terrarum dominis inforcietur placitum termino competenti, si fuerint vel non fuerint antea summoniti cum securi jus testimatis.—*J. Hen. i. c. 30*; *Wilkins*, 248, in *Heywood*, p. 292.

² One of the first Acts of his (Edward I.'s) Administration, after his Arrival from the Holy Land, was to inquire into the State of the Demesnes, and of the Rights and Revenues of the Crown, and concerning the Conduct of the Sheriffs and other Officers and Ministers, who had defrauded the King and grievously oppressed the People (Annals of Waverley, 235) *Hundred Rolls*, i. 10. On the

inquiries of this Commission the first chapter of the Statute of Gloucester, relating to Liberties, Franchises and Quo Warranto (by what warrant the Parties held or claimed) was founded (*ib.*).

³ See below, and also the Statute of 4 Edw. I. A Statute concerning Justices being assigned, called Rageman. "It is accorded by our Lord the King, and by his Council, that Justices shall go throughout the Land to inquire, hear, and determine all the Complaints and Suits for Trespasses committed within these twenty-five years past, before the Feast of Saint Michael, in the fourth year of King Edward; as well by the King's Bailiffs & Officers as by other Bailiffs, & by all other Persons whomsoever. And this is to be understood as well of outrageous Takings, and all Manner of Trespasses, Quarrels, and Offences done unto the King and others,

his own¹ and after times. His steps and his blows came nearer their homes, and did something to clear oppressors out of their path. When in easier days they could sing of olden time, they gave the long king a merry night with three of their kin, and remembered with gratitude England's "first thoroughly constitutional" sovereign. This I gather from one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the English Peasantry" in the new Series of the *Law Magazine and Review*. But I am anticipating.

In the time of Edward I. bondage was looked upon as no part of the common law; it existed by sufferance and by local usage, and was recognised, but only barely tolerated by the law. The law was on the side of freedom. A leaper or land-loper, as a fugitive was called, could rarely be recovered in a summary manner; if he chose to deny his bondage, the writ of fieri facias did not give the Sheriff authority to seize him; the question of his condition had to stand over until the Assizes, or had to be argued in the Court of Common Pleas.—*Loc. Mag.* 1862, vol. xiii, p. 38—9.

We need not attribute a long range of foresight, or very enlightened views of freedom, to the counsellors of Edward I. Their resistance to villainage was instinctive rather than deliberate. Villainage in their eyes appeared to be a consequence of those powers of local jurisdiction which had been indispensable in former times on account of the weakness of the central power, but were no longer wanted since the central power had become truly imperial. The same landlords who claimed a right to keep their dependents in bondage, usually claimed some degree of judicial power; they claimed to have a more or less extensive cognizance over crimes committed, and criminals arrested within their precincts. Such a claim could only rest upon prescription; any such pretension not

¹ Extracted from the *Imquests* heretofore found in the King's command, as of Trespasses against the King. And the King willeth, that the Justices of the People (pour les Justices d'People) and speedily execute all Justice. That the Complaints may be heard before the aforesaid Justices & determined, as well by Writ as without, according to the Articles delivered unto the same Justices; & also at the understandings well within the same as without. Also the King willeth that the same Justices do hear and determine the Complaints of those who will complain of Matters done by any man contrary to the King's Statutes, or of what concerneth the King as the people. See also the Statutes of

Gloucester or *Quo Warranto* of 6 Edw. I.

"And the Sheriffs shall cause it to be commonly proclaimed throughout their Bailliwickes, that is to say, in Cities, Burroughs, Market towns, and elsewhere, that all those who claim to have any Franchises, by the Charters of the King's Predecessors, Kings of England, or in other manner, shall come before the King, or before the Justices in Eyre, at a certain day and place, to show what sort of Franchise they claim to have, and by what Warrant."

¹ I do not forget the groans of "The Song of the Husbandman" (temp. Edw. I.) printed in Wright's *Pastoral Songs* for the Camden Society.

supported by immemorial usage would soon be upset by the King's attorney. The general Government struggled hard to extend its jurisdiction, to extinguish the private courts, to bring as many cases as possible before the Courts at Westminster, and before the Justices in Eyre. The private courts were not abolished, but gradually superseded. After all that the lords could do to keep their villeins from Assizes, villeins constantly became jurors, and bond-lands were constantly drawn into the King's Courts, and were thus in the way to be drawn into freeholds. Perhaps every circuit of the judges emancipated a number of bondmen.—*Ib.* p. 40.

In seeking for the light in which the Norman baron would regard his Saxon villans, I think that Mr. Thomas Wright¹ is justified in his adduction of the following instances,

The chronicler Benoit (as well as his rival Wace) extols Duke Richard II. for the hatred which he bore towards the agricultural or servile class : "he would suffer none but knights to have employment in his house ; never was a villan or one of rustic blood admitted into his intimacy ; for the villan, forsooth, is always hankering after the filth in which he was bred."—p. 237,

*þe þridde cumed ester, & is
wurst fikelare, ase ich er seide :
vor he preised þene vuelne, &
his vuelne deden, ase þe þe seid to
þe knihte þet robbed his poure
men, "A, sire ! hwat tu dest
wel. Uor enere me schal þene
cheorl pilken & peolien : uor
he is ase þe wibi, þet spruttet
ut þe betere þæt me hine ofte
croppet."*

The third flatterer cometh
after, and is the worse, as I said
before, for he praiseth the wicked
and his evil deeds ; as he who
said to *the knight that robbed his
poor vassals*, "Ah, sire ! truly
thou doest well. For *men ought
alway to pluck and pillage the
churl* ; for he is like the willow,
which sprouteth out the better
that it is often cropped.

—*Ancren Riwle* (? ab. 1230 A.D.) p. 87, Camden Soc. 1853 (quoted in part by Wright).

and in referring to those most interesting Norman-French satires on the villans that M. Francisque Michel published, and which contain such passages as the following :

Que Diez lor envoit grant meschief,
Et mal au cuer, et mal au chief,
Mal ès bouche, et pis ès dens,
Et mal dehors, et mal dedens . . .
Et le mal c'on dist ne-me-touche,
Mal en orelle, et mal en bouche !

(*Des XXIII Manières de Vilains*, Paris, 1833, p. 12.)

¹ Paper on the political condition of Middle Ages, in *Archæologia*, vol. xxx.
the English Peasantry during the p. 205-44.

"Why should villans eat beef, or any dainty food?" inquires the writer of *Le Despit au Vilain*; "they ought to eat, for their Sunday diet, nettles, reeds, briars, and straw, while pea shells are good enough for their every-day food. . . . They ought to go forth naked, on bare feet in the meadows to eat grass with the horned oxen. . . . The shame of the villan is folly, and sottishness and filth; if all the goods and all the gold of this world were his, the villan would be but a villan still."—Wright, p. 238.¹

Though Mr. Wright's conclusion as to "the condition of the English peasant or villan during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries" may be exaggerated, yet much truth in it there must be:

Tied to the ground on which he was born in a state of galling bondage, exposed to daily insult and oppression, he served a master who was a stranger to him both by blood and language. The object of his lord's extortions, frequently plundered with impunity, and heavily taxed by the king, he received in return only an imperfect and precarious security for his person or his property. The villan was virtually an outlaw; he could not legally inherit or hold "lordship," and he could bring no action, and, as it appears, give no testimony in a court of law. He was not even capable of giving education to his children, or of putting them to a trade, unless he had previously been able to obtain or purchase their freedom, which depended on his own pecuniary means, and on the will and caprice of the lord of the soil.

All Norman barons were not brutes of the Ivo Taillebois² type, but I look on it as certain that the bitter cry of the villans which reaches us from the pages of the old chroniclers and writers is not a mere bit of rhetoric, but speaks what the villans and poor really suffered and felt.

I also look to the generations immediately succeeding the Conquest for the growth of the legal view of villanage and its consequences which is stated by Littleton (ab. 1480 A.D.) and

¹ See the property needed for a Norman baron to marry on, in the tract *De Tenementis et Villainis* (xiiith century) (P.L., 1463).

² He was one of the most cruel and savage monarchs who ever defaced this earth. He used to make the poor men who served him on bended knee, cut off their thumbs, and burn their houses, and eat their cattle, and set his hounds to torment them. With diabolical cruelty he made them incapable of work by breaking their limbs and backs;—

and as the Chronicle declares, "he twisted, crushed, tortured, tore, imprisoned and excruciated them." See also Henry of Huntingdon's account of Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shropshire. "He preferred the slaughter of his captives to their ransom. He tore out the eyes of his own children, when in sport they hid their faces under his cloak. He impaled persons of both sexes on stakes. To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast." (*Farrar.*)

Coke, among others, from Bracton, Fleta, &c. and which justified any amount of rapacity and exaction on the part of the feudal superior. There were two classes of villans, 1. *regardant*, attached to the soil of a manor, and sold with it like a cowshed or an ox, but seemingly not liable to be removed from it, though Littleton's words allow the removal; 2. *in gross*, landless, and attached to the person of a lord, and saleable or grantable to another lord, like a chattel.

Littleton translated (ed. 1813). § 181. Also there is a villein regardant, and a villein in gross. A villein regardant is, as if a man be seised of a manor to which a villein is regardant, and he which is seised of the said manor, or they whose estate be both in the same manor, have been seised of the villein and of his ancestors as villeins and neifs¹ regardant to the same manor, time out of memory of man. And villein in gross is where a man is seised of a manor, whereunto a villein is regardant, and granteth the same villein by his deed to another; then he is a villein in gross, and not regardant.

§ 172. Tenure in villenage, is most properly when a villein holdeth of his lord, to whom he is a villein, certain lands or tene-ments according to the custom of the manor, or otherwise at the will of his lord, and to do his lord villein service, as to carry and recarry the dung of his lord out of the city, or out of his lord's manor, unto the land of his lord, and to spread the same upon the land, and such like.

Or as Coke puts it, fol. 120 b.

He is called regardant to the manour, because he had the charge to do all base or villenous services within the same, and to gard and keepe the same from all filthie or loathsome things that might annoy it: and his service is not certaine, but he must have regard to that which is commanded unto him. And therefore he is called regardant, *a quo præstandrum servitium incertum et indeterminatum, ubi scire non potuit vespero quale servitium fieri debet mane, viz. ubi quis facere tenetur quicquid ei præceptum fuerit* (Bract. li. 2, fo. 26, Mir. ca. 2, sect. 12) as before hath beene observed (vid. sect. 84).

He says also at fol. 121 b.

Things incorporeall which lye in grant, as advowsons, villeins, commons, and the like, many be appendant to things corporeall, as a manour, house, or lands.

As illustrations of the truth and the working of these legal

¹ A woman which is villein is called a *neif*, § 186.

doctrines, take the following instances out of many. About 1250 A.D., says Mr. Wright in *Archæol.* vol. xxx, quoting Madox's *Formularium Anglicanum* 318-418,

The abbot and convent of Bruerne sold "Hugh the shepherd, their naif or villan of Certelle, with all his chattels and all his progeny, for 4s. sterling;" and the abbot bought of Matilda, relict of John the physician, for 20s., "Richard, son of William de Estende of Linham, her villan, with all his chattels and all his progeny;" and for half a mark of silver, a villan of Philip de Mandeville "with all his chattels and all his progeny."

Early in Henry III. (1216-72 A.D. his reign) Walter de Beauchamp granted by charter "all the land which Richard de Grafton held of him, and Richard himself, with all his offspring". . . In 1317 Roger de Felton gave to Geoffrey Foune certain lands, tenements &c. in the town and territory of Glanton, "with all his villans in the same town, and with their chattels and offspring."

We may also note the dictum of Cowel's Institutes: "Villaines are not to marry without consent of their patrons."—W. G.'s translation, 1651, p. 24.

But the sharpest pinch of the matter lay in the theory—and practice often, I do not doubt—that all the villan's goods were his lord's,¹ that whatever the lord took from him, he had no remedy against the lord for.

Sect. 129, fol. 123 b. Also, every villein is able and free to sue all manner of actions against everie person, except against his lord, to whom he is villeine.

On which Coke says:

For a villeine shall not have an appeale of robbery against his lord, for that he may lawfully take the goods of the villeine as his lord. (1 Edw. 3, 32; 11 Hen. 4, 93; 1 Hen. 4, 6; 29 Hen. 6, tit. Causa 17.) And there is no diversitie herein, whether he be a villeine regardant or in grosse, although some have said the contrary.

And look at what early book you will,—Homilies, Political Satires, Robert of Brunne², Chaucer, Gower, &c.—if it touches the subject at all, you are sure to find the lords' and their servants' arbitrary extortions complained of and reproved.

Before quitting this branch of the subject it may be well to quote on it the words of the editor of Domesday, Sir Henry

¹ See the extract from Chaucer, p.

² See the quotation from his *Handlyng Synne* below.

Ellis. After a longish quotation from Blackstone's *Commentaries upon the villani*, he says (*General Introduction to Domesday Book*, vol. i. p. 80) :

There are, however, numerous entries in the *Domesday Survey* which indicate the Villani of that period to have been very different from Bondmen. They appear to have answered to the Saxon Ceorls, while the Servi answered to the Deowas or Esnen. By a degradation of the Ceorls and an improvement in the state of the Esnen, the two classes were brought gradually nearer together, till at last the military oppression of the Normans thrusting down all degrees of tenants and servants into one common slavery, or at least into strict dependance, one name was adopted for both of them as a generic term, that of *Villeins regardant*.

The next questions are, how long were the words *bonde* and *bondman* used for the villan class; and when did their bondage cease; or at least, did it continue, and if so, with what amelioration did it continue, up to the time when our ballad may be supposed to have been written?

As the names require extracts, the two questions may be treated together.

Archdeacon Hale, writing of the land and villans of the Priory of St. Mary's, Worcester, in or about 1240 A.D. says:

The quantity of land in villenage in each manor being fixed, and the quantity of labour due from it fixed also, it follows that the lords of manors were not arbitrary masters who had unlimited power over the person and property of these tenants. There is, however, too much reason to believe that, taking into account the labour of various kinds to which the holder of a small quantity of villan land was liable, he paid what was equivalent to a high rent. His position as a holder of land, which would descend to his family, was superior to that of the modern labourer; and yet he might not be better off in a pecuniary point of view. His place in society was marked also by the obligation to give "Thac et Thol, auxilium et merchet, et in obitu melius catallum." (Thac was "Pig-money, a payment made by the villans to the lord in the autumn for every pig (the sows excepted), of a year old one penny, and under the year a halfpenny. Thol, the Penny paid by the villans for licence to sell a horse or ox." Hale, p. xx, xli. On *Thol*, see also p. lii.)

This fixity of rent, and Professor Rogers's pleasant view of things, make one side of the question; the legal power of the lord over all his villan's property, and the exactions out of him complained of by preachers, poets, and writers, the other.

In *Layamon* the word *bonde* is used once, in the de-

writption of the treacherous slaughter of Vortiger and his
companions by Hengest and his:

<i>Earlier text, 1200-20.</i>	<i>Later text, bef. 1300.</i>
her was of Salisbury an oþt brond icameon; ane mochelne mein clubbe he bar on his rugge.	her was a bond of Salusburie, þat bar on his hondes ane mochelne club, for to breke stones.

The earlier text Sir F. Madden translates:

There was a bold *churl*¹ of Salisbury come; he bore on his back
a great strong club.

In one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the Ancient English Peasantry," in the *Law Magazine and Review*, New Series, xi. 259, &c., I find at p. 263, under the date of 1279 A.D.

At the same place [Molland at Castle Camps, in the south-eastern corner of Cambridgeshire] there were several [27] tenants, [four of whom are women,] described as *Bondi*, bondmen.³ One of them [i.e. each, except 12 who held in couples] held 16 acres of land in villenage. It does not appear that he paid any mail or gable. He returned a goose and a hen, worth 3d., 20 eggs worth $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and a quarter of oats worth 12d. He worked for the lord twice a week from Michaelmas to Pentecost, and thrice a week from Pentecost to Michaelmas, and ploughed nine acres in the year. It is plain that this man was an operative tenant.³

Havelok the Dane comes next, and in it the bondman is the peasant or ploughman:

Thider kumen bothe stronge and wayke ;
Thider kumen lessa and more,
That in the borw thanne weren thore ;
Champions, and starke holdes,
Hundes with here gaddes,
Als he comen fro the plow ;
There was semblidg now :

(ed. Madden, p. 39, l. 1012-1018.)

Another drear dreame de me ek,
That ich fley over the salte se
Til Engel-land, and al with me
That euer was in Denemarck lyues,

had a hand in the book in the
first year of our

the *Uterus*, which might be from men,
The *Uterus* is between the *Cervix Uteri*
and the *Vagina*.

Hug & Hug tenet xv. acres
& dat j. succum et j.

gallinam, & valent iii d.; xx. ova que

valent obclum [3d.], & j quarterum

av-ne quod valet xijd., & facit a festo

Sancti Michaelis usque Pentecostam, etc.

- 2 Hundred Riddle (ed. 1818), 425,

col. 1.

Bon bondeman, and her wifre,
Are leas wi kynge of Engeland.
An dethre a wile wi hir
And Godesdene yare the —

(*The same.*, p. 50, l. 1304-1311.)

In the *Song of the Husbandmen*, of the reign of Edward I.
(1272-1307 A.D., in Wright's *Political Songs*, Camden Soc.
p. 150), *bond* represents the "peasant" class.

Ther we plach the poor, and ryketh ful cleane,
The swete raymentes withouten evy ryght;
An clerke and an ledesman ryketh ful leone,
Tantz Wodlyng of baylys such harm heft hight.
M-est of religiouse we hali hem ful heine,
Barren and leache, the cleric and the knyght.

(MS. Harl. 2253, leaf 64.)

In 1297, taking that as Robert of Gloucester's date, he says
of William the Conqueror and his 'high men':

Hii to-draweth þe sely bondmen, as wolde hem hulde ywys.—
ii. 370.

which the latter reading gives as

Hii tormenteth hure tenauntes, as hulde hem they wolde.

Again in one of the *Lives of Saints*, said to have been written
by Robert of Gloucester, is this passage:

If a bondeman hadde a sone: to clergie idrawe,
He ne scholde, without his loverdes leve: not ierouned beo.
(ab. 1306-10 A.D. *Life of Bcket*, l. 552.)

Robert of Brunne, in the lifelike sketch which he gives us of
the England—or, at least, the Lincolnshire—of 1303, as he
tells the men of his day of their sins, of course does not forget
the bondman and his lord, of course remembers the poor:

Blessyd be alle poorē men,
For God almysty louē hem.
(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 180, l. 5741-2.)

One tale that he tells shows a certain independence on the
part of a bondman, and I therefore take that first, from the
Handlyng Synne, p. 269-70. In a Norfolk village a knight's
house and homestead (manor) were near the churchyard,
into which his herdsmen let his cattle, and they defiled the
graves. A *bond man* saw that, was woe that the beasts
should there go, went to the lord, and said, "Lord, your herd-
men do wrong to let your beasts defile these graves. Where

men's bones lie, beasts should do no nastiness." The Lord's answer was "somewhat vile," "A pretty thing indeed to honour such churls' bones! What honour need men pay to such churls' livid bodies?" And then the bonde-man said him words full well together laid :

The lord that made of earth-e, earls,
Of the same earth made he churis :
Earles might, and lordes stat, (strut)
As churis shall in earth be put,
Earles, churis, all at ones ; (once)
Shall none know your, from our, bones.

Which reproof the lord took in good part (few would have done so, says Robert of Brunne¹), and promised that his beasts should no more break into the churchyard.

But still there is evidence enough in the *Handlyng Synne* that if a lord wanted a bondman's wife or daughter, he would not only carry her off, but brag of it afterwards (p. 231, l. 7420-7); and as to the treatment of the poor by their superiors, Robert of Brunne asks—he is not here translating Wadington—

Lord, how shul þese robbers fare,
Dat be pore pepyl pelyn ful bare,—
Erikis, knygtes, and barouns
And oþer lordynges of tounnes,
Justyses, shryues and baylyus,
Dat be lawis alle to-ryues,
And þe pore men alle to-pyle?
To ryche men do þey but as þey wille.—

(p. 212, l. 6790-7.)

He goes on denouncing them who "pyle and bete many pore men," and contrasts their conduct with that of Dives to Lazarus, whom Dives did not rob of gold or fee,

He dyde but lete an hounde hym to :
Ye ryche men, weyl wers þe do !
Ye wyl noun hounden to hem lete,
But, se self, hem *de and bete*.
He ne dyde but wernede hym of hys mete ;
And se nobble al bat se mow gate.
Ye are as lyues bat wyl naughe ȝgue ;
And wers: for se nobble bat þey [the poor] shulde by lyue.
(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 213, l. 6812-19.)

In a previous passage the lords' arbitrary exactions from

þyr are þat fewe lordis now
þat tems a wile so wel to prow;
þat whi engþ hem any skylle,
Mynysse syna swalþ þey wille.

Lordynges, — þyr are ynow of þo;
Of gentyl men, þyr are but so
[few].

men in bondage—or *vileynage* as Wadington has it—are expressly mentioned:

And ȝyf a lorde of a tounne
Robbe his men oute of resounne,
þoghe hyt be yn *bondage*,
Aȝens ryȝt he doþe outrage.
He shal so take þat he [the bondman] may lyue,
And as lawe of londe wyl forȝyue ;
For ȝyf he take ouer mesure,
Lytyl tymè shal hyt dure.
þoghe God haue ȝeu be seynorye,
He ȝaf hym no leue to do robborye ;
For god haþ ordeyned al mennys state,
How to lyue, and yn what gate ;
And boȝt he ȝyue one ouer oþer myȝt.
He wyl þat he do hym but ryȝt.
þys ys þe ryȝt of Goddyns lokyng :
þolde every man hys owne hyng.
But God taketh euermore veniaunce
Of lordys, for swych myschaunce,
For swych robbery þat þey make,
þat ofte of þe poure men take.

He then tells a tale of what a Knight suffered in Purgatory (or hell) fire, for robbing a poor man of a cloth, and winds up with the moral :

Certys þefta ryȝt wykkede ys . . .
Namly¹ pore men for to pele
Or robbe or bete wyþ-oute skyle.²

The next reference to the word in Stratmann's *Dictionary* is to *William and the Werwolf*, (better, *William of Palerne*: E. E. Text Soc. 1868, Extra Series,) of ab. 1340 A.D. l. 216.

do quickliche erie þurh eche custre of þi king-riche
þat barouns burges & bonde³ & alle oþer burnes
þat mowe wiȝtly in any wise walken a-boute
þat bei wende wiȝtly as wide as þi reaume.

(William and Werwolf, p. 77, ed. Madden.)

In William of Malvern's⁴ *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, about 1362 A.D. we have :

¹ especially.

² reason.

³ Bonde, n. S. Bondsmen, villains; as opposed to the orders of barons and burgesses, 77.—*Glossary to the above*. But the *bonde* are still one of the three principal orders of men, as shown by the "other burnes" who are not worth specifying.—Skeat.

⁴ Mr. Hale's name for the author of the *Vision*, who is sometimes called Langland. As there is no real evidence for the name Langland, I prefer the vaguer title William of Malvern, though Malvern is only mentioned in the first of the poems of which the *Vision* is composed.

Barouns and Bucyrs · and Bondes-men also
I saw; in Jut Sembie.—(p. 6, l. 96, ed. Skeat.)

In Wright's edition of the *Vision*, i. 88, l. 2859 is—

And as a bondes-man of his bacon his berde was bidraveled.

And part of the knight's duty is—

And misbeode you not hi bondmen · be beter you schalt sped.
(Psa. vii. l. 45, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat, p. 76.)

In the third text of the *Vision* we read—

Bondmen and bastardes · and beggers children,
These bylongeth to labour · and lordes children sholdes serven,
Both God and good men · as here degree asketh

And with bondmennes barnes · han be made bishopes,
And barnes bastardes · han ben archidekones;
And sopers and heros sonnes · for solver han be knyghtes,
And lordene sonnes hero laboreres.—(ab. 1380. *Vision of Piers Plowman*.
Whitaker's text. Passus Sextus.)

Mr. Skeat says that the various readings in the MSS. of the *Vision* show that *bondage* or *bondages* was used for *bondemen*, and that *bonde* is thus connected with the verb to bind. (Chaucer uses *bondemen* and *bondefolk*¹ as the equivalents of *cherls* and *thralles* in his *Persones Tale*, *de Avaritia* (p. 282 ed. Wright, quoted below, p. 554–5), while in *The Frere's Tale* the use is of one bound :

Dispnith your hertes to withstande
The fend, that wolde make yow thrall and bonde?

The year 1394, or thereabouts, gives us that wonderful picture of a bondeman or ploughman whom its painter saw,

And furþermer, ther as the lawe
wrot, that temporal goddes of *bondedik*
was the goddes of her lordes; ye, that
is to understande the goddes of the
armes to defende hem in here righte,
and to make hem as to reue hem.

In the *Elegy on the Death of King Edward III* the phrase "bide her
wode" is glossed "remain as their
captors."

The fesse achip, I may remene

To þe Chivalrye of this londe,
þer as ther counted nouȝt a lone.
Bys in Ffrance Ich understande

Thei tok & slouȝ hem with heore
bonde

The power of Ffrance both smal
and grete,
And brout ther Kyng hider to bido
her bonde.

And nouȝt rist sone hit [the ship]
is forȝete.

Myre's use of *bonde* is this:
Fyrst bow moste bys mynne,
What he ys but doth be synne,
Whoþer hyt be heo or he,
Yonge or olde, *bonde*, or fre,
Pore or ryche, or in offys.
(Ab. 1430, Myre, *Instructions for
Parish Priests*, p. 47.)

and which will not be out of the mind of anyone who has studied it :

And as y wente be þe wai · wepynge for sorowe,
 [I] seȝ a sely man me by · opon þe plow hongen.
 His cote was of a cloute · þat cary was y-called,
 His hod was full of holes · & his heer oute,
 Wiþ his knopped schon · clouted full þykke ;
 His ton toteden out · as he þe londe treddede,
 His horen overhongan his hokesynes · on eueriche a side,
 Al beslombred in fen · as he þe plow folwede ;
 Twey mytynes, as mete · maad all of cloutes ;
 þe syngers weren for-werd · & ful of fen honged.
 Dis whit waselede in þe [fen] · almost to þe ancle,
 Foure roþeren hym by-forn þat feble were [worþen] ;
 Men mysto reken ich a ryb · so reufull bey weren.
 His wif walked him wiþ · wiþ a longe gode,
 In a cutted cote · cutted full heye,
 Wrapped in a wynwo schete · to weren hire fro weders,
 Jarfote on be bare ijs · þat þe blod folwede.
 And at þe londes ende laye · a litell crom-bolle,
 And beron lay a litell childe · lapped in cloutes,
 And tweyne of tweie jeres olde · opon a-no þer syde,
 And alle bey songen o songe · þat sorwe was to heren ;
 Dey crieren alle o cry · a careful note.

(Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, l. 420-441, ed. Skeat, 1867.)

Those last two lines sum up for me the English history of the English poor (as has been said elsewhere), it was "full of care."

Frater Galfridus, about 1440, has in the Promptorium

Bonde, as a man or woman, *Servus, serva.*
 Bondman . *Servus, nativus* [neif.]
 Bondschiþo . *Nativitas:* but Bondage . *Servitus.*

That the lord's power over his bondmen was a reality, and that he "frequently took advantage of his power to tyrannize, is proved by the example of Sir Simon Burley, the tutor of Richard II., who seized forcibly an industrious artizan at Gravesend, on the plea of his being his escaped bondsman, and, when his exorbitant demand was refused, threw him into the prison of Rochester Castle."—(Wright in *Archæol.* xxx. 235.) And that the Lord's power over his bondman existed into the 16th century is shown by the following extracts.¹

¹ It is a wyues occupation, to wrynowe
 all manner of corne, to make malte, to
 washe and wryng, to make heye, shere
 corne, and in time of neede to helpe her
 husbande to fyll the mucke-wayne or
 dounge-carte, dryuc the ploughc, to loode

hay, corne, and suche other. ? 1523.
 —Fitzherbert's *Husbandry*, ed. 1767,
 p. 92.

² Mr. Wright says, "We can trace
 these charters of manumission [of vil-
 lans] down to a very late period. In 2

In 1519 among the Duke of Buckingham's payments in Prof. Brewer's *Calendar*, iii., Pt. i. p. 498, is—

25 March, to Walter Parker, 40*£*, "restored to him for a fine by him made to me, for that he was my *bondman*, and made free during his life, for that I gave him a patent."

In 1521 on

"The Duke's Lands . . . at Caers (in Wales) are "Many *bondmen* both rich and poor.—*ib.* p. 509.

In 1523 (?), Fitzherbert says :

Customary tenantes/ are those that holde their landes of their lorde by copye of courte role/ after the custome of the manere. And there may be many tenantes with-in the same manere y^t have no coppyes and yet holde be lyke custome and seruycce at the wyll of the lorde. and in myne opynion/ it began soone after the conquest/ whan Wylliam Conquerour had conquered this realme/ he rewarded all those that came with hym in his voyage royll accordyng to their degré. And to honourable men he gaue/ lordahippes/ maners/ landes/ and tenementes/ with all the inhabytauntes/ men and women dwell-yng in the same/ to do with them at their pleasure. And those honourable men thought y^t they must nedes haue seruauntes and tenantes/ and their landes occupied with tyllage. Wherfore they pardoned the inhabytauntes of their lyues/ and caused them to do all maner of seruycce that was to be done/ were it neuer so vyle/ and caused them to occupye their landes and tenementes in tyllage and to kee of them suche rentes/ customes/ and seruyces/ as it pleased them to haue. And also toke all their goodes & catell at all tymes at their pleasure and called them their *bonde men*. and sythe that tyme many noble men bothe spirytuall and temporall, of their godly dispayson haue made to dyuers of the sayd *bonde men* manumissions, and graunted them fredome and lybertie. and set to them their landes and tenementes to occupy/ after dyuers maners of rentes/ customes/ and seruyces, the whiche is vsed in dyuers places vnto this daye. how be it in some places the *bonde men* contynue as yet/ the whiche me semeth is the grettest inconuenyent that nowe is suffred by the lawe. That is, to hane any christen man bonden to another and to haue the rule of his body, landes and goodes/ that his wife eyldren and seruauntes haue laboured, for all their lyfe tyme, to be taken/ lyke as and it were extorcion or bribery. And many tymes

I. II just before the peasants' insur-

rence. John Wynd or 'Alspach' makes a female will, and gives her, *widow*, her goods and chattels, and the liberty of all her offspring; and

we have a charter of affranchisement by the priory of Beauvalle in 6 Hen. V., A.D. 1419, and another by George Neville, lord Bergavenny, as late as 2 Hen. VIII., A.D. 1511."

by colour therof/ there be many fre men taken as *bonde men*/and their landes and goodes taken fro them/ so that they shall not be able to sue for remedy: to prove them selfe fre of blode. And that is moost commenly: where the fre men have the same name as the *bonde men* haue/ or that his auncesters of whome he is comen/ was manumised before his byrthe. In suche cause there can nat be to great a punysshement. for as me semeth there shulde no man be bonde but to god/ and to his king and prince ouer hym. Quia deus non facit exceptionem personarum. For god maketh no excepcyon of any person.—Fitzherbert's *Boke of Surveyeng & Improuementes* Cap. xiii. fol. xxvi.

I do not carry these extracts further, because those that have been given—and they might be ten-folded with ease—sufficiently prove the reality of the hardships which the bondmen suffered, and that certain of these hardships were in being as late as Fitzherbert's time, about 1520. Vague talk that the doctrine of the law-books was never carried out in practice, that monkish writers exaggerated a molehill into a mountain &c., will not do in the face of the evidence that literature supplies. "Master Fitzherbarde" was not a sentimentalist, but a practical horsebreeder, farmer and surveyor,¹ and spoke of the bondmen's evils as he would speak of his broodmares' ailments. There is no need for us then to imagine—as Professor Rogers does, in his very valuable and interesting *History of Prices*, i. 81—a cause, of which no trace has come down to us, for Wat Tyler's rebellion. Cause enough, and to spare, there was in the condition of the men, if only that shown in their demand "that we, our wives and children, shall be free." Granted that the students of literature and charters alone get from them too dark a view of the state of the early poor,—as Mr. Wright may have done—yet we must declare that the student of prices on college lands alone gets a too rose-coloured view, and that the wrongs of the bondmen were real and deep; even Chaucer and Froissart witness it.

On this *bonde* and *bondeman* question I conclude then, though with much diffidence, and acknowledging the insufficiency of the evidence for some points: 1, that the *bonde* was originally free, that he was the Saxon ceorl or twihind, with a Danish name; 2, that if not partially before, yet wholly after, the Conquest, his class, or the greater part of it, became bondmen or villana, bond on bond-land; 3, that gradually they threw off their ser-

¹ It must be a mistake to identify him with Sir Anthony Fitzherbert.

vice and signs of bondage, taking the first decided step in advance in Edward I.'s time, the second and more decided one in Edward III. and Richard II.'s time; 4, that in 1520 the burden of bondage was still heavy. (It gradually disappeared,¹ except so far as our present copyhold fines and heriots represent it. Slavery was abolished by a statute of Charles II. The attempt to abolish it in 1526 proved a vain one. *Wright.*)

But our bondman was John *the Reeve*, though no special duties of his as Reeve are alluded to in the Ballad. On those duties in Anglo-Saxon times the reader may consult the references in Thorpe's Index to the *Ancient Laws*, vol. i., and section 12 of the *Institutes of Polity*, in vol. ii. p. 320-1. The office of Reeve was one that every villan was bound to serve, and although the *Law Magazine* says it was one which the villan rather declined and avoided,² it must have been one which, in later times at least, helped to fill its holder's pockets. The Reeve's duty was to manage his lord's demesne, to superintend the service-tenant's work on it, to collect the lord's dues and rent in money and kind, and submit his accounts yearly to the auditor. As the Sloane MS. *Boke of Curtesye* says of the greve or reve—

*Gravys, and baylys and parker,
Schoone come to acountes every yere
Byforo bo auditour of bo lorde onone,
Dat schulde be trew as any stone,
Yf he done hon no ryȝt lele,
To a baron of chekke r bay mun hit pele.*

(*Babees Book*, p. 318, l. 589-94.)

And as William of Malvern says—

The name seems to have lasted longer in Scotland than in England; — Jamieson's Dictionary, 4to, 1825, s.v. *Bonnage*.

Bonvage, *Bonnage*, &c. The designation given to the services due by a peasant to the proprietor, or by a cotter to the farmer. ("Used in Angus,"

An other set of payments consisted in services, emphatically called *Bonage* or *bonnage*. And these were exacted either in seed-time, in ploughing and sowing the proprietor's land, — in summer, in the carriage of his lord's timber and in harvest, in carrying up the crop." *Agricultural History of A. & C. Ordinaries*, p. 213

The late abridgement of Jamieson gives " *Bonday Warkis*, the time a tenant or vassal is bound to work for the proprietor."

¹ The chief incidents of base tenure which affected the villein's person are collected in one of Edward II.'s Yearbooks. (5 Ed. II.) They were, - 1. The blood fine, or marriage ransom; 2. the telle or tallage, a variable charge, supplanted by regular taxation, unless it endured under the name of chevage; 3. the obligation of undertaking the office of reeve or bailliff, an onerous dignity which the villein rather declined and avoided.—*Law Mag. & Rev.* xiii. 41.

I make Piers the Plowman my procurator and my reve,
And registrar to receyve.¹

Redde quod debes (v. ii. p. 411, ed. Wright).

And again—

Thanne lough ther a lord, and " by this light " seide,
" I holde it right and reson, of my reve to take
Al that myn auditour, or ellis my steward
Counseileth me bi hir acounte and my clerkes writyng.
With *spiritus intellectus* thei seke the reves rolles ;
And with *spiritus fortitudinis* fecche it I wole after."

(*Vision*, ii. 423.)

Need one quote Chaucer's sketch of the Reeve—

Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne ;
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the reyn,
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes scheep, his neet, [and] his dayerie,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie,
Was holly in this reevea governyng,
And by his covenant yaf the rekenyng,
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age ;
Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne ;
They were adrad of him, as of the deth.
His wonyng was ful fair upon an heth ;
With grene trees i-schadewed was his place.
He cowde bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was i-stored prively,
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,
To geve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester ;
He was a wel good wright, a carpenter.
This reeve sat upon a well good stot,
That was a pomely gray, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers upon he hadde,
And by his side he bar a rusty bladde.

Our Reeve too has "a rusty bladde," rides a good horse, has a fair dwelling, and is "ful riche istored prively," but Hodgkin Long and Hob of the Lathe are "not adrad of him as of the deth."² As he was the King's reeve and should have collected taxes³ as well as dues and rents,⁴ he ought to have been a good scribe and summer-up, but the ballad does not read as if he was. His

¹ See the extract at the end of this paper, line 12 from foot.

² If Mr. Toulmin Smith be right in his view, p. 557 note below.

³ Toulmin Smith's *Parish*, p. 506, refers to a rentcharge paid to the King's reeve.

enemy is not the auditor, of whom we hear nothing, but the courtier or purveyor who could report his wealth to the King, and get leave, or take it, to put the screw on him. He sells his wheat (l. 144) to get it out of sight (?);—money could be more easily hidden;—and he has a thousand pounds and some deal more.

The supper of his pretended poverty—bean-bread, rusty bacon, broth, lean salt beef, and sour ale, may well have been bondman's food in Edward I.'s time, better than many got in Edward III.'s, as William of Malvern shows (*Vision, Passus VII.* l. 267–82, ed. Skeat, p. 88–9, text A); but could the supper of his actual wealth, boar's head and capons, woodcocks, venison, swans, conies, curlews, crane, heron, pigeons, partridges, and sweets of many kinds, have been ever Reeve's food then? I trow not. Chaucer's Frankleyn couldn't have given a better spread in Richard II.'s time, and John Russell's Franklen in Henry VI.'s days (ab. 1450–60 A.D., say,) hardly exceeded it:

A Fest for a Franklin.

"A Frankleyn may make a festo Improberabile,
brawne with mustard is concordable,
bakon ser ned with pesod,

beef or moton stewed seruyable,
Boyled Chykoun or capon agreeable,
convenyent for be sesoun;

Roasted goose & pygge fulle profitable,
Capon Bakemete, or Custard Costable,
when eggis & crayme be gesoun.

Ff rawre stuffe of household is behovable,
Mortrowes or Russelle ar delectable
for be second course by reson.

Then veal, Lamb, kyd, or cony,
Chykoun or pigeon rosted tenderly,
bakemete or doweetes with alle.

Item followynge frytours, & a leche lovely;
suche seruyse in reson is full semely
To serue with bothe chambur & halle.

Then appuls & peris with spices delicately
After be termes of be vere fulle deynteithly,
with bred and cheese to calle.

Spiced cakes and wafurs worthily
with the bragot & methe, bus men may mervly
plese welle bothe gret & smalle."

(*Habees Book*, p. 170–1.)

Edward I.'s order for his own coronation feast was 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 flitches of bacon, and 19,660 capons and fowls (Macfarlane, *Cub. Hist.* iv. 11, referring to Rymer). Only in bacon, boar, and capons could the king have come up to his reeve. To what date then are we to bring the ballad down? I don't know, and, if the reason I have assigned for its being tacked on to Edward I. be the right one, I don't care; for the main point to me is its connection with him. But taking the ballad as it stands, the mention of the *Galliard* in it, l. 530, p. 579, shows that it was recast, if not composed, after 1541, when that dance was introduced. Also the Northern forms *baine*, l. 504, *gunge*, l. 209, 343, 864, *strang*, l. 332, *seile*, l. 502, *ryke*, l. 263, *furrand*, l. 353, 358, &c., the present no-rhymes of *both* and *lath*, l. 623-4, 641-2, *arse* and *worse*, l. 668-9, *kneels* and *soule*, l. 806-7, &c., show that our version is an altered copy of a Northern original, or Northern copy. I say copy, because if *luthe* is the Anglo-Saxon *læð*, a division of the county peculiar to Kent, the scene of the ballad must have been Kent; but Chaucer's use of the word in its sense of barn, in his *Reeve's Tale*— .

Why nad thou put the capil in the *lathe*?¹

and Brockett's in his *Glossary of North Country Words*,

Lathe or *Leathe*, a place for storing hay and corn in winter—a barn.

saves us from the necessity of supposing a double transformation of the ballad, though this would be authorised by the ascription of it to "the south-west country" in l. 909. The Northern saint sworn by in l. 744, St. William, Archbp. of York in the 12th century, tends to confirm the Northern origin, as does the "clerke out of Lancashire" who read the roll that contained the tale, l. 8-12.

¹ The *Promptorium* gives "Berne of lathe (or lathe P.), *Horecum*," p. 33, and Mr. Way says, "Lathe, which does not occur in its proper place in the *Promptorium*, is possibly a word of Danish introduction into the eastern counties," Lade, *horreum*, Dan. Skinner observes that "it was very commonly used in Lancashire." At p. 288 he also says that Bp. Kennett notices it also as a Lincolnshire word, and that Harrison,

speaking of the partition of England into shires and lathees, says "Some, as it were roming, or rouing at the name Lathe, do saie that it is derived of a barn, which is called in Old English a *lathe*, as they conjecture." "*Horecum est locus ubi reponitur annona, a barne, a lathe. Grangia, lathe or grange.—Octus. Orreum, granarium, lathe.*"—Vocab. Roy. MS., 17, C. xvii. Way.

If asked to guess a date for the composition of the ballad, I should guess the earlier half of the 15th century, while for the recast of it I should guess the latter half of the 16th, or the former half of the 17th. The tradition embodied in it is, I doubt not, of the 13th century.

Let me add, before ending this long rigmarole,¹ that John the Reeve was a well-known typical personage, like Piers Plowman, &c., as is shown by the following extract from a discussion on the Real Presence in the Harleian MS. 207 :

[leaf 1],

Bonum est sperare in domino quem et sperare

[1532.]

The Banckett of Iohan the Reve. Vnto peirs ploughman. Laurens laborer. Thomlyn Tailyor. And hobb of the hille. with other.

[leaf 2]

[A] relacion maide. by hobb of the hills vnto Sir Iohan the pariche preste vpon A comminication. Betwene. Iacke Iolie Servyngman of thone partie. And. Iohan the reve. Peirs plowghman. Lawrence Laborer. Thomlyn tailyor. And hobb of the hille of thother partie. Wherin the said Sir Iohan wold maike none Awnswer vnto he knewe the olde vecar mynde. the wiche saide vecar wrote lyengs in his bedd veray seeke. and delyuerde hym mynde in wrytyng. vnto his pariche preste. And the said prest delyuerd the same booke to hobb of the hille. counsellynge hym to learne it. whereby he myght be more able to maike better Answere to suche light fellows if he chaunced to here any suche Comminicacion in tyme to come. Hobb of the hille said vnto sir Iohan .; Good morow Sir Iohan .; And he Answered .; Good morrowe hobb .; Hobb said .; Sir Iohan I am veray glade of our metyng .; For I am desirouse of your counseil in a weightie matter Sir Iohan said. Marie ye shalle haue the teate councelle that is in me .; What is your matter Bie my faithe Sir .; yesterdaie My master [leaf 2 b.] and Iohan the reve maid a feaste And piers plewghman. Laurence laboror. And Thomlyn tailyor was at dyner at our house. And I serued them at dyner. And or that dyner was done. comme in a Servynge man called Iacke Iolie. Kest getherar vnto my ladie. For my master Iohan the reve was Kenor this yeare : And when Iack[e] Iolie was sett downe. He demandid whether we had any messe or no .; And my master saide

¹ I ought to apologise for its shortness. It has been put together in great haste. Mr. Hales having been unfortunately unable to treat its subject, so much Part II has been kept back for months. Feeling obliged to say something on the question to excuse

the delay named, I have set down opinions, many of which, though hastily expressed, have not been hastily formed, as my long connection with working men and with Early English may guarantee.

we hadde, and trustede to haue ∵ Than saide Iacke Iolie that we war blynded for waunt of teachyng. for it is plane ydolatrie to beleue that the bodie and bloude of criste ar in firme of breade and wyne ministred in the alter, And for his purpose he Aleged Many Sayenges, As of Martyn luther. Eocolampadius. Caralstadij. Iohan Firtz Malangton, with many dyuerse other ∵ Than peirs ploughman waxed woundrus Angric. and called Iacke Iolie. fals heritike. Than my master desired them bothe to be content in his house. and to reason the matter gentlie. And thei warre bothe contente So to doo.;

NOTES.

- p. xxx. "Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson." Here *Hurd* is a mistake for *Hord*, who published two vols. of Scottish Ballads.—D. (= Alexander Dyce.)
- p. 1. *Chevy Chase*. See Mr. Maidment's comments on this "modern version" in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, i. 81.—F.
that "exprewh," quoth Richard Sheale, does not mean that Sheale was the writer, but the scribe. So one of the *Piers Plowman* MS. (Harl. 3954) ends—*good Herne, &c.*—Sheat.
- p. 2. —*That day* &c. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," which was not written before 1547, mention is made of the "Huntis of Chevot," and of "The Percy and montgomery met," as if these were the titles of two separate ballads. That these were two distinct ballads founded on the battle of Otterbourne, and known in Scotland by the above titles, is extremely probable; for though, in the Scottish ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne" the line "The Percy and Montgomery met" occurs, the name of Chariot is never mentioned. Dr. Percy, in quoting the above line from the "Complaynt of Scotland," gives "That day, that day, that gentil day" as the following one, but that is, in fact, the title of another ballad or song. Dr. Kemble's *Musical Illustrations*, p. 1.
- p. 3. *Battle of Otterbourne*. See Mr. Robert White's full account of it, with an appendix and illustrations. London, 1857.—F.
- p. 4. 1. 7 from 6. 4. Wold read Henry Bold. Another edition says Mr. E. Peacock, &c. a fol. 8vo. of 39 pages. "Chevy Chase, a ballad, in Latin Verse by Henry Bold, accompanied by the original English Text. London, Printed by Henry Bryer, Bridge St. Blackfriars, 1618."
- p. 8 l. 20 read *for* *backes*.—Ch. (= F. J. Child.)
- p. 11. l. 123 (two words, beyond doubt).—Ch. *layd on lide* (= a load), as Sheat says; *laide*, &c., I think, certain.—Ch.
- p. 12. 143. "which cracked," (as in Old Ballads, 1723) is certainly the reading.—Ch.
- p. 14. 198. *sorry you left too full*: no doubt of *doleful*.—Ch.
- p. 17. 2. 16. *Low with encircled wings*. This version is very corrupt, and different from the printed copy of 1649. See my edition of Lovelace, 1864.—Hazlitt.
- p. 20. 8. 16. 24. *couyes*. This is exactly the reverse of what the first meant and wrote — Hazlitt. The right burden is, "Know no such Liberty," but the title has "Injoy such Liberty." —F.

- p. 21. *Cries*. See my communication to *Newes and Queries*, 3rd Series viii. 435, and Bell's edition of Walker.—Hazlitt.
- p. 24. l. 3. The Petty Society reprinted the edition of 1666, but imperfectly.—Hazlitt.
- p. 28, l. 13. *read yeelded*.—Ch.
- p. 30. In Scots poems &c., as Percy says, we find "Hollow, my Fancie :" but there are 17 stanzas, and many differences. The last 9—including only the last of those in the MS. which is also the last in the Scots Poems copy—are said to have been "written by Colonel Cleveland of my Lord Angus's regiment, when he was a student in the College of Edinburgh, and 18 years of age." —Ch.
- p. 35, l. 2. 1639 as the date of Carew's death is only conjectural.—H. (= W. C. Hazlitt.)
- p. 37, l. 6. 1731. This *C-Lectio-n* was printed in 1662, 8vo, and again, with some changes, in 1731, 2 vols. 12mo.—H.
- p. 38. l. 22, for *sine* read *sinnos* (the idea is that the Lower House sinnos when it *does* sit).—Ch.
- p. 39, note. Percy's *Lunsford* is of course a penslip for *Lunsford*. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to chap. xx. of *Woodstock*, gives another version of the 2nd verse of this Ballad, and an account of Lunsford, but there are mistakes in it. Scott's verse is—
- The post who came from Coventry
Riding in a red rocket,
Did tidings tell, how Lunsford fell,
A child's hand in his pocket.
- The same child-eating scandal is noticed in *Rump Songs*, pt. i. p. 65:
- From Fielding and from Vavasour,
Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
That eateth up children.
- The best account of Lunsford that I know is in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 106, pt. i. 350, 602; pt. ii. 32, 148; vol. 107, pt. i. 265. Cf. *Rushworth Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 459; Add. MSS. 1519 f. 26, 6358 f. 50, 5702 p. 118.
- There is an engraving among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum—I cannot give the press mark—representing Sir Thomas Lunsford at full length. In the background is a church in flames, and a soldier with a drawn sword pursuing a woman; a companion is catching another woman by her hair. Under the engraving are these lines:
- I'll helpe to kill, to pillage, and destroy
All the opposers of the Prelacy.
My fortunes are grown small, my friends are less,
I'll venture, therefore, life to have redress;
By picking, stealing, or by cutting throates,
Although my practise cross the kingdom's votes.
- p. 45, l. 32, for *witt* read *woe*.—Ch.
- p. 50, *How sayre shee be*. The earliest appearance of this song of Withers was in *A Description of Love*, 1620; then again it appeared at the end of *Faire Virtue &c.*, 1622, unless the undated sheet in the Pepysian Library be older, which is more than possible.—Hazlitt.

- ; 52 l. 2. read *hollydom* (halidom); Note the rhyme.—Ch.
 l. 3. emit I.—Ch.
- ; 53 l. 12. Percy is right, and Mr. Chappell wrong: the rhyme is with *braines*, not *spare*.—Ch.
 l. 19. *drowth*, for rhyme, as Percy suggests.—Ch.
 l. 25. drop of, hurts metre and sense: "will you be the taster?" is the meaning.—Ch.
 l. 28. *Exus* = Naxos of course: 29, coyle, rare.—Ch.
 l. 30. *cryer* should be *cogle*: compare l. 2.—D.
 l. 34. for of read on.—Ch.
- p. 54. l. 42. read *toward*: 50, *sword's*.—Ch.
- l. 54. read *Cynthia's fellow, Muses' deere*, i.e. (Diana's mate, darling of the Muses).—Ch.
- ; 55. l. 72, grace: some word like care is wanted.—Ch.
- ; 56. *The Green Knight*. Gascoigne the poet, when he was on service in the Low Countries, tells us that he acquired the nickname of *The Green Knight* under circumstances of a peculiar character.—Hazlitt.
- ; 57 l. 123. note, Percy's *gan* is wrong.—Ch.
 l. 123. *thy* should be *thee*: you can do nothing with the Sax. *by*.—Ch.
 l. 146, 147. read *praye, blis*; (transpose the ; and ,).—Ch.
- ; 64. 163. *he had sayd nothing*, qy. *hele?* (i.e. so have I *hele*).—Ch.
- ; 65. see 4, read *Egilsson*: *braid* is well enough explained by the A.-Sax. *briedan*, *here gripe*.—Ch.
- ; 67 l. 258. *kell*, i.e. caul, net-work for a lady's head. The note on this word is quite from the purpose. [So it is]. Compare—
 Furs. " thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small :
 Cleve. " thy virgins, lusty under *kellys*.
 London. " thowe art the flower of cities all.
 Dunbar. *Reliq. Ant.* i. 206.—F.
 T. I. 1. describes *Bredhoddle's* wife, not Sir Gawaine: see it referred to in *Mallison's Treasury, to Syr Gawayne*, under "kell."—D.
- ; 67 l. 228. *wight* = were sorry for, Sax. *kreowan*.—Ch.
- ; 71 l. 340. *fras* or, apparently from French *froissart*, clash, dash, &c.—Ch.
- ; 256 and note. How could "beleene" be right? To say nothing of l. 478, the rhyme required proves it to be wrong.—D.
- ; 72 l. 304. "A" seems to me more likely to be right.—Ch.
- ; 74 l. 420. the meaning can hardly be proved about Gawaine: *proved by* is *so* through *by*, performed by, I should say.—Ch.
- ; 75 l. 461. *thow* rightly explained in note. Icel. *þrdr* has the same meaning as *þær* in G. Dung.; and so Sax. *þred*, found only in composition.—Ch.
- ; 76. 466. *ðær* = second, as in Sax. So l. 523.—Ch.
- ; 82. 68. "heard them speak" should be " & heard him speak."—D. and Ch.
- ; 83. 78. "ðe" = thy — Ch.

- p. 86, l. 177, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D.
- p. 88, l. 211, *some spending money*. The author must have written something like *money for spending*.—D. Read *money for spending*.—Ch.
- l. 214, *you heyre*, read *your heyre*.—D.
- p. 90, l. 273, drop *f* (caught from l. 271 or 268); *thereto* makes sense.—Ch.
- p. 92, l. 336, for *said* read *had*.—Ch.
- p. 94, l. 399, *fone* should be *foe* (unless in the concluding line of the stanza *goe be* an error for *gone*).—D.
- l. 403, read *go[n]e*.—Ch.
- p. 98, l. 523, *other* = second : cf. l. 496.—Ch.
- l. 534, *soe bee*, read *soe beene*.—D.
- p. 99, l. 556, "for to his graue he rann" ought manifestly to be "for to his ~~mas-~~
ters graue he rann": compare l. 543.—D.
- l. 557, read *followed*.—Ch.
- p. 104, l. 693, *thither wold he wend*, ? read *thither wold he right*.—D.
- p. 108, l. 800, read *rest*.—Ch.
- l. 807, why not read *shivver*? *shimmer* makes no sense.—Ch.
- p. 111, l. 895, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D. and Ch.
- p. 112, l. 919, *in the crye*, an undoubted error for *in the stoure*.—D.
- p. 113, l. 984, *was past*, read *was gane*, or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.
- p. 117, l. 1048, read *with thee*.—Ch.
- l. 1067, I should understand *yearning* as eager, &c. It is very expressive of the noise of a dog who wants a thing very much.—Ch.
- p. 119, l. 1125, for *his heire*, read *is noire*.—Ch. I took it for *is here*.—F.
- p. 120, l. 1165, read *come*.—Ch.
- p. 122, l. 1202, *busled*, ? bustled, made a stir, made a "towre."—Ch.
- l. 1207, read *fyery wood*?—Ch.
- p. 125, l. 1300, read *moe*.—Ch.
- l. 1305, *feelds*, certainly *felde*.—D.
- p. 128, l. 1403, *blithe*, read *bliss* (i.e. quickly).—D.
- p. 132, l. 1496, *affrayd* should be *aghaste*—Copland's ed. having the right reading in l. 1494, *wonder faste*, and *brast* being the final word of l. 1500.—D.
- p. 133, l. 1528, *Sir Marrockee thē hight*. If this be right, it means "they called him Sir Marrock": but qy. *he hight* (i.e. he was called)?—D. Why not, *he hight*?—Ch.
- p. 136, *Guye and Anarant*. This is a portion of *The Famous Historie of Guy Ede of Warwicke*, &c., by S. Rowlands; and I cannot but think that Mr. F. mistakes the nature and intention of it. Rowlands is evidently imitating the serio-comic romance poetry of Italy, a kind of writing which has been popular in that country, from Pulci down to Fortiguerra.—D.

38. I do not understand note 3, "torn out &c."—Ch. Page 253 of the MS. was torn out, Percy said, to send *King Estmere*, which was on it, to press.—F.
37. L. 46, *recovere* = recover his, of course.—Ch.
39. L. 52, *this coward art*, read *this coward act*.—D.
40. L. 125, (probably) *des[a]yd.*—Ch.
41. L. 2, *Rke.* "The Duke of Buckingham's Manifestation of Remonstrance, with a Journal of his Proceedings in the Isle of Ree, 1627, 4to." An unhappy View of the whole Behaviour of my Lord Duke of Buckingham at the French Island called the Isle of Rhee, discovered by Colonel William Fleetwood, an unfortunate commander in that untoward service, 1648. This most fierce and prejudiced impeachment of an expedition, ill planned and unhappily terminated, is reprinted in the fifth volume of the *Somers Collection of Tracts. Lowndes. The Expedition to the Isle of Rke*, by Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited by Lord Powis for the Philobiblon Soc. 1860.—F.
42. *King and Miller*, the first known edition was imprinted at London, by Edward Alde [cire 1600].—Hazlitt.
43. L. 2, read *the Reeve*.—Ch.
44. L. 100, read *a borts*.—Ch.
45. L. 1, *for so* read *It is*.
- L. 2, *for differe* read *different*.
46. L. 13. } 60,000 is evidently the right reading, as the metre shows.—Ch.
47. L. 72 } 60,000 is evidently the right reading, as the metre shows.—Ch.
48. L. 57, *and last*, read *at last*.—D.
49. the last line of notes, *harmes* should be *harmes*.—D.
50. L. 135 In Rymer, ix. 317-18, is Robert Waterton's petition to be repaid the debts of the Duke of York, and the prisoners (1) Count de Ewe, (2) Amher de Braigne, (3) le Mareshall Buchecaud, Perron de Lupe, and Goum de Neve, these 3, at s. 23, 4d. a day, and other travelling expenses. At p. 334, Rymer, ix, are "Beds, curtains, &c. for the Dukes of York and Burleigh, at Eltham, the Tower of London, Westminster, Windsor, and diverse other places." p. 360 is, de Domino de Lyne, prisoner.
51. L. 136 Compare *The Booke in Meter of Robin Conscience*, ? about 1520, and Alde's edition before 1600, printed in Halliwell's *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, and with 4 additional stanzas in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iii. 221. Compare also *A piece of Friar Bacons Fyngheyn Prophesye*, 1604, (Percy Society, 1844.) Lauder's poem on "The Nature of Scotland triching the Entertainment of virtuous men that travel by her, &c.", and Martin Parker's *Robin Conscience*, or *Conscienceable King*. His Progresse thorow Court, City, and Countrey: with his bad entertainment at each severall place. Very pleasant and merry to bee read. Written in English by M. P.
- Charities cold, mens hearts are hard,
And most doores against Conscience bard.
52. L. 1, 1635. 4vo., 11 leaves. Bodleian. (Burton's Books.) Hazlitt's Hand-

- p. 188, l. 104, *sore* should be dropped and the line not indented: *sore* is evidently caught from the line above.—Ch.
- p. 190, Harl. MS. 4843 (paper). Article 11 is “Anno Domini millesimo cccxvi die Martis, in vigilia Lucæ Evangelistæ, hora Matutina ix. commissum fuit bellum inter Anglos et Scotos non longe a Dunelmia, in loco ubi nunc stat crux vulgariter dictus Nevillcrosse” Poema rhythmicum, [leaf] 241. *Harl. Catal.*
- p. 191, l. 8, hearken to me a litle [while?].—Ch.
- p. 199, l. 245, read *brother*, (“to the King of ffrance” is a marginal gloss).—Ch.
- l. 245, &c., *brothers* should be *brother*; and the words *to the King of ffrance* is a gloss crept into the text.—D.
- p. 200, last line but two of note, for 63-6 read 63-8. (Durham Feilde is likely enough by the author of Flodden Field).—Ch.
- p. 201, See the “Discendants from Guy, Earl of Warwick; i.e. of the family of Arden of Parke-Hall in Com. Warwic. who were indeed descended from the Great Turchil, who lived at the time of the Conquest.” Harl. MS. 853, leaf 113. Mr. Halliwell in his *Descriptive Notices of Early English Histories*, p. 47-8, says of the story of Guy: “This tale was dramatized early in the 17th century, and Taylor mentions having seen it acted at the Maidenhead of Islington.” “After supper we had a play of the life and death of Guy in Warwicke, played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie his men.” *Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, ed. 1630, p. 140.” Dr. Rimbault prints the tune of the ballad at p. 46-7 of his *Musical Illustrations*, from the Ballad Opera of “Robin Hood,” performed at Lee and Harper’s Booth in 1730. The ballad, he says, “was entered on the Stationers’ books, 5th January, 1591-2.”—F.
- p. 202, l. 37, *the grave* is a ridiculous blunder for *the cave*.—D.
- l. 47, *ingrauen* in *Mold* should be *ingrauen ins tone*. Here the scribe repeated by mistake the word *Mold* from the first line of the stanza.—D.
- p. 203, last line but 4, read “*Mangertoun*.”—Ch.
- p. 203, l. 5 from foot. *Nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun* (misprinted *Marger-toun*). This reference to the nephew of the Lord of Mangerton, the chief of the Armstrongs, leads to the inference that the circumstances on which the ballad is founded had occurred previous to the rescue of William Armstrong of Kimont, as Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, and died at the advanced age of ninety, on the 20th of March, 1586. Jock, in 1569, gave protection to the Countess of Northumberland, after the unfortunate rising and defeat of her husband and the Earl of Westmoreland, when they were both compelled to fly from England. After an unsuccessful attempt to take refuge in Liddesdale, they were compelled to put themselves under the protection of the Armstrongs of the Debateable land. The Countess, who did not accompany them, her tire-woman and ten other persons who were with her, were unscrupulously despoiled by the Liddesdale reivers of their horses, so that the poor lady was left on foot at John of the Side’s house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England.” Maidment’s *Scotish Ballads*, i. 182-3. Maidment also gives the ballad of *Hobbie Noble* at p. 191, showing how he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the Armstrongs, whose Jock he had rescued.—F.
- p. 204, l. 4, *he is gone*, read *he is gane* or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.
- l. 6, (of Maitland) read *ane* for *and*.—Ch.

- p. 217, l. 14, *has received*, read *had received*.—D.
- p. 222, l. 196, *facs* seems to be an error for *eye*.—D.
- l. 196, . after “*yee*.”—Ch.
- p. 223, l. 214, for *lead* read *mead*? (Percy has *laird*, but that reading is not likely in this English ballad).—Ch.
- p. 225, note 8, “and *dealed*.” Perhaps so; but in old ballads *and* is sometimes redundant.—D.
- p. 237, l. 222, *sos fast rass*, read *sos fast riess*.—D.
- p. 242, l. 63, with *speares* in *breast*. This, of course, should be with *speares* in *rest*.—D. (?—F.)
- l. 64, . after “*flight*.”—Ch.
- p. 279, *Basis of Bedzell*. There are several plays on this subject. The earliest is *The Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green, with the merry humor of Tom Strode the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John Day, 1659, 4to*. The latest was by my friend Sheridan Knowles.—D.
- p. 292, l. 56, for *shiene*, read, as in the next stanza, *shoone*.—D.
- p. 297, l. 26, *piss*. I prefer *piss* as a corruption of *point*, as in “He's but one *piss* above a natural.” Cartwright. Cf. our use of *pey*.
- The calendar, right glad to find
His friend in *merry piss*.
- John Gilpin.—Skeat.
- p. 303, l. 43, *wadded*. Surely the context, “*gaule*” and “*greene*” and “*black*,” shows that “*wadded*” should be “*watched*” (i.e. pale blue).—D. (? *wounded*. —F.)
- ; 313, l. 13, *sonse*. Here, to be consistent, we must read *sonse[s]*.—D.
- ; 316, l. 70, “*scarlett and redd*,” a blunder for “*scarlett redd*.”—D.
- ; 319, l. 200, *giuste*. Of course, “*giuste*” should be “*giufte*” (*gifts*).—D.
- ; 323, l. 30 “It is now but a *sigh clout*, as you may see.” The note on this line is strangely wrong. “*A sigh clout*” is a clout for *sighing* (or, more properly, *sweing*), i.e. straining milk.—D. I only know *siling* for straining F.
- ; 323, l. 22, for *Lay*, ? read *he laines* (i.e. conceals).—D.
- ; 341, *Sir Eglamore*. “Sir Eglamore” must have been originally written in Northern rather than in Southern English, as appears from internal evidence. We find innumerable rhymes which are no rhymes, but which become so, at once when translated into a Northumbrian dialect. Is it not clear that such names as *takish* and *girth* should be *tais* and *gais*? That for *tane* and *bane* we should read *tane* and *bane*? So, too, *rose* (riming to *verre*) ought to be *roar*. *Druish* and *cliffe* should be *druiffs* and *cliffe*. *Drew* and *lough* *laughed*, should be *druiff* and *leuch*. *Alude* must be *aluid*, if it is to rhyme with *mauld* (*verr mauld*). And finally, as a crucial instance, it is almost impossible to believe that the four words in stanza 75—*pace*, *rose*, *was*, and *wark* were not intended to rhyme together in the forms *pas*, *ras*, *was*, and *wark* or *ras*. To take one more case, for *rest*, *trust*, *cast*, and *last* (st. 4), read

- rest, trist, kest, lest.* And when we further observe that the rhymes may be thus emended throughout the *whole poem*, surely the inference that it was of Northern origin becomes almost a certainty.—Skeat.
- p. 343, l. 65, for “& show your hart & love,” ? read “—hart and love *her to*”?—D.
- p. 344, l. 98, }
 p. 345, l. 132, } In these lines, *more* should be *mair*.—D.
 p. 352, l. 320, }
 p. 355, l. 403, }
- p. 359, l. 505, for *home* read *hame*.—D.
- p. 367, l. 702, *head*. There the rhyme determines that for “head” we must substitute the A.-S. *heved*.—D.
- p. 369, l. 766, for *yelde* read *yode* (not, as Percy says, *yeede*).—D.
- p. 369, *A Cauileere*. See Gervase Markham’s chapter “Of Hawking with all sorts of Hawks,” &c., in his *Courtrey Contentments*, 1615, Bk. I, p. 87–97. “The pleasure of hawking . . . is a most Princely and serious delight.”—F.
- p. 373, l. 856, for *roee* read *rase*.—D.
- p. 382, l. 1119, for *more* read *moe*.—D.
- p. 384, l. 1117, for *went hee* read *hee gone*.
- p. 387, note 1. As the true reading is undoubtedly “*man*,” why say anything about the meaning of “*May*”?—D.
- p. 388, l. 1285, for *dwell* read *wend*.—D.
- p. 390, *The Emperour and the Childe*, or *Valentine & Orson*. See Halliwell’s *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 29–30, as to the Romance, and the prose story.
- p. 401, l. 12, “that *ginnye* his filly wold haue her owne will.” Here “*Ginnye*” is the name of “his filly.” If the MS. has “*grimye*,” it is an error.—D.
- p. 419, l. 106, for *young* read *ying*.—D.
- p. 432, l. 439, “& said, Cozen will!
 who hath done to you this shame?”
- Here “will” sounds very ridiculously, as if the 3 knights were using the familiar abbreviation of their cousin’s name! Read undoubtedly (comparing Ritson’s text of the passage),
- “& said, Cozen *William*,
 who hath done to you this shame?”—D.
- p. 454, l. 1078, “both old & young.” } In both places “young” should be
p. 496, l. 2223, “both old and young.” } “*ying*.”—D.
- p. 493, note 1. *Wivre*. See a drawing of one at p. 9 of the *Bestiaire d’Amour* of Richard de Fournival, Paris, 1860; and Mons. Hippéau’s note at p. 103–4.—F.
- p. 500, *Childe Maurice*. See R. Jamieson’s notes to this ballad in his *Pop. Ballads and Songs*, i. 16–21.—F.

p. 205. l. 28, *and dryrd it on the grasse*. Jamieson compares

Horn gan his swerd gripe
Ant on his arm hit wype:
The Sarazyn he hit so,
That his hed fel to ye to.

Ritson's *Met. Rom.* vol. ii. p. 116.—F.

p. 206. l. 117, *wicked be my merry men all*. Jamieson compares with this the last 3 stanzas of Little Munggrave (i. 122, note): "Woe worth you, woe worth my merry men all," and says, "The same kind of remonstrance with those about him occurs in Lee's tragedy of 'Alexander the Great' after the murder of Clitus." Most men want to put their sins on other people's shoulders.—F.

p. 201, the extract from Lane's MS. Harl. 5243, is only his address to the reader, before his Poem on Guy.—F.

p. 206, l. 284, for *soone* read "noone time." (Compare, *ante*, p. 468, l. 1441,—

"ffro: the hower of *prime*
till it was *evensong* time.")—D.

p. 206, l. 280, for *thore* read *thore*.—D.

p. 241, l. 422. There is a church in Winchester called St. Swithin's, which is merely a large room over the archway of King's Gate, but it has no pretensions to the antiquity mentioned in your letter. The sword and axe of the gaast were probably ordered to be hung up in the cathedral church, which was originally dedicated under the title of St. Peter and St. Paul; but the body of St. Swithin having been transferred from the churchyard into the sumptuous shrine built for its reception, the cathedral from thenceforth down to the time of Henry VIII. was distinguished by the name of *Saint Swithin*, and this is no doubt the church alluded to.—Walter Bailey.

p. 273. l. 220, *John de Reeve*. The mention of the *galliard* here, a dance not introduced into England till about 1541, confirms what the language shows, that our version of the poem is a late one.—F.

; 362 l. 606, On *Cape*, see Wedgwood's Dict. i. 321.



Bishop Percy's folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Chewy Chase :¹

There are two principal versions of this well-known ballad—an old, and a modern one. The copy preserved in the Folio is a slightly various form of the latter.

The oldest copy of the old version is preserved in a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. This was printed by Hearne, in 1719, in the Preface to his edition of *Gulielmus Neubrigiensis*. "To the MS. copy," says Percy, "is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale [expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale] whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheal, who was living in 1588." The general character of the language, if there were no other proof, proves that the ballad is of a much earlier date than 1588; but probably Hearne is right in identifying the subscribed "R. Sheale" with the well-known ballad-singer of that name, who flourished, more truly withered, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Sheale was in some sort the last of the minstrels. There are

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1747, Vol. I, p. 108. No. xiv.
In The Leaves in the Margin [so numbered in the footnotes], are
the former or second Edition printed at

Glasgow 8^m 1747.—Which is remarkable
for the wilful Corruptions made in all
the Passages which concern the two
Nations. P.

extant some lines of his, of very inferior merit, wherein he bewails his miserable condition. He narrates with many sighs and groans how he has been robbed, left destitute, and no man gave unto him. Certainly, if these lines are a fair specimen of his talents, one cannot wonder that he found the world somewhat cold. And certainly the author of those lines could never have written "The Hunting of the Cheviot." But he may have sung it many and many a time, and passed with many an audience for the author. And hence, perhaps, the subscription of his name to the Ashmolean copy. The ballad in his time was extensively popular. Sir Philip Sidney refers to it in a well-known passage (though, as Prof. Child suggests, it is not impossible that he may mean the "Battle of Otterbourne"), as commonly sung by "blind crowders." Many years before Sidney wrote his *Defence of Poetry*, the *Complaint of Scotland*, written in 1548, speaks of "The Huntis of Chevot," and quotes the line,

That day, that day, that gentill day,

which is apparently a memory-quotation, or perhaps a Scotch version of

That day, that day, that dredfull day.

This evidence of its popularity in the middle of the sixteenth century, coupled with the antiquity of the language (though much of that "antiquity" belongs to the dialect in which, rather than to the time at which, it was written), justify the assigning of the ballad to the fifteenth century.

This ballad is historically highly valuable for the picture it gives of Border warfare in its more chivalrous days, when ennobled by generosity and honour. The hewing and hacking lose their horrors in the atmosphere of romance thrown around them. And the main incidents of the piece are no doubt generally true.

Such fierce collisions as here represented must often have

occurred, and from the same cause here given. "It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies." This permission the high-spirited Borderer was not always disposed to ask. He did not care to beg for favours. He would make no secret of his purposed sport, so that if the warden of the March about to be trespassed upon chose to oppose him, he was not prevented from doing so by ignorance of his intention. In this way the proclamation of a hunting expedition across the Borders was in reality a challenge to a contest. An excellent illustration of the perpetual possibility of an encounter, which attended and recommended these defiant expeditions, is to be found in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth*. Carey was Warden of the Marches in Queen Mary's time, and gives the following account :

"There had been an ancient custom of the borders, when they were at quiet, for the opposite border to send the warden of the Middle March, to desire leave that they might come into the borders of England, and hunt with their greyhounds for deer, towards the end of summer, which was denied them. Towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, they would, without asking leave, come into England and hunt at their pleasure, and stay their own time. I wrote to Farnehurst, the warden over against me, that I was no way willing to hinder them of their accustomed sports; and that if, according to the ancient custom, they would send to me for leave, they should have all the contentment I could give them; if otherwise, they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them. Within a month after, they came and hunted as they used to do, without leave, and cut down wood, and carried it away. Towards the end of summer, they came again to their wonted sports. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they

could make, and they took along with them such gentlemen as were in their way, with my forty horse, and about one o'clock they came up to them, and set upon them. Some hurt was done, but I gave especial order they should do as little hurt, and shed as little blood as possible they could. They took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me to Witherington, where I then lay ; I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment I could ; they lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave. The Scots king complained to Queen Elizabeth very grievously of this fact."

"Mr. Addison, in his celebrated criticism on that ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, *Spect.* No. 20, mistakes the ground of the quarrel. It was not any particular animosity or deadly feud between the two principal actors, but was a contest of privilege and jurisdiction between them, respecting their offices, as lords wardens of the marches assigned." Extract from the Report of Sir Thomas Carlton, of Carlton Hall, 1547, in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, pp. 28-9.

The general spirit of the ballad then is historical. But the details are not authentic. "That which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Cheviot," says Godscroft, writing in his James VI.'s time, and apparently referring to a version of the ballad then circulating in Scotland, "seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue ; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in Scottish or English Chronicle." An event to which it might possibly refer according to Collins, in his *Peerage*, was the Battle of Pepperden, fought in 1436, as Hector Boethius informs us, "not far from the Cheviot hills, between the Earl of Northumberland, and Earl William Douglas of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders,

rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." But in any case these were great Border names. Percy and Douglas were typical chieftains. Moreover on the field of Otterbourne a Percy and a Douglas had fought fiercely together, man against man, under very similar circumstances. That field was much celebrated in Border poetry, and elsewhere. The ballad on the Hunting of the Cheviot,—borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne,—was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event. Observe these lines of it :

This was the Hontyng of the Cheviat;
That tear began this spurn:
Old men that knownen the grownde well yenough;
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

This attempt made at the identification of two actions is noticeable. We are afraid that the "old men" scarcely knew the ground well enough. Otterbourne is but some 30 miles from Newcastle. Douglas met Percy, the "Hunting" tells us, in Teviotdale. In a word, the two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life—the Raid and the defiant Hunt. But they had much in common, and so were soon confused together.

Of the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, there are historical accounts in abundance—Fordun's, Froissart's, Holinshed's, Godscroft's. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Of the ballad concerning it—whose account is mainly accurate—indeed the facts somewhat trammel the poet's wings,—there are three versions: the English one, given by Percy in his *Reliques*, from a Harl. MS. in the earlier editions, from a more perfect Cotton MS. (Cleop. iv. f. 64) in the fourth, and two Scotch ones, to be found, one in the *Minstrelsy*, the other in Herd's *Scottish*

Songs. The differences between the English and Scotch versions are such as might be expected—are of a patriotic kind. The main difference between the two Scotch versions relates to the death of Douglas.

Of the versions of “the Hunting of the Cheviat,” that preserved in the Folio is, as we have said, the modernised one; not that heard by Sidney, who calls what he heard “the rude and ill-apparelled song of a barbarous age;” a description not applicable to the present version. When this modernisation was made, cannot be said exactly. “That it could not be much later than Queen Elizabeth’s time,” says Percy, “appears from the phrase ‘doleful dumps;’ which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been the least exceptionable [in “a song to the lute in Musicke” from the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1596], yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. *Vide Hudibras*, Pt. i. c. iii. v. 95.” Its presence in the Folio MS. shows that it was not made later than the first half of the seventeenth century. It soon became the current version. Addison in his *critique* in the *Spectator* knows of no other. A comparison of it with the old versions will show, besides one or two verbal blunders, that much of its vigour has been lost in the process of translation.

Of all our ballads this perhaps has enjoyed the widest popularity, both North and South of the Tweed. This popularity has scarcely ever decayed. It was translated into rhyming Latin verses by a Mr. Wold of New College, Oxford, at the instance of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in 1685.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit;
Venatus olim flebilis
Chevino luco fit.

It circulated on many a broad sheet. It was eulogised in

he *Spectator* in Queen Anne's reign. It was printed wherever anything of the kind was printed in the succeeding years, when such things were held in but slight esteem. It is as it were the *Epic* of Border poetry.

GOD Prosper long our noble King,
our liffes & safty all !

[page 188]

4 a woefull hunting once there was
in Cheuy Chase befall.

A woeful
hunt was
held in
Chevy
Chase.

to drine the deere with hound and horne

Earl Percy

Erle Pearcey took the way :

the Child may rue *that* is vnborne

8 the hunting of *that* day !

the stout Erle of Northumberland

vowed to
kill Scotch
deer for
three days.

a vow to god did make,
his pleasure in the Scottish woods

12 3 sommers days to take ;

the cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase
to kill & beare away.

Douglas

these tydings to Erle douglas came
16 in Scotland where he Lay,

who sent Erle Pearcey present word
he wold prevent his sport.

said he'd
stop that
sport.

the English Erle, not fearing that,¹
20 did to the woods resort

But Percy
went to his
hunt

with 1500 ² bowmen bold,
all chosen men of Might,
who knew ffull well in time of neede
24 to ayme their shafts arright.

with 1500
bowmen,

¹ this.—P.

² 2000.—P.

- the Gallant Greyhound ¹ swiftly ran
to Chase the fallow deere ;
on Munday they began to hunt
ere ² daylight did appeare ;
- and on
Munday
began his
hunt. 28
- By noon 100
bucks are
slain.
After
dinner, they
32
- & long before high noone the had
a 100 fatbuckes slaine.
then hauing dined, the drouyers went
to rouze the deare ³ againe ;
- The Bowmen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure ;
theire backsids all with speciall care
36 that they ⁴ were guarded sure.
- hunt again,
and the hills
echo their
cries. 40
- the hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the Nimble deere to take,
that with ⁵ their cryes the hills & dales
an Eccho shrill did make.
- Percy
wonders
whether
Douglas will
appear. 44
- Lord Pearcy to the Querry ⁶ went
to veiw the tender deere ;
quoth he, “ Erle douglas promised once
this day to meeke me heere ;
- “ but if I thought he wold not come,
noe longer wold I stay.”
with that a braue younge gentleman
48 thus to the Erle did say,
- “ There he is,
with 2000
men ! ” 52
- “ Loe, yonder doth Erle douglas come,
hys men in armour bright,
full 20 hundred ⁷ Scottish speres
all Marching in our sight,

¹ greyhounds.—P.² when.—P.³ them up.—P.⁴ that day.—P.⁵ And with.—P.⁶ Quarry.—P.⁷ 15,00.—P.

- " all pleasant men of Tiuydale "
fast by the riuere Tweede."
- 56 " O ceaze your sporte ! " ² Erie Pearcy said,
" and take your bowes with speede,
- 56 " & now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance !
for there was never Champion yett ³
60 in Scotland nor in ffance
- 64 " that ever did on horsbacke come,
& if my hap ⁴ it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
68 with him to breake a spere."
- Erie douglas on his ⁵ Milke white steede,
Most Like a Baron bold,
rode formost of his company,
68 whose armour shone like gold : [page 189]
- 72 " shew me," sayd hee, " whose men you bee
that hunt soe boldly heere,
not without my consent doe chase
76 & kill my fallow deere."
- 76 the first man that did ⁶ answer make
was noble Pearcy hee,
who sayd, " wee list not to declare,
80 nor shew whose men wee bee,
- 84 " yett wee will ⁷ spend our dearest blood
thy cheefest ⁸ harts to slay."
then douglas swore a solempne oathe,
88 and thus in rage did say,

¹ set of pleasant Tiuydale. - P.² That ever sport. - P.³ For never was there a champion. - P.⁴ but if my hap. - P.⁵ a. - P.⁶ man that first did. - P.⁷ will we. - P.⁸ the choicer. - P.Percy calls
on his men

to be brave;

he will fight
anyone,

man to man.

Douglas

asks whose
men they are
that hunt

his deer.

Percy
will not tell,but will
fight for the
right to
hunt.Douglas
declares

that one of
them must
die,

and as it
would
be wrong to
kill their
guiltless
men,

he chal-
lenges Percy
to single
combat.
Percy
accepts.

A squire,
Withering-
ton,
protests

that he'll
not look on
while Percy
fights:

he'll fight
too.

The English
archers
shoot, and
kill 80 Scots.

"Ere thus I will outbraued bee,
one of vs tow shall dye !

I know thee well ! an Erle thou art,
84 Lord Pearcy ! soe am I ;

"but trust me, Pearcye, pitty it were,
& great offence, to Kill
then any of these our guiltlesse¹ men,
88 for they haue done none ill² ;

" Let thou³ & I the battell trye,
and set our men aside."
" accurst bee [he!] " Erle⁴ Pearcye sayd,
92 " by whome it is denied."

then stept a gallant Squire forth,—
witherington was his name,—
who said, " I wold not haue it told
96 to Henery our King, for shame,

"that ere my captaine fought on foote,
& I stand looking on :
you bee 2 Erles,"⁵ quoth witherington,
100 " & I a Squier alone,

" Ile doe the best *that doe I may*,⁶
while I haue power to stand !
while I haue power to weeld my⁷ sword,
104 Ile fight with hart & hand ! "

Our English archers bend⁸ their bowes—
their harts were good & trew,—
att the first flight of arrowes sent,
108 full foure score scotts⁹ the slew.

¹ harmless.—P.

⁴ that e'er I may.—P.

² no ill.—P.

⁷ a.—P.

³ thee.—P.

⁸ Scottish bent.—P.

⁴ he, Lord.—P.

⁹ they 4 score English.—P.

⁵ Lords.—P.

to drine the deere with hound & horne,
 dauglas¹ Bade on the bent;
 2 Captaينes² moued with Mickle might,³
 132 their speres to shiuers went.

they closed fall fast on euery side,
 noe slacknes there was found,
 but⁴ many a gallant gentleman
 136 Lay gasping on the ground.

The foes close,

and many are slain.

O Christ! it was great greene⁵ to see
 how eche man chose his spere,⁶
 & how the blood out of their breasts⁷
 138 did gush like water cleare!⁸

Christ! it was sad to see.

at last these 2 stout Erles⁹ did meet
 Like Captainenes of great might;
 like Lyons moodis¹⁰ they Leyd on Lode,¹¹
 134 the made a cruell fight.

Percy and Douglas

sights

the fought, vntill they both did sweat,
 with swords of tempered steele,
 till blood [a-]downe their cheeke like raine
 136 the trickling downe did feele.¹²

till their blood drops like rain.

" O yeeld thee, Pearcye!"¹³ Douglas sayd,
 " &¹⁴ infaith I will thee bringe
 where thou shall high advanced bee
 132 by Iames our scottish King;

Douglas calls on Percy to yield.

¹ The Scotch Editor thinks this sh^d be
 Percy.—P.
² a cap' —P.
³ pride.—P.
⁴ and.—P.
⁵ grøt.—P.
⁶ And likewise for to bear.—P.
⁷ The Cries of Men lying in their
 gore.—P.
⁸ And lying here & there.—P.

⁹ Lords.—P.
¹⁰ mov'd.—P. ? for woods, wild.—F.
 or 'the mood or pluck' of lions.—Skeat.
¹¹ ? A.-S. *leod*, a man; or for *Alude*,
 loudly.—F. or (a)load, laid on heavily.
—Skeat.
¹² Until the blood like drops of rain
 They trickling down did feel.—P.
¹³ yield the Lord P.—P.
¹⁴ d.—P.

“thy ransome I will freely giue,
 & this¹ report of thee,
 thou art the most couragious Knight
 136 [that ever I did see.²] ”

Percy will
never yield
to a Scot.

“Noe, Douglas ! ” quoth Erle³ Percy then, [page 190]
 “ thy profer I doe scorne ;
 I will not yeelde to any scott
 140 that euer yett was borne ! ”

An English
arrow

with that there came an arrow keene
 out of an english bow,
 who⁴ scorke Erle douglas on the brest⁵
 144 a deepe and deadlye blow ;

exhorting
his men to
fight.

who neuer sayd⁶ more words then these,
 “ fight on, my merrymen all !
 for why, my life is att [an] end,
 148 Lord Pearcy sees my⁷ fall.”

Percy

then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke
 the dead man by the hand ;
 who⁸ said, “ Erle dowglas ! for thy⁹ sake
 152 wold I had lost my Land ! ”

laments
over his
dead foe ;

“ O christ ! my verry hart doth bleed
 for¹⁰ sorrow for thy sake !
 for sure, a more redoubted¹¹ Knight,
 156 Mischance cold¹² neuer take ! ”

¹ thus.—P.

² That ever I did see.—P.

³ Lord.—P.

⁴ which.—P. *scorke*, for *storkē*, stroke,
struck ; *skorke* means scorch ; see
skorche in Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

⁵ to y^e heart.—P.

⁶ spake.—P.

⁷ me.—P.

⁸ And.—P.

⁹ life.—P.

¹⁰ with.—P.

¹¹ renowned.—P.

¹² did.—P.

[Part II.]

1 parte. { Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was an valiant
who with a spere full brayn.
well mounted on a galant horse.
ran scurly through the figh.

And past the English archers al
without all dread or feare.
& through Erie Percy's body then
164 he thrust his haefull spere

with such a vehement force & rugur.
that his body he did gore.
the staff ran through the other side
172 a large cloth yard & more

thus did both those Kuhlers cry.
whose courage none could mane.
an English archer then perwone
176 the Noble Erie was shaine.

he had [a] good bow in his hand
made of a trayn tree.
an arrow of a giant yard long.
180 the barre was made of iron

shoots Mont-
gomery

through the
heart.

The fight
lasts all day.

184

188

192

196

Names of
the English
knights
slain.

Withering-
ton fights on
his stumps
when his
legs are cut
off.

Names of
the Scotch
knights
slain.

against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye ¹
his shaft full right ² he sett ;
the grey goose winge *that was there-on,*
in his harts blodde ³ was wett.

this fight from breake of day did last ⁴
till setting of the sun,
for when thē rung the Euening bell
the Battele scarse was done.

with ⁵ stout Erle Percy there was slaine ⁶
Sir John of Egerton,⁷
Sir Robert Harcliffe & Sir William,⁸
Sir Iames that bold barron ;

& with Sir George & ⁹ Sir Iames,
both Knights of good account ;
& good Sir Raphe Rebbye ¹⁰ there was slaine,
whose prowesse ¹¹ did surmount.

for witherington needs must I wayle
as one in too full ¹² dumpes,
for when his leggs were smitten of,
he fought vpon his stumps.

And with Erle dowglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
¹³ & Sir Charles Morrell ¹⁴ *that from feeldo*
one foote wold neuer flee ;

¹ then.—P.

² so right his shaft.—P.

³ heart-blood.—P.

⁴ did last from break.—P.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ There is a dot for the *i*, but nothing
more in the MS.—F.

⁷ Ogerton.—P.

⁸ Ratcliffe & Sir John.—P.

⁹ Sir George also & good.—P.

¹⁰ Good . . . Rabby.—P.

¹¹ courage.—P.

¹² doleful.—P.

¹³ d.—P.

¹⁴ Murray.—P.

Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,—¹
 his sisters sonne was hee,—
 Sir david Lambwell well² esteemed,
 204 but saved he cold³ not bee;

& the Lord Maxwell in like case⁴
 with Douglas he did dye;⁵
 * of 20⁷ hundred scottish speeres,
 212 scarce 55 did flye;

Of 2000
Scotch
scarce 55
were left;

of 1500 Englishmen
 went home but 53⁶;
 the rest in Cheuy chase were slaine,
 216 Under the greenwoode tree.

of 1500
English,
only 53.

[page 191]

Next day did many widdowes come
 their husbands to bewayle;
 they washt⁸ their wounds in brinish teares,
 220 but all wold not⁹ prevayle.

Next day
the widows
come,
and weep,

theyr bodyes bathed in purple blood,
 the bore with them away,
 they kast them dead a 1000 times
 224 ere they¹⁰ were cladd in clay.

and carry
the corpses
off

to the grave.

the¹¹ newes was¹² brought to Eddenborrow
 where Scottlands King did rayne,
 that braue Erle Douglas soddainlye
 228 was with an arrow slaine.

Sir Murray of Hatchillie tow. —P.
 * Sir. —P.
 * saved —P.
 * was —P.
 * Earl. —P.
 * of 1500 Scotch speeres
 went home but 53,

Of 20,00 Englishmen
 scarce 55 did flee.—P.
 * 15.—P.
 * MS. they washt they.—F. d.—P.
 * could not.—P.
 * when they.—P.
 * These.—P. " were.—P.

King James
laments the
loss of
Douglas.
No such
captain has
he left.

232 “¹ O heauy newes ! ” King Iames can say,
“ Scotland may wittenesse bee
I haue not any Captaine more
of such account as hee ! ”

King Henry

like tydings to King Henery came
within as short a space,
that Pearcy of Northumberland
in Cheuy chase was slaine.²

laments
Percy's loss ;

236

“ Now god be with him ! ” said our King,
“ sith it will noe better bee,³

be has 500
as good still
left,

240

I trust I haue within my realme
500 as good as hee !

“⁴ yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say
but I will vengeance take,
& be revenged on them all

for Percy's
death.

244

for braue Erle Percyes sake.”

And he did
on Humble
Downe,

⁴ this vow the King did well performe
after on humble downe ;

killing
Lords, and

248

in one day 50 Knights were slayne,
with Lords of great renowne,

hundreds of
lesse account.

&⁵ of the rest of small⁶ account,
did many hundreds dye :

252

thus endeth the hunting in⁷ Cheuy Chase
made⁸ by the Erle Pearcye.

God grant

God sauе our⁹ King, and blesse this¹⁰ land
with plentye, Ioy, & peace ;

that strife
between
noble men
may cease !

256

& grant hencforth that foule debate
twixt noble men may ceaze !
ffins.

¹ Now God be with him, cried our king,
Sith will no botter be !

I trust I have &c.—P.

² Was slain in Chevy Chase.—P.

³ O heavy news, K. Henry said,
Engl³ can witness be.—P.

⁴ These 2 stanzas omitted in y^e Scotch
Edition.—P. See note, p. 1.—F.

⁵ Now.—P. ⁶ mean.—P.

⁷ of.—P. ⁸ led.—P.

⁹ the.—P. ¹⁰ the.—P.

When Love with unconfined.¹

LOVELACE's songs were in great request in his day. They were set to music by popular composers of the time,—by Dr. John Wilson, by Mr. John Laniere, by Mr. Henry Lawes whom Dante was to give Fame leave to set higher than his Casella—and circulated widely in Royalist Society. Till 1649—the author was born in 1618—they led a scattered and wandering life. In that year they were gathered together and published in a volume entitled “Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq.” Meanwhile there were, no doubt, in vogue many versions of the greater favourites, more or less inaccurate. The copy of the exquisite song beginning “When Love with unconfined wings,” here printed from the Folio MS., is one of these.

Of all the Cavalier poets Lovelace is the most charming. He is a true cavalier; he is a true poet. The world, that has long turned away its ear from Cowley and Cleveland, still listens to his sweet voice. Are there any gems brighter than his song “to Lucasta on going to the Wars,” or that to “Althea from Prison”? How chivalrous the thought of them! How tremulously delicate the expression!

His life was full of sadness. The son of a Kentish knight, educated at the Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford,

Written by Col. John Lovelace [i.e. Richard Lovelace]. See Wood's *Antwerp*. Written by the Author when imprison'd.—P.

“the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then [at Oxford], but especially after, when he retired to the great city, most admired and adored by the female sex.” Thus physically endowed, thus happily circumstanced, he was yet crossed in love, and died in a state of destitution.

Lucy Sacheverell—the Lux Casta or Lucasta of his poems, from the nunnery of whose chaste breast and quiet mind he had fled to war and arms, that “dear” whom he loved so much because he loved honour more—misled by a report that he had died of wounds received at Dunkirk while commanding a regiment, of his own forming, in the service of the French king, became the wife of somebody else. The close of the civil war, in which he had devoted both his services and his fortunes to his king’s cause, found him beggared. His loyalist zeal got him twice into prison. “During the time of his confinement,” says Wood of the first imprisonment, “he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king’s cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c.; also by furnishing his two brothers Colonel Franc. Lovelace, and Capt. Will. Lovelace (afterwards slain at Caermarthen) with men and money for the king’s cause, and his other brother called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace with monys for his maintenance in Holland to study tactics of fortification in that school of war.” “After the murther of King Charles I., Lovelace was set at liberty [from his second captivity], and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, &c. . .

He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder alley near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of the church of St. Bride alias Bridget in London, near to the body of his kinsman, Will. Lovelace of Gray's Inn, Esq."—"Richard Lovelace, Esq.," says Aubrey, "obit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restoration of his ma^t. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made collections for him and given him money. . . . Geo. Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet Street, carried XXs to him every Munday morning from Sir —— Mahy, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, but was never repay'd." He died in 1658, and so was saved from experiencing Stuart gratitude. These accounts of his dismal indigence may perhaps be coloured. But there can be no doubt he ended in extreme poverty, in a sad contrast to the brilliancy of his early days.

The following song was written during his first captivity. He had been chosen by his county to present a Petition to the House of Commons "for the restoring of the king to his rights, and for settling the government." He presented it, and by way of answer was committed to the Gate House at Westminster. But his mind, intent and quiet, took his prison for a hermitage. His gaolers heard him singing in his bonds. Love with wings that brooked no confinement hovered near him. Brought by that chainless spirit the divine Althea came to visit him in his durance. She drew the captive into a second captivity. With her fair hair she wove fresh bonds for him; she laid on new fetters with her eyes. But he revelled in these chains. Having freedom in his soul, angels alone that are above enjoyed such liberty.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 hovers within my gates,
A my divine Althea brings
 to whisper at my grates,

When my
love visit
my prison,

I am free
as a bird.

when I lye tangled in her heere
& fettered with her eye,
the burds *that* wanton in the ayre
8 enioyes¹ such Lybertye.

When I,
confined,
sing my
king's
goodness,

When, Lynett like confined, I
with shriller note shall sing
the mercy, goodnesse, maiestye

I am free as
the winds.

12 & glory of my kinge,
when I shall voice aloud how good
he is, how great shold bee,
the enlarged winds *that* curles the floods²
16 enioyes such Lybertye.

When I
drink with
boon com-
panions

When flowing cupps run swiftly round
with woe-allaying theames,
our carlesse heads with roses crowned,

to our cause,

20 our harts with Loyall flames,
when thirsty soules in wine wee steepe,
when cupps and bowles goe free,
fishes *that* tyle in the deepe
24 enioyes such Lybertye.

I am as free
as a fish.

Though in
prison,
yet with a
pure soul
and free
love,
I am free as
an angel.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
nor Iron barrs a cage,
the spotlesse soule an[d] Innocent³
28 Calls this an hermitage.³

if I haue freedome in my loue,
& in my soule am free,
angells alone *that* sores aboue
32 enioyes such Lybertye !

[page 19.]

ffins.

¹ This final s and several others have
been marked through by a later hand.
—F.

² flood.—P.
³ These lines differ from the usu
reading.—Skeat.

Cloris.¹

SEVERAL collections of Waller's Poems appeared as early as 1645, while he was living in France. The first edition "corrected and publish'd with the approbation of the Author" came out in 1664. "When the Author of these verses," says the Printer to the Reader in this one, "(written only to please himself and such particular persons to whom they were directed), returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, *male dum recitas, incipis esse tuum.* Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, That he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better than good ones do in this age, the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by these faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more confid understanding (who pretend not to censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them), might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the

¹ An elegant old song written by Mr. Waller. See his Poems.—P.

um of Crators a Victory, of Historians Truth, and of Poets
Admiration: He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults
in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and
commended to others." But the considerations expressed in this
longwinded and somewhat confusing manner, were overcome by
the importunity of the worthy Printer, and the Poet at last gave
leave "to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so
long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as
he first writ them, as also to add some others which have since
been composed by him." The following song does not occur in
this edition: nor in that of 1682, "the Fourth Edition with
several Additions never before printed." It appears in that of
1711, "the eight edition, with additions," and no doubt in
several of the preceding editions.

The song is a fair specimen of Waller's average style. It
exhibits his faults, and his merits—his affectation, and strained
gallantry, with something of his elegance and grace.

His life was not a noble one. He was not inspired by that
spirit which enabled Lovelace to sing that

Stone walls do not a prison make. Nor iron bars a cage.

He lived from 1605 to 1687, from the year of the Gunpowder
Treason to the year before the Revolution. He sat in Parlia-
ment, for various places, from his nineteenth year to his death,
except from 1643 to the Restoration, in which period his
connection with the Royalist Plot of 1643 suspended his
public life.

*Cloris, I
must go,*

*in love my
right.*

CLORIS, farewell! I needs must goe!
for if with thee I longer stay,
thine eyes prevayle upon me soe,
I shall grow blynd & lose my way.¹

¹ Lines 2, 3, 4, are almost all eaten away by the ink of the title at the back.—F.

CLORIS.

flame of thy bewty & thy youth,
amongst the rest me hither brought;
but finding fame fall short of truth,
made me¹ stay longer then I thought.

for I am engaged by word [and] othe
a servant to anothers will;
but for thy loue wold forfitt both,
12 were I but sure to keepe itt still.

But what assurance can I take,
when thou, ~~knowing~~ knowing this abuse,
for some [more²] worthy louers sake
16 mayst leave me with soe Inst excuse.

for thou wilt say it, "it was³ not thy fault
that I to thee⁴ vnconstant proue,
but were by mine⁵ example taught
20 to breake thy othe to mend thy loue."

Noe, Cloris, Noe ! I will returne,
& rayse thy story to that height
that strangers shall att distance burne,
24 & shee distrust thee⁶ reprobate.

Then shall my loue this Doubt displace,
& gaine the trust that I may come
& sometimes banquett on thy face,
28 but make my constant meales att home.

Though I
am be-
trothed,

I'd break
my troth if
I could
secure you;

but how
could I ?

You'd hit
me, and

plaid my
example as
your excuse.

No ! I'll go,
and praise
your beauty
from afar,

seeing you
sometimes
but loving
my own
love.

¹ my Qu.—P.

² more.—P. A may that precedes for
in the MS. is crossed out.—P.

³ a — P.

⁴ thou to me. Qu.—P.

⁵ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.
⁶ mee. Qu.—P.

The kinge enioyes his righ[ts againe.]¹

THIS song occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, iii. 256, in the *Loyal Garland containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late Revolution* (London, 1671, Reprinted by the Percy Society), in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 434-9, gives the air to which it was sung, along with much information concerning it (which should be read), and nine more stanzas than are included in our Folio. It was written by Martin Parker, as appears from the following extract from the *Gossips' Feast or Morall Tales*, 1647 : "The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied 'By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat ; no, not when he penn'd that sweet ballad, *When the King injoyes his own again.*'" It was an extreme favourite with the Cavaliers.

Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, Dade, and Hammond, were eminent astrologers and almanack-makers. See *Ritson*, and *Chappell*, ii. 437, note *.

Who can foretell

WHAT Booker can prognosticate,
consider[i]ng now the kingdomes state ?
I thinke my selfe to be as wise
 4 as he that gaseth ² on the skyes ;
 my skill goes beyond the depth of Pond ³ ;
 or Riuers in the greatest raine,
 wherby I can tell that all things will goe well
 8 when the King enioyes his rights againe.
when the
King will
enjoy his
own again ?

¹ An old Cavalier Song.—P.

² gazeth.—P.

³ ponds.—P.

There is neither swallow, done nor dade,
can sore more high, or deeper wade
to shew a reason from the starres,
12 what canseth these our ciuill warres.
the man in the moone may weare out his shoo[ne¹]
in running after Charles his wayne;
but all is to noe end, for the times will not me[nd²]
16 till the King enioyes his right againe.

No stargazer
can tell
what comes
our civil
wars.

The times
won't mend
till the King
has his own.

full 40 yeares his royll crowne
hath beeene his fathers and his owne,
& is there any more nor³ hoo
20 that in the same shold sharrers⁴ bee,
or who better may the scepter sway
then he that hath such rights to raine?
there is noe hopes of a peace, or the war to ce[ase⁵],
24 till the King enioyes his right againe.

Who has
better right
to the crown
than our
King?

Although for a time you see Whitehall [page 196]
with cobwebbs hanging on the wall
instead of silkes & silver braue
20 **which formerly ['t] was⁶ wont [to] haue,**
with a sweete perfume in euerye roome
delightfull to that princely traine :
which againe shalbe when the times you see
22 **that the King enioyes his right againe.⁷**
ffins.

Though
Whitehall is
all cobwebs
now,
soon it will
be silks

and per-
fumes,

when the
King enjoys
his right
again.

¹ shooe.—P.
² mend.—P.
³ hoo.—P.
⁴ sharrers.—P.

⁵ cease.—P.

⁶ formerly 't was.—P.

⁷ This fourth stanza is put before the
third in the copy that Mr. Chappell
prints, ii. 438.

The A^Egyptian Quene.¹

THIS song under the title of *Mark Anthony* is found, *minus* vv. 13–20 inclusive, in *Poems by J. C.* 1651, the first edition of Cleveland's Poems, and in such of the many subsequent ones as we have examined, those of 1654 (B. in the notes below), of 1677 (C. in the notes), and of 1687 (D. in the notes). Our copy is probably a bad one of the verses before they were printed, when lines 13–20 were cut out. The song is marked by Cleveland's characteristic vigour and tendency to “conceits.”

John Cleveland sang and suffered much in the Royal cause. Educated at Christ's College, elected a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—“To cherish such hopes,” says an old biographer of him, “the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts”—he joined the King at Oxford when the breach with the Parliament became irreparable, and gallantly adhered to the King's fortunes to the end. After the capture of Newark, when he was Judge Advocate, he seems to have led, for some years, a life of wretched vagrancy. In 1655 he was taken prisoner. He made an appeal to Cromwell, which was heard. He did not live to see the restoration of the race which he had served with all his trenchant wit, with the truest devotion. April 29, 1659, is the date of his death.

As the copy in our folio MS. is corrupt in many places, we give here the copy from the first edition of 1651, collated with the editions of 1654, 1677, and 1687.

MARK ANTHONY.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers,
4 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:

¹ Not an inelegant old song. Corrected by an Edition in Cleveland's *Poems*. 12^{mo} 1687. p. 65.—P.

THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

- 12 First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Then¹ fear of surfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm² lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made³ active as fire.
16 Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between,
20 Never Mark, &c.

- Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gaudier than Jems wear when as she graces
24 Jew with embraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christalline;
I in her eyes was seen,
28 As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

- Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
32 Rhetorical courtings and Musical Dances;
Numbering of kisses Arithmeticke prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Straight limb'd Geometry:
36 In her heart's ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark, &c.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her vesper,⁴
& the wyld fayryes lay coucht⁵ on the ground,
Venus invited me to an euening Wisper,⁶
to fragrant feeds⁷ with roses crounde

At eve

my Love
invited me
to toy with

¹ Then.—B. C. D.

forresters, i.e. the deer, the Inhabitants
of the forrest.—P.

² warme.—B. C. D.

⁴ in th' evening whispers.—P.

³ made me.—C. D.

⁵ Unto a frag' field.—P.

⁶ her vesper.—P.

⁷ forrester coucht. I w^t read here

her in the
fields.

which¹ shee before had sent her cheefest complement,
Vnto my² harts content sport³ with me on the
greene;

We dallied
like Antony
and Cleo-
patra.

8 Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
With his fayre Aegyptian queene⁴!

I looked at
her cheeks,

first on her Cherry cheeke I my eyes⁵ feasted;
thence feare of surfetting made me retyre,

kissed her
lips,

then to her warmed [lips],⁶ which when I tasted,
12 my spiritts duld were made active by⁷ fyre.

pressed her
hand,

8 this heat againe to calme, her moyst hand yeelder'd
balme;
whilst wee Ioyned⁹ palme to palme as if wee one
had beene,

16 Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
with his fayre Cor¹⁰ egyptian queene!

twined mine
in her hair,

Then in her golden heere¹¹ I my hands twined;
shee her hands in my lockes twisted againe,
as if her heere had beene fetters assigned,

gazed in her
eyes.

20 Sweet little Cupid¹² Loose captiue¹³ to chayne;
soe did wee often dart one at anothers hart
arrows that felt¹⁴ noe smart, sweet lookees and
smiles¹⁵ between.

Neuer, &c.

Her tresses
deckt my

24 Wa[yting a glass to platt] those amorus tresses¹⁶
which like a [bracelet] deckt richly mine arme,

¹ Where.—P. For her cheefest Percy
puts my wishes.—F.

struck out and written after *palme*; then
one had bee was struck out, and copied
in again by Percy.—F.

² And to my. query.—P.

¹⁰ ? MS.—F.

³ Play'd.—P.

¹¹ haire.—P.

⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

¹² After the *d* Percy puts *s*.—F.

⁵ mine eyes.—P.

¹³ After the *e* Percy adds *s*.—F.

⁶ warmer lippes.—P.

¹⁴ fett, fetch'd.—query: it is knew no

⁷ active as.—P.

sm: in print.—P.

⁸ N.B. from hence to [So did we
often dart] is wanting in the printed
Copy.—P.

¹⁵ Lipps and smiles.—P.

⁹ A *t* is between *Ioyned* and *palme* in
the MS. as if wee one had beene has
been first written as a separate line, then

¹⁶ Wayting a glass to platt (plait) her
amber tresses.—P. The ink of the
heading *The king enioyes* on the back
has eaten the MS. away.—F.

gandyer then Inno was which¹ when shee blessed²
 Loue with Euers races³ more richly⁴ thein warme.
 28 shee sweetely peopt in eyne that was more cristalline,
 which by reflection shine ech eye and eye was seene.
 Neuer, &c.

Mysticall grammars⁵ of⁶ amorus glances,
 28 feeling of pulses, the phisicke of loue,
 Rotoricall courtings & musicall dances,
 numbring of kisses arithmeticke proues⁷;
 Eyes like astronomy, straignt limbes geometry,
 36 in her harts enginy⁸ ther eyes & eyes were seene.⁹
 Neuer, &c.

fina.

arm like a
bracelet;she peopt
sweetly at
me,and in her
glancesI saw kisses
alone.

Juno weare.—P.
 1 ~~grammer~~ (gramm) Fr. Copy.—P.
 2 In the M.^l.—P. embrasse.—P.
 3 shately. P.C.—P.
 4 grammers; grammars of: pr. Copy.
 —P. Note the Seven Sciences—Grammer,
 Physic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic,

Astronomy, Geometry.—Skeat.
 5 are. quarry.—P.
 6 prove, p.e.—P.
 7 Arts Ingenuy.—P.
 8 our wits were sharp and keen.
 Printed Copy.—P.

[“*The Mode of France*,” and “*Be not affrayd*,” printed in Lo. and
 Hum. Songs, p. 45–8, follow here in the MS.]

Hollowe me ffancye.

THIS song, says Percy's marginal note, is “printed in a collection of Scots Poems, Edingboro', 1713, pag. 142.”

Mens pratrepidans avet vagari. Led by Fancy, it throws off for the nonce the fetters of the body, and “dances through the welkin.” It inspects the phenomena of cloudland, rejoices *rerum cognoscere causas*. Then, turning its gaze downwards, it studies that great ant-hill the earth. It sees mankind rushing to and fro upon it, with all their various pursuits, humours, passions. At last the much-travelled spirit wearies. Its wings droop, and it implores its ever-vigorous guide to lead it no further. The great world-prospect, with its tumult and turmoil, is too tremendous a vision. So the spirit hies it back to its home, the body.

Melancholy,
I dance

like an elf
over mountaines,
plaines,
and woodis.

IN: a Melancholly fancy, out of my selfe,
thorrow the welkin dance I,
all the world survayinge, noe where stayinge;
4 like vnto the fiery elfe,¹
over the topps of hyest mountaines skipping,
ouer the plaines, the woods, the valleys, tripping,²
ouer the seas without oare of³ shipping,
8 hollow, me fancy ! wither wilt thou goe ?

¹ Shiry elfe.—P.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

³ care or.—P.

- Anydost the cloudy vapors, faine wold I see
what are those burning vapors
which besight vs and affright vs,
12 & what the Masters¹ bee.
faine wold I know what is the roaring thunders, (page 105)
& the bright Lightning which cleuues the clouds in
sunder,
& what the cometis are att which men gase & wonder.
13 Hollow, me do.
- I'd like to
see what the
stars and
comets are;
- Lecke but downe below mee where you may be bold,
where none can see or know mee ;
all the world of gadding, running of madding,
20 none can their stations hold :
One, he sitts drooping all in a dumpish passion ;
another, he is for Mirth and recreation ;
the 3^r, he hangs his head because hees out of fassion.
21 Hollow, do.
- I'd like to
look down
on the bust-
ling world,
- See, See, See, what a hustling !
How I descry one another Instlynge !
how they are turmoyling, one another foyling,
22 & how I past them bye !
hee that's above, him that's below² despiseth ;
hee that's below, doth enuye him³ that ryseth ;
everye man his plot & counter² plott deviseth.
23 Hollow.
- and see one
man in the
dumpes,
another all
mirth ;
- Shipps, Shipps, Shipps, I descry now !
crossing the maine Ile goe too, and try now
what they are projecting & protecting ;
24 & when the turne againe.
One, hees to keepe his country from invadinge ;
another, he is for Merchandise & tradinge ;
the other Lyes att home like summers cattle shadding.³
25 Hollow.
- shipmen
projecting
defence
from foes
or gain in
trade.

¹ Masters.—P.² MS. blotted.—F.³ ? getting into a shed or the shade.—F.

I can't go
on.
Fancy, come
back to me;

leave off
soaring,
and keep to
your book.

- Hollow, me fancy, hollow !
I pray thee come vnto mee, I can noe longer follow !
I pray thee come & try [me] ; doe not fyle me !
44 Sithe itt will noe better bee,
come, come away ! Leave of thy Lofty soringe !
come stay att home, & on this booke be poring !
for he *that* gads abroad, he hath the lesse in storinge.
48 welcome, my fancye ! welcome home to mee !

ffins.

Newarke.¹

THIS song may very well have been written, as Percy suggests, by Cleveland to cheer the garrison of Newark; when, during the Royalist occupation of it, he was Judge Advocate. See Introduction to "Egyptian Queen."

"In the reign of Charles I. Newark was garrisoned for the King, and held in subjection the whole of this country, excepting the town of Nottingham; and a great part of Lincolnshire was laid under contribution; here that unfortunate sovereign established a mint. . . . During this contest the town sustained three sieges: in the first, all Northgate was burnt by order of the governor, Sir John Henderson; in the second, when under the government of Sir John, afterwards Lord, Byron, the town was relieved by the arrival from Chester of Prince Rupert, who, according to Clarendon, in an action between his forces and the parliamentarians under Sir John Meldrum, on Beacon Hill, half a mile eastward of the town, took four thousand prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery; in the third siege, after the display of much prowess and several vigorous sallies, the fortress remained unimpaired; afterwards Lord Bellasis, then governor, surrendered the town to the Scottish army, by the King's order, on the 8th of May, 1646. At the close of this siege, the works and circumvallations were demolished by the country people, with the exception of two considerable earth-works, which are now nearly perfect, and are called the King's Sconce and the Queen's Sconce; about this time the castle also was destroyed."

(Lewis' *Topogr. Dict. of England.*)

¹ Very probably writ by Jack Cleveland during the siege of Newark upon Trent; to Clear the Garrison: where he was judge advocate.—P.

Fill us a
cup!

Here's a
health to
King
Charles.

We dread
not our foes.

If Leslie gets
hold of 'em
he'll play
the devil
and all.

Drink to our
garrison.

I fear no foe,

for our
Maurice is
coming.

OUR: braines are asleepe, then fyll vs¹ a cupp
of cappinger sacke & clarett;
here is a health to King Charles ! then drinke it all vp,
his cause will fare better for itt.
did not an ould arke sauе noye² in a fflood ?
why may not a new arke to vs be vs³ good ?
wee dread not their forces, they are all made of wood,
then wheele & turne about againe.

Though all beyond trent be sold to the Scott,
to men of a new protestation
if Sandye come there, twill fall to their Lott
to hane a new signed possession ;
but if once Lesly gett [them] in his power,
gods Leard ! heele play the devill & all !
but let him take heed how hee comes there,
lest Sweetelipps ring him a peale in his eare.

Then tosse itt vp merrilye, fill to the brim !
wee haue a new health to remember ;
heeres a health to our garrisons ! drinke it to them,
theyle keepe vs all warme in December.
I care not a figg what enemy comes ;
for wee doe account them but hop-of-my-thumbe ;
for Morrise⁴ our prince is coming amaine
to rowte & make them run againe.

ffins.

¹ MS. vis or vus.—F.

² Old Ark—Noë.—P.

³ as.—F.

⁴ Maurice.—P.

Amongst the mirtles.¹

THE first collection of Carew's poems was made in 1640, the year after his death. But many of them had been set to music during his life; others no doubt had circulated in MS.

"He was a person," says Clarendon, "of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way), which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time: but his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire."

Amongt the Mirtles as I walket,
loue & my thoughts sights this ² inter-talket:

" tell me," said I in deepe distresse,

• " Where may I find [my sheperdesse.³]

Where can I
find my
shepherdess?

" Thou foole!" said loue, " knowes thou not this ?
in euery thing that's good shее is.

[page 196]
She's in all
that's good,
her hue in
the tulip,

in yonder tulepe goe & secke,

• there thou may find her lipp, her cheeke;

" In yonder enameled Pancye,
there thou shalt haue her curyous eye ;

her eye in
the paney,

in bloome of peach & rosee ⁴ budd,

12 there wane the streamers of her blood ;

¹ A very elegant old song. Writ by Mr. Thomas Carew. See his poems, b: L 1640. —P.

² them.—P.; and sights marked for

omission by Percy.—F.
The MS. is cut away.—F.
⁴ rosee.—P.

AMONGST THE MIRTLES.

her hand in
the lily,

the scent of
her bosom
on the hills.

I went to
pluck these
flowers,

but all
vanished.

So shall pass
my joy!

“ In ¹ brightest Lyllyes that heere stand,
the ² emblemes of her whiter hands ;
in yonder rising hill, their smells ³
such sweet as in her bosome dwells.”

16 “ It is trew,” said I ; & therewpon
I went to plucke them one by one
to make of parts a vnyon ;
20 butt on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt, sayd, “ loue,⁴ these bee,
fond man, resemblance-is of thee ⁵ ;
& as these flowers, thy Ioyes shall dye
24 Euen in the twinkling of an eye,

“ And all thy hopes of her shall wither
Like these short sweetes soe knitt together.”

ff[ns.]

¹ The.—P.

² are.—P.

³ there smells.—P.

⁴ stop'd. S⁴ Love &c.—P.

⁵ resemblances of thee.—P.

The worlde is changed.¹

Songs of a very similar kind are common enough in the collections of Royalist poems : as, for instance, "The Humble Petition of the House of Commons" in *A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661, 1731.*

If Charles thou wilt but be so kind
To give us leave to take our mind,
 Of all thy store ;
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find
Th'ast nothing left to give behind
 We'll ask no more.

and "Pym's Anarchy" in the same collection :

Ask me no more, why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragooneers ?
Since it is requisite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why from Blackwall
Great Tumults come into Whitehall ?
Since it's allow'd, by free consent,
The Privilege of Parliament.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,
Why Hotham kept the Town of Hull ?
This answer I in brief do sing,
All things were thus when Pym was King.

THE world is changed, & wee haue choyces,
not by most reason, but most voyces ;
the Lyon is trampled by the Mouse,
the lower is the upper house,
& thus from laus² orders come,
but now their orders laus² frone.

Not Reason,
but most
voyces rule.

The lower
house is the
upper.

¹ A good old Cavalier song.—P.

² qu. Caus.—F.

They want
to enslave
their king,

and put him
under Pym.

Charles
would rather
not.

No petitions
are to be
presented
but their
own.

In all humilitye they craue

- 8 theire soueraigne to be their slae,
beseeching him *that* hee wold bee
betrayd to them most Loyallye ;
for it were Meeknesse soe in him
12 to be a vice-Roy vntoy Pyim.¹

If *that* hee wold but once Lay downe
his scepter, maiestye, & crowne,
hee shalbe made in time to come

- 16 the greatest prince in christendome.
Charles, att this time hauing noe neede,
thankes them as much as if they did.

Petitions none must be presented

- 20 but what are by themselves inuented,
that once a month thé thinke it ffitting
to fast from soine ² because from sittinge ;
Such blessings to the Land are sent
24 by priuiledge of Parlaiment.

ffins.

¹ unto Pym.—P.

² ? MS. *sone*, with a dot over the first stroke of the *n*.—F.

The tribe off Banburye.¹

THIS song, not before printed so far as we know, gives an insolent Cavalier account, put in the mouth of a Puritan, of the occupation of Banbury by a Royalist force. Banbury was visited more than once by such a force during the Civil War of 1642-6. The visit here referred to was paid in the very beginning of the disturbances, some seventeen days before the Royal Standard was set up at Nottingham. When the King and the Parliament each insisted on having the management of the militia, the former appointed the Earl of Northampton to "array" it in Warwickshire, the latter Lord Brook. In July the Parliament granted its deputy six pieces of ordnance to strengthen his castle, at Warwick. These were conveyed as far as Banbury by the 29th. The attempt to convey them on to Warwick was barred by Lord Northampton. The two lords at last agreed that they should be carried back to Banbury, and that neither party should remove them without giving the other three days' notice. On the 6th and 7th of August great alarm began to prevail in the town, that the enemy was meditating an assault, and a seizure of the said ordnance. On Sunday night, the 7th, the enemy was discovered by a scout, coming down Hardwick lane in great force. But "the night growing extreme dark, they forbare all that night." Then next morning a parley was held, when the Cavaliers by turns cajoled and threatened the fearful citizens. At last :—

The town being in a sad case, not knowing how they would deal with them, exposed themselves and town on Munday morning [the 8th], and in a while after they came in with about 5 or 600 horses,

¹ An old Cavalier Song on the Taking of Banbury by Colonel Lamford.—P.

but 300 good ones, and the rest sorry jades, anything [they] could get from the poor countrey men, some at work; and as beggarly riders set on them, though for the present they flourished with money, yet their cloths bewrayed them to be neither gentlemen nor Cavaliers. And having fil'd the town with horses the chief of them came to the Red Lion Inne, and desired to speak with Colonell Feines and Captaine Vivers, who were in the Castle, to whom reply was made, they should, if they would send two as considerable men in lieu, which they did; then they produced the Commission of Array, and required them to deliver the Ordnance, otherwise they would take them by force, and fire the town. And having obtained that they came for, the ordnance and ammunition thereunto belonging, they clear'd the town againe, and were all departed before night, who carried them to the E. of Northamptons house [Compton Wyngate], and it was thought they intended to goe to Warwicke castle the next day, but the Lord Brooke had noe notice from the Earle of three dayes warning, as was agreed between them; There was also Colonell Lunsford, and divers Lords too long to name; There was the Lord Wilmot, who kept backe the town of Atherbury from coming in to aide Banbury, and threatned he would hang up the men and send the souldiers to their wives and children; There was also the Lord Dunsmore.—“Proceedings at Banbry since the Ordnance went down for the Lord Brooke to fortifie Warwick Castle,” 4to, 1642. Among the King’s Pamphlets in the Brit. Mus. *apud Beesley’s “History of Banbury,”* p. 302.

On July 7

the Cavi-
liers took
Banbury.

We had news
of Lunsford's
coming,

ON : the 7th day on the 7 month,
most Lamentablye
the men of Babylon did spoyle
4 the tribe of Banburye.

A brother post from countrey
ryding in a blew rockett,¹
sayes, “ Colbronde Lunsford comes, I saw,
8 with a childs arme hang in his pockett.”

¹ A.-S. *roc*, clothing, an outer garment, a coat, jacket, vest: Bosworth, Germ. *rock*, a coat. Chaucer describes dame Fraanchise in a *rocket*, see Fairholt's Glossary:

Fullo wel [y-] clothed was Fraanchise,
For ther is no cloth sittith bet
On damyselle, than doth *rocket*.
A womman wel more fetys is

Then wee called up our men of warr,
 younge Vnuers, Cooke & Denys,¹
 whome our Lord Sea² placed vnder
 his Sonne Master ffyenys.³

and called
out our men
of war,

12

When hee came neere, he sent vs word
 that hee was coming downe,
 & wold, vntes wee lett him in,
 16 Granado⁴ all our towne.

but Lansford
said he'd

grenado our
town,

Then was our Colbronde—fines,⁵—& me,
 in a most woefull case ;
 for neither he nor I did know
 20 who this granado was.

whee had 8 gunnes called ordinance,⁶
 & foure score Musquetiers,⁷
 yett all this wold not serue to stop
 24 those Philistime cauileeres.

and our guns
and men

[page 197] coulnd't stop
him.

Good people, the did send in men
 from Dorchester & Wickam ;
 but wher this Gyant did them see,
 28 good Lord, how he did kick han⁸ !

1. In a note, ywis,
 2. In a note, Cerry bed faire, &c.
 3. See *MS. B. 1. 1238-43*, Poet.
 4. *MS. B. 1. 1238*.
 5. *MS. B. 1. 1238*.
 6. *MS. B. 1. 1238*.
 7. *MS. B. 1. 1238*.
 8. *MS. B. 1. 1238*.

ing the e in the MS.—F.

¹ Say.—P.

² Fienes. P.

³ Fr. *Grenade*. A Pomegranet; also, a ball of wild-fire, made like a Pomegranet: Cotgrave. An iron case filled with powder and bits of iron, like the seeds in a pomegranate: Wedgwood.—F.

⁴ Fienes. P.

⁵ Ordinance, all sorts of Artillery, or great Gunns us'd in War. Phillips. F.

⁶ Musquetiers. P. The last e is made over a y in the MS.—F.

⁷ kick 'em.—P.

He swore
and threat-
ened us so

“ You round heads, rebells, ronges,¹ ” quoth hee,
“ Ile crop & slitt eche eare,
& leaue you neither arme nor lege
much longer then your heere² ! ”

that we
opened our
gates,

32 Then wee sett ope our gates³ full wyde ;
they swarmed in like bees,
& they were all arraydd in buffe
thicker then our towne cheese.⁴

and his
blood-
thirsty men

36 Now god deliuer vs, we pray,
from such blood-thirstye men,
forom⁵ Lenyathan Lunsford
who eateth our children !

hung us and
plundered
us.

40 ffor Banburye, the tinkers crye,
you hanged vs vp by twelues ;
now since Lunsford hath plundred you,
you may goe hang your selues.

fins.

¹ rogues.—P.

² haire. N.B. The Roundheads were
so called from wearing their hair cropt
short.—P.

³ gater in the MS.—F.

⁴ Banbury Cheese.—P.

⁵ this.—P.

[“Doe you meane to overthrowe me,” and “A Maid & a Younge Man,”
printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 49–52, follow here in
the MS.]

Ay : me : Ay me :

The Editors have not found any printed copy of this song. Mr. Chappell informs them that there is a tune in the *Dancing Master* of 1657 entitled "Ay me, or the Symphony," but it requires words of a different metre to that of this song.

"A fling at the Scots, probably writ in James I. time" is Percy's MS. note; or, as Mr. Halliwell says of *Joky will prove a gentillman!*, a "satire . . . doubtlessly levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England in the time of James I., in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign." Poor Sisly, the chief speaker in the piece, laments the dropping off of her suitors. She once had twelve, and now she has but one. The first was handsome; the ten following were all well-to-do in the world in one way or another; the one that yet remains has no merit of either sort. The others were Welsh, Dutch, French, or Spanish; this one is a ~~werry~~ Scotchman. A doleful state of things; but the best must be made of it. At any rate, as this last lingering wooer is a ~~leggar~~, he can never be declared bankrupt. But indeed begging is the way to wealth now-a-days—begging for appointments, &c. In *Joky will prove* such begging is introduced as the cause of the marvellous change of the hero's cowhide shoes into Spanish-leather ones decked with roses, of his twelvepenny stockings into "silken blewe," of his list garters into silk tasselled with gold and silver, &c.

Thy hose and thy dublett, which were full plaine,
 Whereof great store of lice [did] containe,
 Is turned nowe. Well fare thy braine
That can by beginge this mair.tayne!
 By my fay, and by Saint Ann,
 Joky will prove a gentilman !

Moved by this disinterested consideration—that begging is the winning game—Sisly resolves to give the constant Scot the right to beg for her as well as himself.

Oh dear!
 I had twelve
 suitors,

and all are
 gone but
 one,
 the worst of
 all,

a regular
 weed.

The rest
 were good,

this one's
 naught,

“ A Y : me, ay me, pore sisley, & vndone¹ !
 I had 12 sutors, now I have but one !
 they all were wealthy ; had I beene but wise ;
 4 now haue all left me since I haue beene soe nice,²
 but only one, and him all Maidens scorne,
 for hees the worst I thinke *that ere was borne.*”
 “ peace good sisley ! peace & say noe more !
 8 bad mends in time ; good salue heales many a sore.”

“ ffaithe such a one as I cold none but loue,³
 for⁴ few or none of them doe constant proue ;
 a man in shape, proportion, looke, and shewe,
 12 much like a Mushroome in one night doth grow ;
 proud as a Lay *thats* of a comely hew,
 cladd like a Musele in a capp of blew.⁵”
 “ peace, good sisley ! peace, & say noe more !
 16 be Merry, wench, & lett the welkin rore !”

“ The first I had was framed in bewties mold,
 the second: 3^d, and 4th had store of gold,
 the 5. 6. 7. 8th had trades eche one,
 20 the best had goods & lands to liue vpon ;
 Now may I weepe, sigh, sobb, & ring my hands,
 since this hath neither witt, trade, goods, nor Land[s.]”

¹ I'm vndone.—P.

² Particular; not Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, dull, simple: Cotgrave.—F.

³ As none but I could love.—P.

⁴ But.—P.

⁵ The Scotch cap. See *Blow-cap for me* in *Sat. Songs*, p. 130, &c.—F.

" peace, good sisley; peace & take that one
 24 that stayes behind when all the rest are gone!"

" He [is,] as¹ turkes doe say, noe renegatoe,²
 noe Portugall, Gallowne, or reformato³;
 but in playne termes some say he is a scott,
 25 that by his witts some old cast suite hath gott,
 & now is as⁴ briake⁵ as my⁶ Bristow Taylor,
 & swaggers like a pander or a saylor."⁷

" kisse him, sisley, kisse him, he may proue the best,
 22 & vse him kindly, but witt bee all the rest."

a Scott,
 in a cast-off
 suite.

" One was a welchman, her wold⁸ score to crye;
 & 3 were Dutchmen that sill⁹ drunke wold bee;
 & 6 were frenchemen that were pockye proude;
 26 & one a spanyard that cold bragg alowd.
 Now all are gone, & way¹⁰ not me a figge,
 but one poore Scott who can doe nought but begg."
 " take him, sisley! take him, for itt is noe doubt,
 20 his trades that begga, heele never prooef¹¹ banquerout."

My other
 suitors were
 Welch,
 Dutch, &c.

This one is a
 poor begging
 Scot.

" Nay, sure, Ile haue him, for all people say
 that men by begging grow rich now a day,
 & that oftentimes is gotten with a word
 24 att great mens hands that never was woone by sword.
 then welcome Scotchman, wee will weded bee,
 & one day thou shalt begg for thee and mee."
 " well sayd, sisley! well said! on another day,
 20 by begging thou maist weare a garland gay!"

But I'll take
 him;
 begging's a
 good trade
 now;

and he'll beg
 for us both.

He is, as, &c.—P.

renegado.—P.

reformato.—P. Sp. *reformado*, reformed. Member. *Reformato*, or *Reformed* (after, as Officer whose Company or Troop is disbanded, and yet be continu'd in a whole or half Pay; still being in the way of Preferment, and keeping his Right of Honnoury: Also a Gentleman who servs as a Volunteer in a Man of War, in Order to learn Experience, and

succeed the Principal Officers. Phillips.

—F.

¹ It may be *al* in the MS.—F.

² And now's as brisk.—P.

³ any.—P.

⁴ ? MS. Taylor.—F.

⁵ her wold, &c.—P.

⁶ still.—P.

⁷ weigh.—P.

⁸ The Man that begs will ne'er prov.—P.

ffaine : wolde : I change :

[page 199]

THIS is the song of one who entertains a supreme horror of living and dying an old maid. She has been told by old wives, no doubt well informed on the subject, that those who do so are employed subsequently in “leading apes in hell;”¹ after which singular occupation she feels no great hankering. “To the church,” then, is the word. Ding-dong away, Marriage bells.

I want to
change my
maiden life,

“FAINE wold I change my maiden liffe
to tast of loues true Ioyes.”

“What? liffe! woldest² thou chuse to bee a wiffe?
4 maids wishes are but toyes.”

“how can there bee a greater hell then lione a maid
soe long,³
a mayd soe long?
to the church ring out the Marriage bells,
8 ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!”.

for I'm
nearly six-
teen,

“Beffore that 15 yeeres were spent,
I knew, & haue a sonne.”

“how old art thou?” “sixteene next Lent.”
12 “alas, wee are both vndone!”

how can there bee &c.

¹ Mr. Dyce says: “The only instances of the expression *leading apes in* (or *into*) *hell*, which at present occur to me, are these:—

“‘—and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and *lead his apes into hell*.’—Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

“‘—but keeping my maidenhead till it was stale, I am condemned to *lead apes in hell*.’—Shirley's *Love-Tricks*, act iii.

sc. 5; *Works*, vol. i. p. 63, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

“This phrase, which is still in common use, never has been (and *never will be*) satisfactorily explained. Steevens suggests, ‘That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution.’”—F.

² why would'st.—P.

³? MS.—F. so long.—P.

"Besides, I heard an old wiffe tell
that all true maids must dye."

- 16 "what must they doe?" "lead apes in hell!
a dolefull destiny."

and true
maids die
and lead apes
in hell.

- " & wee will lead noe apes in hell;
' weele change our maiden song, our maiden song;
20 to the church ring out the Marriage bells,
wee hane lained true mayds to ² longe."

I won't do
that,
but will off
to church.

ffins.

¹ "Wole change" is in the 18th line in the MS.—F.

² too.—P.

When first I sawe.

THIS song occurs, as Mr. Chappell remarks, in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 3rd edition, 1620. Mr. Chappell adds a fourth stanza from later copies, "such as *Wit's Interpreter*, third edition, 8vo. 1671 :"

If I have wronged you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life and spare not.

He gives the tune to which the song was sung, composed by Thomas Ford (one of the musicians in the suite of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.), who published it in his *Musick of Sundrie Kindes*, in 1607.

I loved you
at first sight,

and you bade
me love;

WHEN ffirſt I ſaw her face, I resoluteſ¹

to honor & renoune thee ;

but if I be disdayned, I wiſhe

4 that I had neuer knowne thee.

I asked leaue ; you bade me loue ;

is itt now time to chyde mee ?

O : no : no : no ! I loue you ſtill, what fortune euer
betyde mee !

8 If I admire or praise you too much,

that fortune [you] might² forgiue mee ;

or that my hand hath ſtraid but to touch,³

thenn might you iuſtly leaue mee,

¹ thee I resolv'd.—P. ² that fault you might.—P. ³ MS. teach.—F. to touch.—P.

12 but I that liked, & you *that loued,*
is now a time to wrangle?

O no: no: no, my hart is fixt, & will not new will you
now quarrel
with me?
entangle.

The sun, whose beames most glorious are,
16 *rejecteth¹ noe beholder;*
your faire face, past all compare, Your beauty
makes my faint hart the bolder.
when bewtye likes, & witt delights,
20 *& showes of Loue doe bind mee;*
there, there ! O there ! whersoever I goe,
He leane my hart behind mee ! has stolen
my heart.

ffins.

¹ MR. & reacheth.—F.

[“A Creature for Features,” and “Lye alone,” printed in
Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 53–56, follow here in the MS.]

How fayre shée be.¹

THIS well-known song by George Wither (1590–1667) appeared in 1619, appended to his *Fidelia*, and again in *Juvenilia*, in 1633, in “Fair Virtue the Mistress of Philarete.” It was reprinted again and again, sometimes with another stanza. The version here given is slightly corrupt. “A copy of this song,” says Mr. Chappell, “is in the Pepys collection, i. 230, entitled A new song of a young man’s opinion of the difference between good and bad women. To a pleasant new tune. It is also in the second part of the Golden Garland of Princely Delights, third edition 1620, entitled The Shepherd’s Resolution. To the tune of The Young Man’s Opinion.”

Shall I kill
myself

because my
love doesn’t
care for me ?

Not I.

SHALL: I, wasting in dispayre,
dye because a womans fayre ?
or make pale my cheeke with care ?

4 because anothers rose-ye² are ?

Be shee fairer then the day
or the flowry Meads in may,
if shee thinke not well of mee,

8 What care I how fayre shee bee ?

Shall my foolish hart be pind
because I see a woman kind,
or a well disposed nature
12 with ⁴ a comlye feature ?

¹ An elegant old Song by Withers. This song is in *the Tea Table Miscellany* of Allan Ramsay, 1753, page 304. But the Printed Copy wants the 2^d stanza:— it containing only three. It is also in Dryden’s Misc. V. 6. p. 335, with the

omission of St. 2^d.—P.

² shall my Cheeks look pale with care (printed Copy).—P.

³ rosie are.—P.

⁴ matched or joined.—P.

Be shee Meeker, kinder, then
 the turtledoue or Pelican,
 if shee be not soe to me,
 16 what care I how kind shee bee ?

If she's not
kind to me,
let her go.

Shall a womans vertues¹ moue
 me to perish for her loue,
 or her worthy merrits knowne
 20 make me quite forgett mine owne ?
 were shee with that goodnesse blest,
 as may meritt name of best,
 if shee be not soe to me,
 24 what care I how good shee bee ?

Shall I
perish for
her loue ?

Not I.

² Be shee good or kind or fayre,
 I will neuer more dispair ;]
 if shee loue me, this belieue,
 28 I will dye ere shee shall g[reue ;]
 if shee slight me when I woe,
 I will scorne & lett her goe.
 or if shee be not³ for mee,

If she slight
me,
let her go.

32 what care I⁴ for whom shee bee ?

What care I ?

¹ goodness (printed Copy).—P.

² The following four lines are written
in two in the MS.—F.

³ Percy inserts fit.—F.

⁴ A whom struck out follows I in the
MS.—F.

[“Downe satte the Shepard,” and “Men that more,” printed in
Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 57–60, follow here in the MS.]

Come : Come : Come :¹

[page 202]

THIS is, says Percy in his marginal note in the Folio, “A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal.” Not content with fellow mortal topers, the old roisterer calls on all the Gods to join him in his carouse. Not his the Lotus-eater’s conception of the Deities. He does not think that “careless of mankind they lie beside their nectar . . where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,” smile at the music centred in the doleful song of lamentation, the ancient tale of wrong, from the “ill-used race of men that cleave the soil.” He sees them madding their brains for “a little care of the world’s affair,” “utterly consumed with sharp distress” at the world’s misery ; and he calls on them to be such fools no longer—to “let mortals do as well as they may”—while they, the Gods, take up their wine and drink with him. Mars, Momus, Mercury, Apollo, Vulcan, the great Jove himself, dread Juno, and Venus, Goddess of Love—none are excused—all must join ; the grape is sweet, and wine for them as well as men : let all quaff, and sing fa la la !—F.

Let's be jolly!

Though
we have
the gout,wine'll make
us sing.

COME: Come, come ! shall wee Masque or mum ?

by my holly day,² what a coyle is heere !some must ³ sway, & some obey I,

4 or else, I pray, who stands in feare ?

though ⁴ my toe, *that* I limpe on soe,⁵

doo cause my woe & wellaway,

yett this sweet spring & another thing

8 will make you sing fa.la.la.la.la.

¹ A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal.—P.

² Dame.—P.

³ *mist* in the MS.—F.

⁴ what tho'.—P.

⁵ sc. with the Gout.—P.

- ffellow gods, will you fall att odds ?
 what a fury madds your morttall¹ braines !
 for a litle care of the worlds affare,
- 12 will you frett, will you square,² will you vexe, will
 you vai[r?] ³
 No, gods ! no ! let fury go,⁴
 & Morttalls doe as well as they may !
 for this sweet &c.
- 16 God of Moes,⁵ with thy toting Nose,
 with thy mouth *that* growes to thy Lolling eare,
 stretch thy mouth from North to south,
 & quench thy drought⁶ in vinagar !
- 20 though thy young be too Large & too Longe
 to sing this song of fa la la la la,
 Loyne Momus grace to vulcans pace,
 & with a filthy face crye "waw waw waw ! "
- 24 Brother Mine, thou⁷ art god of wine !
 will you tast of the wine⁸ to the compayne ?
 King of quaffe, carrouse & doffe
 your Liquor of, and follow mee !
- 28 ⁹ Sweete soyle of Exus Ile,
 wherin this coyse¹⁰ was euery day,
 for this sweet &c.
- Mercurye, thou Olimpian spye !
- 32 wilt thou wash thine eye in this fontaine cleere ?
 when¹¹ you goe to the world below,
 you shall light of noe such Liquor there,

Don't bother
about
business.

Momus,

drink
vinegar!

Sing with us
somehow !

Bacchus,

join me in a
bowl !

Mercury,
drink !

¹ immortal, qu.—P.
² i. e. quarrel.—P.
³ will you vex *your* vaines.—P. *Vair*
 for *veer*, turn. It should rhyme with
square.—Chappell.
⁴ ? MS. *gott*, with *t t* blotched out.—F.
⁵ Mows, i. e. Mockery. Sc. Momus.—P.

⁶ drowth.—P.
⁷ *that*.—P.
⁸ vine.—P.
⁹ To the.—P.
¹⁰ ? MS. *coyle*.—F. ? *coyse*, body.—
 Halliwell.
¹¹ whenc'er.—P.

though¹ you were a winged stare
 36 & flyeth² farr as shineth day ;
 Wine'll wing
your heart. yett heeres a thing your hart will wing,
 & make you sing &c.

Mars,
 40 You that are the god of warr,
 Mars ! prepare thy warlicke speare,
 & targett ! heers a combatt towards !
 stop strife,
and drink. 44 then fox⁴ me, & Ile fox thee;
 then lets agree, & end this fray,
 since this sweet &c.

Venus,
 48 thou that art mine owne sweet hart,
 you drink
too! Venus queene, for bewtye seene,
 in youth soe greene, & loued soe young,
 52 Since this sweet &c.

Apollo,
 here's wine
for you !
 It will refine
your music. 56 Great Appollo, crowned with yellow,⁶
 Cynthus, fellow⁷-muses deere !
 heere is wine, itt must be thine,
 itt will refine thy Musicke cleere ;
 to the wire of this sweet lire
 you must aspire another day,
 for this sweet &c.

Juno, 60 Iuno clere, & mother dere,
 you come in the rere of a bowsing feast ;

¹ Altho', or even tho', or perhaps
 What tho' you are a winged star
 And fly as far.—P.

² and flew as, as, That flyeth.—P.

³ Do thou fox me.—P.

⁴ a toping Word.—P. *Fox*, to make
 tipsy. A cant term. See Hobson's Jests,

1607, repr. p. 33. Halliwell.—F.

⁵ Cup & song.—P.

⁶ Cloath'd in yellow.—P.

⁷ Cease to follow, or Quit thy fellow,
 or With thy fellow.—P. Apollo was
 surnamed *Cynthus*, and Diana *Cynthia*,
 as they were born on Mount *Cynthus*,
 which was sacred to them. Lemprière.—F.

thus I meet, your grace to greet;

the grape is sweet & the last is best.

- 64 now let fall your angry brawlee¹
from immortall & wayghtye sway;
tie a gracious thing to please your King,
& heare you sing &c.

leave your
anger,

drink and
sing!

- 66 Awfull sire, & king of fire!
let wine aspire to thy mighty throne,
& in this quire of voices clere
Come thou, & beare an immortall drame²; [page 208]
72 for fury ends, & grace d[e]sends
with Stygian feinds to dwell for aye.
lett Nectar spring & thunder ring
when Ione³ doth sing &c. &c.

Jove,
drink,
and join our
song!

- 76 Vulcan, Momus, hermes, Bacchus,
Mars & Venus, 2 and tooe,
Phebus brightest, Iuno rightest,
& the mightyest of the crew,
80 Ione, and all the heauens great⁴ hall,
keepe festivall & holy-day!
since this sweete spring with her blacke thing
will make you sing fa la la la.

Vulcan and
all you gods,

rejoice
and drink
wine.

ffins.

¹ brawle.—P.

² drame, i. e. base.—P.

³ Jove.—P. MS. Iohue, with perhaps
the *A* marked out.—F.

⁴ full here, struck out.—F.

The Grene Knight.¹

[In 2 Parts.—P.]

THIS is a late, popular version of the old romance of “Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,” preserved amongst the Cottonian MSS. (Nero A. X. fol. 91) edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the Banbury Club in 1839 and by Richard Morris Esq. for the Early English Text Society in 1864.² The old romance, written, according to Mr. Morris, about 1320 A.D., by the author of the Early English Alliterative Poems also printed by the E. E. Text Society, is lengthy, is written in alliterative metre, and is as difficult as the old alliterative poems usually are. To dissipate this besetting obscurity, to relieve this apparent tediousness, the present translation and abridgement was made. The form is changed; the language is modernised. In a word, the old romance was adapted to the taste and understanding of the translator’s time. Moreover, it was made to explain a custom of that time—a custom followed by an Order that was instituted, according to Selden and Camden, some three-quarters of a century (A.D. 1399) after the time when, according to Mr. Morris, the poem first appeared. It explains why

Knights of the bathe weare the lace
Until they have woren their shoen,
Or else a ladye of hye estate
From about his necke shall it take
For the doughtye deeds hee hath done.

On this point SOMERSET HERALD has kindly furnished us with the following note :

¹ A curious adventure of Sir Gawayne, explaining a custome used by the Knights of the Bath.—P.

N.B. See a Fragment p. 29 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 70, l. 213 of text] wherein is mention of a Green Knight & decapita-

tion p. 29–31 [of MS.; pp. 70–3 of text].—P.

² In his edition of *Syr Gawayne*, Sir F. Madden printed the present poem as No. III. in his Appendix, p. 224–242.

College of Arms, June 8.

It appears to have been the custom of Knights of the Bath, from at least as early as the reign of Henry IV., to wear a lace or shoulder knot of white silk on the left shoulder of their mantles or gowns, ("theis xxxii nw knijtes preceding immediately before the king in theire gownis,¹ and hoodis, and tookins of whiſte silke upon theire shouldeirs as is accustumid att the Bath :" MS. *temp. Edw. IV.*, fragment published by Hearne at the end of Sprott's Chronicle, p. 88). This lace was to be worn till it should be taken off by the hand of the prince or of some noble lady, upon the knight's having performed "some brave and considerable action," vide Anstis's History of the Order. What this custom originated in does not appear, and the writer of the poem has only exercised the allowed privilege of his craft, in attributing the derivation to the adventure of Sir Gawaine and "the Lady gay" in this legend of "The Green Knight."

In the Statutes of the Order, 11th of George I. 1725, it is commanded that they shall wear on the left shoulder of their mantle "the lace of white silk antiently worn by the said knights," but there is no mention of its being taken off at any time for any reason.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

The recast belongs then to an age which was beginning to study itself, and to enquire into the origin of practices which it found itself observing. It is an infant antiquarian effort. But the poem has lost much of its vigour in the translation. It is in its present shape but a shadow of itself. Moreover, the following copy appears much mutilated. Several half-stanzas have dropped out altogether, probably through the sheer carelessness of the scribe.

The two leading persons of the romance are the well-known Sir Gawain, of King Arthur's court, and Sir Bredbedle of the West country—the same knight who appears in *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, vol. i. p. 67. The main interest rests upon Sir Gawain. His "points three"—his boldness, his courtesy, his hardiness—are all proved. He is eager for adventures; he unshinkingly pursues them to the end; he bears extreme hardships patiently; his courtesy is shown in his nobly

¹ Froissart says, "un double cordess de soye blanche a blanches loupettes pendans"

resisting the overtures made him by his host's wife, whom Agostes has brought to his bedside.

The ladye kissed him times three,
Saith, "Without I have the love of thee,
My life standeth in dere."
Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
Saith, "Your husband is a gentle Knight,
By Him that bought mee deare!
To me itt were great shame,
If I shold doe him any grame,
That hath beene kind to mee."

All these provings are given much more fully in the original romance. But enough is given here to uphold the fame of the chivalrous knight. See the *Turk and Gowin*.

When
Arthur
lived, he
ruled all
Britain,

LISt! wen¹ Arthur he was King,
he had all att his leadinge
the broad Ile of Brittaine;

4 England & Scottland one was,
& wales stood in the same case,
the truth itt is not to layne.²

and lived, for
a time, in
peace.

To stop his
knights con-
tending for
precedency,

he drive alliance³ out of this Ile,
8 soe Arthur liued in peace a while,
as men⁴ of Mickle maine,

knights strong of⁵ their degree
[strove] which of them hyest shold bee ;

12 therof Arthur was not faine ;

he made the
Round
Table,
that all

hee made the round table for their behoue,
that none of them shold sitt abone,
but all shold sitt as one,⁶

¹ when.—P.

² without layne, i.e. without lying.—
or without altering the lie (only dele it
is) it is "Not to conceal the truth."—P.
Old Norse *leyna*, to hide.—F.

³ drove aliens.—P.

⁴ man.—P.

⁵ Kn^w strove of (about) &c.—P.
⁶ at one.—P. Compare *Arthur*, E. E.
Text Soc., p. 2, l. 43-53:
At Cayrlyone, wyt^koute fable,
he let make þe Rounde table:

16 the King himselfe in state royll,
Dame Gueneuer our queene withall,
seemlye of body and bone.

might be
equal.

itt fell againe the christmase,
so many came to that Lords place,
to that worthye one
with helme on¹ head, & brand bright,
all that tooke order of knight;
24 none wold linger att home.

One Christ-
mas many
knights
came to
Arthur's
court.

there was noe castle nor manour free
that might harbour that compayne,
their puissance was soe great.

No house
could hold
all of them,

28 their tents vp the pight²
for to lodge there all that night,
thereto were sett to meate.

so they
pitched their
tents,

Messengers there came [&] went³

32 with much victualls verament
both by way & streeete ;
wine & wild fowle thither was brought,
within they spared nought
36 for gold, & they might itt gett.

and food
was served
to them.

Now of King Arthur noe more I mell⁴ ;
but of a venterous knight I will you tell⁵
that dwelled in the west countrye⁶ ;

40 Sir Bredbeddle, for sooth he hett⁷ ;
he was a man of Mickle might,
& Lord of great bewtye.

But I shall
leave
Arthur,
and tell you
about
Sir Bred-
beddle.

And why bet he maked hyt þus,
þe was be rewez y-wyez,
þe was man schuble sytt alone oþer,
þe had no indigneasnes of hys brother ;
And alle hadde ono seruyse,
þe was grei to schulde arysse
þe was any degree of syttinge
þe was for any seruyng. —P.

¹ MS. &c.—F.

² pitched, or put. —P.

³ and went. —P.

⁴ I mell, meddle, fr. mèler. Urry.—P.

⁵ I tell. —P.

⁶ See line 515.—F.

⁷ hight, was called.—P. The earlier romance makes the knight's name "Bern-

He loved his wife dearly,

but she loved Sir Gawaine.

Her mother Agostes dealt in witchcraft,

could transform men,

and told Brebeddele to go, transformed.

to Arthur's court to see adventures.

This was in order to get

Gawaine

he had a lady to his ¹ wiffe,
44 he loued her deerlye as his liffe,
shee was both blyth and blee ² ;
because Sir Gawaine was stiffe in stowre,
shee loued him prinilye paramour,³
48 & ⁴ shee neuer him see.

itt was Agostes that was her mother ;
itt was witchcraft & noe other
that shee dealt with all ;

52 shee cold transpose knights & swaine
like as in battaile they were slaine,
wounded ⁵ both Lim & lightt,⁶
shee taught her sonne the knight alsoe
in transposed likenesse he shold goe ⁷
both by fell and frythe ;

shee said, " thou shalt to Arthurs hall ;
for there great aduentures shall befall

60 That euer saw King or Knight."

[page 204]

all was for her daughters sake,
that which she ⁸ soe sadlye speake
to her sonne-in-law the Knight,

64 because Sir Gawaine was bold and hardye,

lak de Hautdesert" (p. 78, l. 2445) ; it does not make his wife fall in love with Gawain, but Bernlak sends her to tempt him (p. 75, l. 2362). Gawain comes out of the temptation as one of the most faultless men that ever walked on foot, and as much above other knights as a pearl is above white pease (l. 2364). The enchantress is *Morgue la Faye*, Arthur's half-sister and Gawaine's aunt ; and she sends Bernlak to Arthur's court in the hope that his talking with his head in hand would bereave all Arthur's knights of their wits, and grieve Guinevere, and make her die (p. 78, l. 2460). The description of *Morgue la Faye* (p. 30-1) is

very good, with her rough yellow wrinkled cheecks, her covered neck, her black chin muffled up with white vails, her fore-head enfolded in silk, showing only her black brows, eyes, nose, and lippes " sowe to se and selyly blered."—F.

¹ MS. wiſ.—F.

² so bright of blee, *blee* is colour, complexion, bleo S. Color. *Urry*.—P.

³ I w^d read par amour.—P.

⁴ and yet.—P.

⁵ and wound.—P.

⁶ lythe, a joint, a limb, a nerve, *Sax. lix*, artus. *Urry*.—P.

⁷ to go.—P.

⁸ MS. that theye whiche.—F.

& therto full of curtesye,¹
to bring him into her sight.

brought to
her daugh-
ter.

the knight said "soe mote I thee,
es to Arthurs court will I mee by
for to praise thee right,
& to proue Gawaynes points 3 ;
& that be true that men tell me,
73 by Mary Most of Might."

Bredbeddie
agrees to go,

and prove
whether
Gawayne is
so good.

earlye, soone as itt was day,
the Knight dressed him full gay,
vmstrode² a full good steede ;
76 helme and hawberke both he hent,
a long fauchion verament
to fend them in his neede.

Bredbeddie
starts next
day

on horse-
back.

that³ was a Iolly sight to scene,
so when horase and armour was all greene,
& weapon that hee bare.
when that burne was harnisht still,
his countenance he became right well,
64 I dare itt safelye sweare.

He was a
goodly sight,
in his green
armour, and
on his green
horse.

that time att Carleile lay our King ;
att a Castle of flatting was his dwelling,
in the fforrest of delamore.⁴
sooth he⁵ rode, the sooth to say,
to Carleile⁶ he came on Christmas day,
into that fayre country.⁷

Arthur is at
Carleile,
at Castle
Flatting,
in Delamere
Forest.

Bredbeddie
arrives on
Christmas
day.

but fyne fader of nurture" the old
man calls him, p. 29, l. 919.—F.
¹ and strade, i.e. bestrode.—P. ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷
and see the elaborate description of
the knight, his armour and horse, in the
old romance, p. 3-6, l. 181-202.—F.

¹ Yt, i.e. it.—P.
¹ Delamere.—P. In Cheshire. —H.
² for sooth. —P.
³ Camylot, in the old romance.—F.
⁴ country faire.—P.

The porter
asks
him where
he's going to.

"To see
King Arthur
and his
lords."

The porter

tells Arthur

of the Green
Knight's
arrival,

and the
king
orders him
to be let in.

Bredbeddele
comes,

wishes
Arthur God
speed,

and says he
has come

to challenge
his lords to
a trial of
manhood.

when he into *that* place came,¹
92 the porter thought him a Maruelous groome :
 he saith, " Sir, wither wold yee ? "
 hee said, " I am a venterous *Knight*,
 & of your King wold hane sight,
96 & other Lords that heere bee."

noe word to him the porter spake,
but left him standing att the gate,
 & went forth, as I weene,
100 & kneeled downe before the King ;
 saith, " in lisen dayes old or younge,
 such a sight I haue not seene !

" for yonder att *your* gates right ;"
104 he saith, " hee is ² a venterous *Knight* ;
 all his vesture is greene."
 then spake the King proudest in all,³
 saith, " bring him into the hall ;
108 let vs see what hee doth meane."

when the greene *Knight* came before the King,
he stood in his stirrops strechinge,
 & spoke with voice cleere,
112 & saith, " King Arthur, god sauе thee
 as thou sittest in thy prosperitey,
 & Maintaine thine honor ⁴ !

" why ⁵ thou wold me nothing but right ;
116 I am come hither a venterous [Knight,⁶]
 & kayred ⁷ thorow countrye farr,⁸
 to proue poynts in thy pallace
 that longeth to manhood in euyere case
120 among thy Lords deere."

¹ come or was come.—P.

² there is.—P.

³ first or foremost of all.—P.

⁴ honnere.—P.

⁵ for why, because.—F.

⁶ Knight.—P.

⁷ have gone; A.-S. *cirran*, *cirran*, to turn, pass over or by.—F.

⁸ farre, or perhaps faire.—P.

- the King, he sayd ¹ full still ²
till he had said all his will ;
certein thus can ³ he say :
124 "as I am true knight and King,
thou shalt haue thy askinge !
I will not say thy nay,"
- consents to
let him try
- "whether thou wilst ⁵ on foote fighting,
128 or on steed backe ⁶ iusting
for loue of Ladyes gay.
If & thine armor be not fine,
I will giue thee part of mine."
- on foot,
or horse-
back.
- 132 "god amercy, Lord!" can he say,
- "here I make a challenging
among the Lords both old and younge
that worthy beene in weedes,
136 which of them will take in hand ⁷—
hee that is both stiffe and stronge
and full good att need—
- Bredbeddie
challenges
Arthur's
lords :
- "I shall lay my head downe,
140 strike itt off if he can ⁸ [page 205] cut his head
with a stroke to garr ⁹ itt bleed,
for this day 12 monthe another at his :
let me see who will answer this,
144 a knight ¹⁰ that is doughtye of deed;
- he'll let any
one
- "for this day 12 month, the sooth to say,
let him come to me & seith his praye ;
rudlye,¹¹ or euer hee blin,¹²
- for a return
cut at his
executioner's
head a year
hence

¹ satt.—P.⁶ on steed-back, i.e. on horse-back.² quietly.—P.

—P.

³ certes then 'gan.—P.⁷ hond.—P.⁴ say thee nay.—P. *by* is the ablative of the A.-Sax. demonstrative pronoun, *se, seo, þet*.—F.⁸ con.—P.⁵ wilt be.—P. *wilt = wishest, preferest.*—H.⁹ *gar*, cause.—F.¹⁰ perhaps To a k! —P.¹¹ redlye, i.e. readily. Vid. G.D.—P.¹² *blin*, linger, delay.—P.

at the
Greene
Chappell.
148 whither to come, I shall him tell,
the readie way to the greene chappell,
that place I will be in."

the King att ease sate full still,
152 & all his lords said but litle¹
till he had said all his will.
Kay vpp stood Sir Kay *that crabbed knight,*
spake mighty words *that were of height,*
156 *that were both Loud and shrill;*

accepts the
challenge.
The other
knights tell
Kay to be
quiet;
he's always
getting into
a mess.

"I shall strike his necke in tooc,
the head away the body froe."

160 saith,² " Kay, of thy dints make noe rouse,³
thou wottest full litle what⁴ thou does⁵ ;
noe good, but Mickle ill."

Eche man wold this deed haue done.
Sir Gawaine 164 vp start Sir Gawaine soone,
vpon his knees can kneele,
he said, "that were great villanye
without you put this deede to me,
168 my leuge, as I haue sayd ;

Arthur
consents,
but not till
after dinner.

"remember, I am your sisters sonne."
the King said, "I grant thy boone ;
but mirth is best att meeble ;
172 cheere thy guest, and gine him wine,
& after dinner, to itt fine,
& sett the buffett well ! "

¹ littel.—P.

haps *rout*, noise. G. Dong.—P.

² i. e. they say.—P.

⁴ that.—P.

³ praise, extolling, boast.—Jun. per-

⁵ doest.—P.

now the greene Knight is set att meate,
 176 seemly¹ served in his seate,
 beside the round table.
 to talkes of his welfare, nothing he needs,
 like a Knight himselfe he feeds,
 180 with long time reasonable.²

Bredbeale
dinner.

when the dinner, it was done,
 the King said to Sir Gawaine soone,
 withouten any fable
 184 he said, " on³ you will doe this deede,
 I pray Iesus be your spedde !
 this knight is nothing vnstable."

Arthur
wishes
GawaineGod speed.
Bredbeale
is a stiff one.

the greene Knight his head downe layd ;
 188 Sir Gawaine, to the axe he braid⁴
 to strike with eger will ;
 he stroke the necke bone in twaine,
 the blood burst out in euerye vaine,
 192 the head from the body fell.

Gawaine

chops off
Bredbeale's
head.

the greene Knight his head vp hent,⁵
 into his saddle wrightilie⁶ he sprent,
 spake words both Lowd & shrill,
 196 saith : " Gawaine ! thinke on thy couenant !
 this day 12 monthes see thou ne want
 to come to the greene chappell ! "

Bredbeale
picks it up,
jumps into
his saddle.reminds
Gawaine to
meet him
twelve
months
hence,

¹ *M.S. mœdyr*, with a horizontal line and two vertical strokes over the *m*, denoting a contraction, and showing that I ought to have read *as* in the original *a* is the reading of " Eger and Grise," vol. I, p. 341. The title would then have corresponded with the text; but never having noticed the contraction before, I hesitated to alter the M.S.—F.

² reasonable.—P.

³ an.—P.

⁴ See Herbert Coleridge's *Glossary* on this word, Old Norse *brygta*. He abstracts from Egilson. As a neuter verb it is used " of any violent motion of body, as to leap."—F.

⁵ took.—P. The old romance makes some of the knights kick the head with their feet, l. 428.—P.

⁶ actively.—P.

All had great maruell, that the see
 200 that he speake so merrilye
 & bare his head in his hand.
 rides off,
 forth att the hall dore he rode right,
 and that saw both King and knight
 204 and Lords that were in land.

puts his
head on
again,
and promises
Gawaine
a better
buffet.

208 without the hall dore, the sooth to saine,
 hee sett his head vpon againe,¹
 saies, “ Arthur, haue heere my hand !
 when-soeuer the Knight cometh to mee,
 a better buffett sickerlye
 I dare him well warrand.”

the greene Knight away went.
 212 all this was done by enchantment
 that the old witch had wrought.
 Arthur is
very sorry
for Gawaine,
 216 sore sicke fell Arthur the King,
 and for him made great mourning
 that into such bale was brought.

so is Lance-
lot.
 220 the Queen, shee weeped for his sake ;
 sorry was Sir Lancelott dulake,
 & other were dreery in thought
 because he was brought into great perill ;
 his mightye manhood will not availe,
 that before hath freshlye foughht.

Gawaine
cheers them
up,
 224 Sir Gawayne comfort King and Queen,
 & all the doughtye there be-deene² ;
 he bade the shold be still ;
 said, “ of my deede I was never feard,³
 nor yett I am nothing a-dread,
 swears that 228 I swere by Saint Michaell ;

¹ The old romance makes the head open its eyelids and speak while it's on the knight's hand, l. 446.—F.

² immediately.—P. or all together.—F.

³ afraid.—P.

- "for when draweth toward my day,
I will dress me in mine array
my promise to fulfill.
he'll keep
his pledge,
- 222 Sir," he saith, "as I haue blis,
I wott not where the grene chappell is,
therfore seeks itt I will."
and will
seek out
the Green
Chapel.
- 223 the royll Couett¹ verament
all rought² Sir Gawaynes intent,
they thought itt was the best.
The court
approves,
- 224 they went forth into the feild,
knights that ware both speare and sheeld
theo priced³ forth full prest⁴ ;
and go forth
- 225 some chuse them to Iustinge,
some to dance, Reuell, and sing ;
of mirth the wold not rest.
to joust,
revel,
and sport,
- 226 all they swore together in fere,
that and Sir Gawayne ouer-come were,
the wold bren all the west.
swearing to
avenge
Gawaine if
he's killed.
- Now leane wee the King in his pallace.
227 the grene Knight come home is
to his owne Castle ;
Bredbedde
reaches his
home,
- 228 this folke frend⁵ when he came home
what doughtye deeds he had done.
tells no one
what he has
done,
- 229 nothing he wold them tell ;
full well hee wist in certayne
that his wiffe loued Sir Gawayne
that comelye was vnder kell.⁶
but knows
that his wife
loves
Gawaine.
- 230 listen, Lords⁷ ! & yee will sitt,
& yee shall heere the second fiftt,
what adventures Sir Gawayne besell.

¹ royll Court.—P. ? covey. Fr. ² ~~covey~~—P.

? rounched, took in.—P.

? pricked.—P.

? ready.—P.

? Ha folke freys'd, i.e. inquired.—P.

³ A child's caul, any thin membrane.

⁴ "Rim or *kell* wherein the bowels are
lapt." Florio, p. 340. Sir John "rose
my kell" (deflowered me) MS. Cantab.

Ff. v. 48, fo. 111, Halliwell's Gloss.—P.

⁵ Lordings.—P.

Part II.

The day is come that Gawayne must gone;
 260 knynges & Ladys waxen wane
 that were withoutis in that place;
 262 the Knyg heimselfe siked ill,
 when Queen a swoonding almost fell,
 264 so that Lorney when he shold passe.

When he was in armour bright,
 he was one of the goodlyest Knights
 that ever in britaine was borne.
 266 they brought Sir Gawayne a steed,
 was dapple gray and good at need,¹
 I tell withouten streme;

his bridle was with stones sett,
 272 with gold & pearle ouerfrett,
 & stones of great vertue;
 he was of a furley² kind;
 his stirrops were of silke of ynd;
 276 I tell you this tale for true.

when he rode ouer the Mold,
 his geere glistered as gold.
 by the way as he rode,
 280 many furleys³ he there did see,
 fowles by the water did flee,
 by brimes & bankes soe broad.

¹ Gryngole is the steed's name in the old romance, but his colour is not given. All the jolly bits about his trappings, and Gawayne's armour, with its pentangle devised by Solomon, and called in English "the endeles knot," are omitted

here.—F.

² ferlie, wonder, wonderful; Sax. ferlic, repentinus, horrendus, Gl. ad G.D.—P.
³? MS. ferlegs, for ferlies, wonders.—F.

many furleys ther saw hee
 284 of wolues & wild beasts sikerlye ;
 on hunting hee tooke most heede.
 forth he rode, the sooth to tell,
 for to seekes the greene chappell,
 288 he wist not where¹ indeed.

Gawaine sees
wondrous
beasts;

As he rode in an eue[n]ing late,
 riding downe a greene gate,²
 a faire castell saw hee,³
 292 that seemed a place of Mickle pride ;
 thitherward Sir Gawaine can ryde
 to gett some harborrowe.⁴

[page 207]

discerns a
castle,
rides to
it,

thither he came in the twylight,
 296 he was ware of a gentle Knight,
 the Lord of the place was hee.
 Meekly to him Sir Gawaine can speake,
 & asked him, " for King Arthurs sake,
 300 of harborrowe I pray thee !

and asks its
lord
lodging

" I am a far Labordd Knight,
 I pray you lodge me all this night."
 he sayd him not nay,
 304 bee tooke him by the arme & led him to the hall.
 a poore child ⁵ can hee call,
 saith, " dight well this palfrey."

for the night.

The lord
leads him in,

into a chamber the went a full great speed ;
 308 there the found all things readye att need,
 I dare safelye swere ;

¹ The *A* is made over an *or* in the MS.

—P.

² gate, way. Lat. *Gata*, vñ. Gl. ad G.D.

—P.

³ has saw, or saw he there.—P.

⁴ *Harbures* or *Arbres*. Lodging. Urry.

—P.

⁵ " *Sere segges*, "several men, "stabeld his stede, stuf men in-noye." Old Rom. which has a fine description of the castle and room, &c.—F.

fier in chambers burning bright,
candles in chandlers¹ burning light;

and they go
to supper.

The lord's
wife

312 to supper thē went full yare.²

he sent after his Ladye bright
to come to supp with that gentle Knight,
& shee came blythe with-all;

316 forth shee came then anon,
her Maids following her eche one
in robes of rich pall.³

sups with
them,

320 as shee sate att her supper,
euer-more the Ladye clere

Sir Gawaine shee looked vpon.
when the supper it was done,
shee tooke her Maids, & to her chamber gone.⁴

and then
retires.

The lord
asks Ga-
waine

what he has
come there
for.

He will keep
his counsel.

324 he cheered the Knight & gane him wine,
& said, "welcome, by St. Martine!"

I pray you take itt for none ill;
328 one thing, Sir, I wold you pray;
what you make soe farr this way?
the truth you wold me tell;

"I am a Knight, & soe are yee;

332 Your concell, an you will tell mee,
forsooth keepe itt I will;
for if itt be poynt of any dread,
perchance I may helpe att need
336 either lowd or still."

Gawaine
tells him all,
not knowing
he was in

for⁵ his words that were soe smooth,
had Sir Gawaine wist the soothe,
all he wold not haue told,

¹ Candlesticks.—P.

² *Yare*, acutus, ready, eager, nimble.—P.

³ any rich or fine Cloth, but properly purple: taken from the Robe worn by Bishops.—P. See the description of the

Ladye in the old romance, with "Hir brest & hir bryȝt þrote bare displayed," (p. 30-1).—F.

⁴ Next line wanting in the MS.—F.

⁵ for all.—P. The old romance keeps the secret till the end.—F.

340 for that was the greene Knight
that hee was lodged with that night,
& harbarrowes¹ in his hold.

Bredbedde's castle.

he saith, "as to the greene chappell,
344 thitherward I can you tell,
itt is but furlongs 3.
the Master of it is a venterous Knight,
& workes by witchcraft day & night,
348 with many a great furley.²

Bredbedde directs Gawaine to the Green Chapel,

(whose master works witchcraft),

" if he workes with neuer soe much fraunce,³
he is curteous as he sees cause.

I tell you sikerlye,
252 you shall abyde, & take your rest,
& I will into yonder fforrest
vnder the greenwood tree."

but advises him to stay and rest.

they plight their truthe⁴ to beleue,⁵
356 either with other for to deale,
whether it were siluer or gold ;
he said, " we 2 both [sworn⁶] wilbe,
what soeuer god sends you & mee,
360 to be parted on the Mold."

They agree to share

whatever either may get.

The greene Knight went on hunting⁷ ;
Sir Gawaine in the castle beinge,
lay sleeping in his bed.

¹ harborow'd, lodged.—P.

² wonder.—P.

³ perhaps /raɪz—to make a noise, crack. G. ad G.D.—P.

⁴ truthe.—P.

⁵ to bel.—P. See Lyle, l. 478. But if the text is right, see Wedgwood on *bernew* in his *English Etymology*. "The fundamental notion seems to be, to approve, to sanction an arrangement, to deem an object in accordance with a certain standard of fitness."—P.

⁶? See l. 481, "weo were both." The old romance sets out the agreement at length, l. 1106-9: What the Green Knight wins hunting in the wood, Gawaine is to have; what Gawaine gets at home, the Green Knight is to have—"Sweet, swap we so, swear with truth, whether, man, loss befall, or better."—F.
⁷ The spirited accounts in the old romance of the three-days' hunt of the deer, wild boar, and fox, are all left out here. All the go is taken out of the poem.—F.

Bredbedde's
witch
mother-in-
law

364 Vprose the old witche with hast throwe,¹ [page 206]
& to her daughter can shee goe,
& said, " be not adread ! "

tells his wife

368 to her daughter can shee say,
"the man that thou hast wisth many a day,
of him thou maist be sped ;
for Sir Gawaine that curteous Knight
is lodged in this hall all night."
372 shee brought her to his bedd.

that Ga-
waine
is in the
castle,
and takes
her to him,

shee saith, "gentle Knight, awake !
& for this faire Ladies sake

and tells
him to
embrace her.

376 take her boldly in thine armes,
there is noe man shall doe thee harme ;"
now beene they both heere.

The wife
kisses him
thrice,
and asks his
love.

380 the ladye kissed him times 3,
saith, "without I have the loue of thee,
my life standeth in dere.²"

Gawaine

Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
saith, "your husband is a gentle Knight,
by him that bought mee deare !

refuses to
shame his
host.

388 "to me itt were great shame
if I shold doe him any grame,³
that hath beene kind to mee ;
for I hane such a deede to doe,
that I can neyther rest nor roe,⁴
att an end till itt bee."

¹ tho, then.—P. Sc. *thro*, *thra*, eager, earnest, Isl. *thrá*, pertinax. Jamieson. The old romance makes the Green Knight's wife go to Gawaine of herself, and on three successive nights.—F.

² *Dere*, laedere, nocere. Lye.—P.
³ *Grame*—Chaucer. Grief, sorrow, vexation, anger, madness, trouble, affliction. S. L, am [or *Gram.*] furor. Urry.—P.
⁴ A.-Sax. *row*, quiet, repose.—F.

then spake that Ladye gay,
 392 saith, "tell me some¹ of your Journey,
 your succour I may bee;
 if itt be poynt of any warr,
 there shall noe man doe you noe darr²
 396 & yee wilbe gouerned by mee;

The wife

offers to
help Ga-
waine in his
adventure,

"for heere I haue a lace of silke,
 it is as white as any milke,
 & of a great value."

and will
give him a
silk lace

400 shes saith, "I dare safelye sweare
 there shall noe man doe you deere³
 when you haue it⁴ vpon you."

that will
protect him
from all
harm.

Sir Gawaine spake mildlye in the place,
 404 he thanked the Lady & tooke the lace,
 & promised her to come againe.

Gawaine
takes the
lace.

the Knight in the fforrest slew many a hind,
 other venison he cold none find
 408 bat wild bores on the plaine.

Brodbidle,
after
hunting.

plentye of does & wild swine,
 foxes & other ravine,
 as I hard true men tell.

412 Sir Gawaine swore sickerlye
 "home⁵ to your owne, welcome you bee,
 by him that harrowes hell!"

is welcomed
home by
Gawaine.

the greene Knight his venison downe Layd;
 416 then to Sir Gawaine thus hee said,
 "tell me anon in heght,⁶
 what noueltyes that you haue won,
 for heers plenty of venison."
 420 Sir Gawaine said full right,

He shares
his venison
with Ga-
waine,¹ Mr.—P.or & in the MS. between *it* and *vpon*.—P.² A-G. *dar*, injury, hurt.—P.

' to your own home welcome, &c.

³ *hurt, vid. caput* [p. 72, n. 2].—P.

—P.

⁴ *on you*.—P. There is a bit of a *p** speed; like *highting*, from to *high*.—P.

Sir Gawayne sware by S^t. Leonard,¹
“ such as god sends, you shall haue part : ”

and Ga-
waine gives
him his
three kises,

- 424 & there he kissed him times 3,
saith, “ heere is such as god sends mee,
by Mary most of Might.”

but keeps
back the
lace.

- 428 euer priuilye he held the Lace :
that was all the villanye that euer was
prooned by ² Sir Gawayne the gay.
then to bed soone the went,
& slepted there verament

Next day

- 432 till morrow itt was day.

Gawaine
takes leave,

- then Sir Gawayne soe curteous & free,
his leaue soone taketh hee
att ³ the Lady soe gaye ;
436 Hee thanked her, & tooke the lace, [page 209]
& rode towards the chappell space ;
he knew noe whitt the way.

and rides
towards the
chapel.

- 440 euer more in his thought he had
whether he shold worke as the Ladye bade,
that was soe curteous & sheene.
the greene knight rode another way ;
he transposed him in another array,
444 before as it was greene.

Gawaine
hears a horn,

- as Sir Gawayne rode ouer the plaine,
he hard one high ⁴ vpon a Mountaine
a horne blowne full lownde.

¹ November 6.—S. Leonard or Lionart may be termed the Howard of the sixth century. He was . . probably received into the Church at the same time as his royal master, Clovis, with whom he was in high favour, and who gave him permission to set many of the prisoners at liberty

who were confined in the dungeons which his charity prompted him to visit. *Notes on the Months*, p. 341.

² on.—P. A-Sax. *be*, *bi*, of, concerning.—F.

³ of.—P. *Att* is right.—F.

⁴ on high.—P.

- 448 he looked after the greene chappell,
he saw it stand vnder a hill
couered with eyses¹ about;
- 452 he looked after the greene Knight,
he hard him wehett a fauchion bright,
that the hills rang about.
- 456 the Knight speake with strong cheere,
said, "ye be welcome, S[ir] Gawaine heere,
458 it behooveth thee to Lowte."²
- 462 he stroke, & little perced the skin,
vnaneth the flesh within.
then Sir Gawaine had noe doubt;
- 466 he saith, "thou shonest³! why dost thou see?"
then Sir Gawaine in hart waxed throe⁴;
upon his feete can stand,
& soone he drew out his sword,
- 470 & saith, "traitor! if thou speake a word,
thy liffe is in my hand⁵;
I had but one stroke att thee,
& thou hast had another att mee,
- 474 noe falsehood in me thou found!"
- the Knight said withouten laine,
"I wend I had Sir Gawaine slaine,
the gentlest Knight in this land⁶;
- 478 men told me of great renowne,
of cartesie thou might haue woon the crowne
aboue both free & bound,"

and sees the
Green
Chapel,

and the
Green
Knight;

who calls
him to lay
down his
head,

then strikes,
but hardly
cuts through
the flesh.

He re-
proaches
Gawaine for
shrinkage.

Gawaine
threatens
to kill him.

Bredbedde
answers that
Gawaine

¹ I suppose *Eyes* or perhaps *Euges*,
² *yww.*—P.
³ some great omission. Note in MS. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* makes Gawaine answer that he is ready and will not shrink. "Then the grim man smote his grim tool," strikes, and as it comes gliding down, Gawaine shrinks a little. Bredbedde (that is, Bernlak de Hautdesse) reproaches him for his cowardice. Gawaine promises not to shrink again, stands firm, and Bredbedde strikes. (ed. Morris, E. E. Text Soc. p. 72-4.)—F.
⁴ shuntest, finchest, shrinkest.—F.
⁵ forte idem ac *Tara*, apud G. Doug.
ferox, acer, audax, vel potius pertinax.
Vide Lye.—P.
⁶ bond.—P.
⁷ Londe.—P. ⁸ boed.—P.

has lost his
three chief
virtues, of
truth, gen-
tleness, and
courtesy.
He has
concealed
the lace,

and should
have shared
it.

Yet Bred-
bedde will

forgive him
if he'll take
him to
Arthur's
court.

Gawaine
agrees.
They go
back to
Hutton
Castle,
and next
day on to
Arthur's
court.

All rejoice
at Gawaine's
return.

- “ & alsoe of great gentrye ;
 476 & now 3 points ¹ be put fro thee,
 it is the Moe pitty :
 Sir Gawaine ! thou wast not Leele ²
 when thou didst the lace conceale
 480 that my wiffe gane to thee !
- “ ffor wee were both, thou wist full well,
 for thou hadst the halfe dale ³
 of my venerye ⁴ ;
 484 if the lace had neuer beene wrought,
 to haue slaine thee was neuer my thought,
 I swere by god verelye !
- “ I wist it well my wiffe loued thee ;
 488 thou wold doe me noe villanye,
 but nicked her with nay ;
 but wilt thou doe as I bidd thee,
 take me to Arthurs court with thee,
 492 then were all to my pay. ⁵ ”
- now are the Knights accorded thore ⁶ ;
 to the castle of hutton ⁷ can thé fare,
 to lodge there all that night.
 496 earlye on the other day
 to Arthurs court thé tooke the way
 with harts blyth & light.
- all the Court was full faine,
 500 aline when they saw Sir Gawaine ;
 they thanked god abone. ⁸

¹ perhaps these points, q. d. thou hast
forfeited these qualities.—P.

² i. e. loyal, honourable, true.—P.

³ A.-S. *dæl*, part.—F. .

⁴ venison, or rather hunting. So in
Chaucer. Fr. *Venerie*. *Urry*.—P.

⁵ content, liking.—P.

⁶ there.—P.

⁷ Hutton Manor-house, [Somerset-
shire] : the hall, 36 feet by 20, is of the
fifteenth century, with arched roof and
pannelled chimney-piece. *Domestic Archi-
tecture*, iii. 342. The scene is laid “in
the west countrye,” see l. 39, l. 515.—F.

⁸? MS. aboue.—F. aboone, abone,
idem.—P.

What is the matter & the case
why Knights of the bathe weare the lace
see vntill they hane woen their shoen,¹

or else a ladye of hys estate
from about his necke shall it take,
for the doughtye deeds that he hath done.
see it was confirmed by Arthur the K[ing ;]
thorrow Sir Gawaynes desiringe
The King granted him his boone.

This is why
knights of
the Bath
wear the
lace till
they've won
their spurs,
or a lady
takes the
lace off.

Thus endeth the tale of the greene Knight. [page 210]
see god, that is see full of might,
to heauen their soules bring
that have hard this litle storie
that fall some times in the west countrye
see in Arthurs days our King ! ffins.

God bring
all my
heavers to
heaven !
This little
story befell
in the West
Country.

¹ See p. 123, l. 1232.—F.

[It may be noted, that as the story is told here, the point of it is missed. As the agreement of Bredbeddle and Gawayne is here only to share with the other what each gets, p. 71, l. 266, not to change it, as in the old romance. Bredbeddle gives Gawayne only half his venison, p. 76, see, and Gawayne gives Bredbeddle

half his gettings, three kisses, out of three kisses and a lace. As he couldn't cut three kisses in half, to go with the half of the lace, he divided the gift fairly in another way,—the three kisses to Bredbeddle, the lace to himself. Rather hard measure to lose one's "3 points" for that.—F.]

Sir : Tramore. :¹

THE earliest known existing copy of this Romance is preserved at Cambridge. It is of the time of Henry VI., according to Mr. Halliwell, who has edited it for the Percy Society. There is, too, an old MS. copy preserved in the Bodleian Library. The Romance once enjoyed a wide popularity. It was twice printed by William Copland. From one of these editions Mr. Ellis draws the outline he gives in his *Early English Metrical Romances*. One of the old printed versions was reprinted by Mr. Utterson in 1817. The copy here given differs but slightly from Copland's and from the Cambridge version. The more important of what differences there are, are mentioned in the notes.

The piece is a fair specimen of the old Romances, with all their vices and their virtues; with their prolixity, their improbability, their exaggeration; with their wild graces also, their chivalrousness, their pageantry.

The story tells how a good lord and his gentle lady were estranged by the treachery of their steward; how their son, conceived in honour, was born in shame; how, after many a weary year, the execrable fraud was discovered; and how, at last, the son (who has in the meantime won himself a wife) and his mother are happily reunited to the grieving husband. These various incidents are described with much power and feeling.

King Arradas was blessed with a wife, Margaret, "comely to be seen, and true as the turtle-doves on trees." As their union was not followed by the birth of any child, the King determines to

¹ 271 Stanzas.—P.

go and fight in the Holy Land, so to propitiate Heaven and persuade it to grant him an heir. On the very eve of his departure his desire is granted. But he sets forth to the wars not knowing. During his absence his steward Marrock evilly solicits the Queen. "But she was steadfast in her thought." When the King returned from heathenness, and

at last his Queen beheld,
And saw her go great with child,
He wondered at that thing.
Many a time he did her kiss,
And made great joy without miss,
His heart made great rejoicing.

The wicked steward avails himself of the King's wonder to insinuate, and more than insinuate, that the child is none of his. The King unhappily listens. The Queen is presently, at the steward's advice, banished the country.

So now is exiled that good Queen,
But she wist not what it did mean,
Nor what made him to begin.
To speak to her he nay would;
That made the Queen's heart full cold,
And that was great pity and sin.
* * * * *
For oft she mourned as he did fare,
And cried and sighed full sore.

Lords, knights, and ladies gent
Mourned for her when she went,
And bewailed her that season.

In this way came to pass the sad schism that was to bring so many years of forlornness and anguish, the source of so many bitter tears and poignant self-reproaches. The child whom the dishonoured lady then bore in her womb was to be a full-grown man, and a warrior even more formidable than his father himself, ere Arradas and Margaret kissed conjugally again. Who does not rejoice when the fair fame of this true wife is vindicated, the iniquity of her tempter made bare? When at last, at the marriage of their son, Sir Triamour, to the beautiful Helen of Hungary, she and her husband are again brought face to face:

King Arradas beheld his Queen ;
 Him thought that he had her seen,
 She was a lady faire.
 The King said, " If it is your wish,
 Your name me for to tell,
 I pray you with words fair."
 " My lord," said she, " I was your Queen ;
 Your steward did me ill teen.
 That evil might him befall ! "
 The King spake no more words
 Till the clothe were drawn from the boards,
 And men rose in hall,
 And by the hand he took the Queen,
 So in the chamber forth he went,
 And there she told him all.
 Then was there great joy and bliss
 When they together gan kiss ;
 Then all the company made joy enough.

But we do not propose here to gather the wild flowers of this poem for our readers. They shall wander through the meadows and cull for themselves. They will easily find them blowing and blooming, if they have any care for the blossoms of Romance.

God bless
you all !

If you'll
listen,
I'll tell you
a tale

of King
Arradas

and Queen
Margaret,
who was
detained by

LOW¹ Iesus christ, o² heauen King !
 grant you all his deare blessing,

& his heauen for to win !

4 if you will a stond³ lay to your eare,
 of adventures you shall heare
 that wilbe to your liking,

8 of a King & of a queene
 that had great Ioy them betweene ;

Sir Arradas⁴ was his name ;

he had a queene named Margaret,
 shee was as true as steele, & sweet,

12 & full false brought in fame⁵

¹ Now.—Cop. (or Copland's edition.
 Collated by Mr. Hales.)

² our.—Cop.

³ stounde.—Cop.

⁴ Arduis.—Ca. (or Cambridge text,
 ed. Halliwell.—F.)

⁵ evil report, disrepute ; L. *fame* (in
 a bad sense), ill-repute, infamy, scandal ;

by the Kings steward that Marrocke hight,
a traitor & a false knight :

Sir Marrock

- 16 hee loued well that Ladye gent ;
& for shes wold not with him consent,
he did that good Queene much shame.

because she
would not
yield to him.

- 20 this King loued well his Queene
because shes was comlye¹ to be scene,
& as true as the turtle on tree.
either to other made great Moane,
for children together had they none
24 begotten on their bodye ;

Arrades and
Margaretlament
that they
are children.

- therefore the King, I vnderstand,
made a vow to goe to the holy land,
there for to fight & for to slay² ;
28 & praid god that he wold send him tho
grace to gett a child be-tweene them tow,
that the right heire might bee.

and Arrades
vow to go
to the Holy
Land,praying God
to send him
an heire.

- for his vow he did there make,
32 & of the pope the Crosse he did take,
for to seek the land were god him bought.
the night of his departing, on the Ladye Mild,
as god it wold, hee gott³ a child ;
36 but they both wist itt naught.

He begets a
child on his
wife,

& on the morrow when it was day
the King hyed on his Iourney ;
for to tarry, he it not thought.

and next
day starts
on his
journey.

femeine, infamous. (White.) Compare
For yf it may be founde in theo
That thou them *feme* for esmyte,
Then shal be taken as a felon,
And put full depe in my pryon.

The Sgryr of Lowe Dreye. I. 392
(Ritson iii. 161, Hall!).—F.

¹ semely.—Cop.

² ale.—Cop.

³ gate.—Cop.

- Queen Margaret mourns;*
- 40 then the Queene began to mourne
because her Lord wold noe longer sojourne ;
shee sighed full sore, & sobbed oft.
- their parting is end.*
- 44 the King & his men armed them right,
both Lords, Barrons, & many a knight,
with him for to goe.
- 48 then betweene her & the King
was much sorrow & mourninge
when the shold depart in too.
- Arrades charges Marrock to take care of his Queen,*
- he kissed & tooke his leave of the Queene,
& other Ladies bright & sheene,
& of Marrocke his steward alsoe ;
- 52 the King commanded him on paine of his life
for to keepe well his queene & wife
both in weale & woe.
- and goes to the Holy Land.*
- 56 now is the King forth gone
to the place where god was on the croose done,
& warreth there a while.
- Marrock*
- then bethought this false steward—
as yee shall here after[ward,¹]—
60 his lord & King to beguile ;
- wooes the Queen,*
- he wooed ² the Queene day & night
for to lye with her, & he might ;
he dread no creature tho.
- 64 ffull fayre hee did that Lady speake, [page 21]
that he might in bed with that Ladysleepe ;
thus full oft he prayed her tho.
- and seeks to lie with her.*
- Margaret is true,
- 68 but shee was stedfast in her thought,
& heard them speake, & said nought
till hee all his case ³ had told.

¹ MS. hereafter. P. has added *ward*.—F. ² vowed.—Cop. ³ tale.—Coj

then shee said, "Marrocke, hast thou not thought
all *that thou speakeest* is ffor nougght ?

and re-
proaches
Marrock.

72 I trow not *that thou wold*¹ ;

" for well my Lord did trust thee,
when hee to you deliuereed mee

Her lord
trusted him,

to haue me vnder the² hold ;

76 & [thou] woldest full faine
to doe thy Lord shame !

and he
betrays his
trust.

traitor, thou art to bold ! "

them said Marrocke vnto *that Ladie*,

Marrock

80 "my Lord is gone now verelye
against gods foes to fflight ;
&, without the more wonder bee,
hee shall come noe more att thee,

tells the
Queen

that Arradas
is sure never
to return ;

84 as I am a true knight.

" & Madam, wee will worke soe priuilye,
*that wethere*³ he doe line or dye,
for of this shall⁴ witt noe wight.⁵"

and promises
to keep their
sin secret.

88 then waxed the Queene wonderous [wroth,⁶]
& swore many a great othe
as shee was a true woman,

Margaret
angrily

shee said, " traitor ! if euer thou be soe hardiye

threatens to
hang
Marrock,

92 to show me of such villanye,

if he says
another
word to her.

on a gallow tree I will thee hange !

if I may know after this

*that thou tice me, I-wis*⁷

96 thou shalt haue the law of the land."

¹ I didn't think you were capable of
this.—F.

⁴ there shall.—Ca.

² they.—Cop.

⁵ man.—P.

³ After the first *e* an *h* is marked out.
—F.

⁶ Added by Percy.—F.

⁷ tyce me to do a mysse.—Cop.

Marrock
assures her
he meant
her no
wrong,

but only to
try her
truth.

Now he
knows she is
true,

she must not
be vexed.

Margaret
believes him.

But
Marrock,
disgusted,

schemes how
to betray
her,
and does it.

Arradas

Sir Marroccke said, "Ladye, mercye !
I said itt for noe villainé,
by Iesu, heauen Kinge !
100 but only for to proue your will,
whether *that you were good or ill,*
& for noe other thinge ;

" but now, Madam, I may well see
104 you are as true as turtle on the tree¹
vnto my Lord the King ;
& itt is to me both glad & leefe ;
therfore take it not into greefe
108 for noe manner of thinge."

& soe the traitor excused him thoë,
the Lady wend itt had beene soe
as the steward had said.
112 he went forth, & held him still,
& thought he cold not haue his will ;
therfore hee was euill apayd.

² soe with treason & trecherye
116 he thought to doe her villanye ;
thus to himselfe he said.
night & day hee laboured then
for to betray³ *that good woman* ;
120 soe att the last he her betrayd.

now of this good Queene leaue wee,
& by the grace of the holy trinitye
full great with child did shée gone.
124 now of King Arradas speake wee,
that soe farr in heathinnesse is hee
to fight against gods fone⁴ ;

¹ as stèle on tree.—Ca.

² This stanza is not in Ca.—F.

³ deceyue.—Cop.

⁴ fonne.—Cop.

there with his army & all his might
 128 slew many a sarazen¹ in fight.
 great words of them there rose
 in the heathen Land, & alsoe in Pagainé² ;
 & in euerye other Land that they come bye,
 128 there sprang of him great losse.³

and his men
slay
Saracens

and grow
famous.

when [he⁴] had done his pilgrimage,
 & labored all that great voyage⁵
 with all his good will & lybertye,—
 136 att Irome Lorden & att Bethlem,⁶
 & att Calvarye beside Ierusalem,
 in all the places was hee ;—

After
visiting

[page 212]
Jordan and
Calvary,

then he longed to come home
 140 to see his Ladye that liued at one ;
 he thought euer on her greetlye.
 soe long the sealed on the fome
 till att the last they came home ;
 144 he arrived ouer the Last⁷ strand.

he longs for
home,

and sets sail.

the shippes did strike their sayles eche one,
 the men were glad the King came home
 vnto his owne Land.
 148 there was both mirth & game,
 the Queene of his cominge was glad & faine,
 Echo of them told other tydand.⁸

Arrades
reaches
home,

meets
Margaret,

the King at last his Queene beheld,
 152 & saw her goe great with childe :
 [&⁹] hee wondred att that thinge.

and finds
her great
with child,

to his
wonder.

¹ saryna.—Cop.

⁴ vayge.—Cop.

² Pagan.—Cop.

⁵ Bedleem.—Cop.

³ Losse or fame, *Fenne. Promptorium.*

⁶ saltæ.—Cop.

⁷ F.

⁷ tydyngæ.—Cop.

⁸ he.—Ca.

⁸ A hole in the MS.—F.

many a time he did her kisse,
 & made great ioy without misse ;
 156 his hart¹ made great rejoicinge.

Marrock
tells him
that the
child is
certainly
not his. His
Queen has
been false;
another
knight begot
the child.

soone after the King hard tydinges newe
 by Marroccke : that false knight vntrue
 with reason his lord gan fraine,
 160 “ my lord,” he sayd, “ for gods² byne³ !
 for of that childe that neuer was thine,⁴
 why art thou soe fayne ?

“ you wend that itt your owne bee ;
 164 but,” he said, “ Sir, ffor certaintye
 your Queene hath you betraine ;
 another Knight, soe god me speed,
 begott this child sith you yeed,
 168 & hath thy Queene forlaine.”

“ What ?
 When I put
 her in your
 charge ? ”

“ Alas ! ” said the King, “ how may this bee ?
 for I betooke her vnto thee,
 her to keepe in waile & woe⁵ ;
 172 & vnder thy keeping how fortuned this
 that thou suffered her doe amisse ?
 alas, Marroccke ! why did thou soe ? ”
 “ Sir,” said the steward, “ blame not me ;
 176 for much mone shee made for thee,
 as though shee had loued noe more ;

Marrock
excuses
himself,

but declares
he saw a
knight lie
with her,

for which he
killed him,

“ I trowed on her noe villanye
 till I saw one lye her by,
 180 as the Mele⁶ had wrought.
 to him I came with Egars mood,
 & slew the traitor as he stood ;
 full sore itt [me] forethought.

¹ First written *holt*.—F.

² Goddes.—Cop.

³ Goddyas pyne.—Ca.

⁴ MS. thine was.—F.

⁵ weal & woe.—P.

⁶ ? Fr. *mal*, evil ; or *meille*, a mixtur mingling, melling. Cotgrave.—F.

184 "then shee trowed shee shold be shent,
& promised me both Land & rent;
soe fayre shee me besought
to doe with her all my will
188 if that I wold [keepe] me still,
& tell you naught."

and the
Queen pro-
mised him

herself for
his silence.

"of this," said the King, "I haue great wonder ;
for sorrow my hart will breake assunder !"

Arredes
sorrow.

192 why hath shee done amisse ?
alas ! to whome shall I me mone,
sith I haue lost my comlye Queene
that I was wont to kisse ?"

He has lost
his Queen

196 the King said, "Marrocke, what is thy read ?
it is best to turne to dead²
my ladye that hath done me this³ ;
now because that shee is false to mee,
200 I will never more her see,
nor deale with her, I-wisse.⁴"

What can he
do ? He'll
kill her.

the steward said, "Lord, doe not soe ;
thou shalt neither burne ne sloe,⁵

Marrock
advises

204 but doe as I you shall you tell."
Marrocke sayd, "this councell I :
banish her out of your Land prinilye,
far into exile.

him to
banish her.

208 "deliuer her an ambling⁶ steede,
& an old Knight to her lead ;
thus by my councell see⁶ yee doe ;

[page 213] give her a
horse

¹ assender.—Cop.

⁷ ywys.—Cop.

² turns is for burns, cp. l. 203.—F.
burne her to ded.—Cop.
Whether that sche be done to dedd
That was my blysse ?—Ca.

⁸ flo.—Cop.

⁹ ambelynge.—Cop. colds.—Ca.

¹⁰ loke.—Cop.

and money,
and let her
go.

& give them some spending money
212 that may them out of the land bring ;
I wold noe better then soe.

Arradas
agreed.

“ & an other mans child shalbe you heyre,
itt were neither good nor fayre
216 but if itt were of your kin.”
then said the King, “ soe mote I thee,
right as thou sayest, soe shall it bee,
& erst will I neuer blin.¹”

Queen
Margaret is
to be exiled ;

the King
will not
speak to her.

220 Loe, now is exiled that good Queene ;
but shee wist not what it did meane,
nor what made him to begin.
to speake to her he nay wold ;
224 that made the Queenes hart full cold,
& that was great pitty & sin.

He gives her
an old steed,

an old
knight,
Sir Roger,
to look after
her,

he did her cloth in purple ² weede,
& set her on an old steed
228 that was both crooked & almost blinde ;
he tooke her an old Knight,
kine to the Queene, Sir Rodger ³ hight,
that was both curteous ⁴ & kind.

and three
days to quit
the land in,

(or the
Queen will
be burnt,) .

232 3 dayes he gaue them leaue ⁵ to passe,
& after that day sett was,
if men might them find,
the Queene shold burned ⁶ be starke dead
236 in a fyfer with flames redd :
this came of the stewards ⁷ mind.⁸

¹ blyne.—Cop.

² He let clothe hur in sympulle.—Ca.

³ Roger.—Cop.

⁴ curteysse.—Cop.

⁵ And gaf them twenty dayes.—Ca.

⁶ brenned.—Cop.

⁷ stuardes.—Cop.

⁸ mind, in the MS.—F.

40^{tr}; florences for their expence¹
the King did gine them in his presence,
240 & comandred them to goe.

also forty
florins.

the Ladye mourned as shee shold dye ;
for all this shee wist not whye
hee fared with her soe.

Queen
Margaret
mourns.

244 that good Knight comforted the Queene,
& said, " att gods will all must beene ;
therfore, Madam, mourne you noe more."
Sir Rodger for her hath much care,
248 [For ofte she mourned as she dyd fare,²]
& cryed & sighed full sore ;

Sir Roger
comforts her,

Lords, Knights, & ladyes gent
mourned for her when shee went,
252 & be-wayled³ her that season.
the Queene began to make sorrow & care
when shee from the King shold fare
with wrong, against all reason.
256 forth they went, in number⁴ 3,
Sir Rodger, the Queene, & his greyhound trulye ;
ah ! o⁵ worth wicked treason !

but she
wails still.

and they set
off.

then thought the steward trulye
260 to doe the Queene a villanye,
& to worke with her his will.
he ordained him a compayne
of his owne men priailye
264 that wold assent him till ;

Marrock

gets his men
together,

all vnder a Wood⁶ side they did lye
wheras the Queene shold paase by,
& held them wonderous still ;

and lies in
ambush for
the Queen.

¹ Thretty florens to there spendyng.
—Ca.

⁴ nunnber, in the MS.—F.

² This line is from Copland's text.—H.
³ MR. he wayled.—F.

⁵ wo.—Cop.

⁶ wodes.—Cop. The *W* is made like
ee in the MS.—F.

*to work his
lust on her.* 268 & there he thought verelye
his good Queene for to lye by,
his lusts¹ for to fulfill.

*The Queen
and Sir
Roger
perceive
Marrock's* 272 Sir Rodger & the Queene soe good,
& there² to passe with-out doubt ;
with that they were ware of the steward,
how hee was coming to them ward
276 with a ffull great rout.

treason. "heere is treason !" then said the Queene.
"alas !" said Roger, "what may this meane ?
with foes wee be sett round about."

*Sir Roger
prepares* 280 the Knight sayd, "heere will wee dwell ;
Our liffe wee shall full deere sell,
be they neuer soe stout.

[page 214]

for defence. "Madam," he sayd, "be not affrayd,
284 for I thinke heere with this sword
that I shall make them lowte."

*Marrock
threatens to
kill him.* then cryed the steward to Sir Rodger on hye,
& said, "Lord,³ traitor ! thou shalt dye !
288 for that I goe about."

*Sir Roger
defees him,* Sir Rodger said, "not for thee !
my death shalt thou deare abyde;
for with thee will I fight."

292 he went to him shortlye,
& old Sir Rodger bare him manfullye⁴
like a full hardye Knight;

*attacks his
men,* he hewed on them boldlye ;
296 there was none of that compayne
soe hardye nor sow⁵ wight.

¹ lustes.—Cop.² ? construction. Is *there* miswritten
for *thought*, or is *thought* understood, oris *thereto* one word ?—H.³ olde.—Cop.⁴ manly.—Cop.⁵ so.—Cop.

- Sir Rodger hitt¹ one on the head
that to the girdle the sword yeed,
then was hee of them quitte² ;
- he smote a stroke with a sword³ good
that all about them ran the blood,
soe sore he did them smite ;
- trulye-hee,⁴ his greyhound that was soo⁵ good,
did helpe his master, & by him stood,
& bitterlye can hee bite.
- then that Lady, that fayre foode,⁶
she feared Marrocke in her mood ;
shee light on foote, & left her steede,
& ran fast, & wold not leaue,
& hid her under a greene greane,⁷
for shee was in great dread.
- Sir Rodger then the Queene can behold,
& of his liffe he did nothing hold ;
his good grayhound did help him indeed,
& as itt is in the romans⁸ told,
14 he slew of yeomen⁹ bold ;¹⁰
soe he quitted him in that steade.
- if hee had beene armed, I-wisse¹¹
all the Masterye had been his ;
alas hee lacked weed.
as good Sir Rodger gaue a stroake,
behind him came Sir Marrocke,—
- that euill might he speed,—

spitts one to
the girdle,wounds
others,and his
greyhound,
Trulyhee,
helps.Queen
Margaretdismounts,
runs away,
and hides
himself.

Sir Roger

kills fourteen
yeomen,

but Marrock

¹ byl.—Cop.
² quyte.—Cop.
³ swerde.—Cop.
⁴ True-love.—Ca.
⁵ do at the end has been marked out of the MS.—P.
⁶ foode.—Cop. person.—P.

⁷ grove.—Cop. grove.—P.
⁸ Romayne.—Cop.
⁹ yemen.—Cop.
¹⁰ xlth Syr Roger downe can folde.—Ca.
¹¹ ywis.—Cop.

stab him in
the back he smote Sir Rodger with a speare,
 & to the ground he did him beare,
 & fast that Knight did bleed.

328 Sir Marrocke gaue him such a wound
that he dyed there on ground,
and kills
him. & that was a sinfull deede.

Marrock now is Rodger slaine certainye.

searches
everywhere
for the
Queen, 332 he rode forth & let him Lye,
 & sought after the Queene.
 fast hee rode, & sought euerye way,
 yet wist he not where the Queen Laye.

gets wroth,
but cannot
find her : he
and goes
home, 336 then said the traitor teene ;¹

ouer all the wood hee her sought ;
but as god wold, he found her nought.
then waxed he wrath, I weene,
340 & held his Iourney euill besett,
that with the Queen had not mett
to haue had his pleasure, the traitor keeme.

stabbing Sir
Rodger's
corpse on
the way, 344 & when he cold not the lady finde,
homeward they began to wend,
hard by where Sir Rodger Lay.
the steward² him thrust throughout,
for of his death, he had noe doubt,

348 & this the storye doth say.

and having
lost fourteen
men. 352 & when the traitor had done soe,
he let him lye & went him froe,
& tooke noe thought that day ;

14 he left there dead for one ;
there passed but 4 away.³

¹ If a stanza is not omitted, *said* must mean *assayed*, tried.—F.

² stuard.—Cop.

³ xl. he had chaunged for oone.
Ther skaped but two away.—Ca.

then the Queene was full woe,
 226 And shee saw that they were goe,
 shee made sorrow & crye.
 then shee rose & went againe
 to Sir Rodger, & found him slaine ;
 230 his grey-hound by his feet did lye.

[page 215]

Queen Margaret

laments over

"alas," shee said, "that I was borne !
 my trew knight that I haue lorne,
 they haue him there slaine !"
 244 full pitteouslye shee mad her moane,
 & said, "now must I goe alone !"
 the grey-hound shee wold hane had full faine ;

Sir Roger's corpse.

. the hound still by his Master did lye,
 250 he licked his wounds, & did whine & crye.
 this to see the Queene had paine,
 & said, "Sir Roger, this hast thou for me !
 alas that [it] shold ever bee !"
 252 her hayre shee tare in twayne ;

The grey-hound will not leave the corpse.

& then shee went & tooke her steed,
 & wold noe longer there abyde
 lest men shold find her there.
 276 shee said, "Sir Roger, now thou art dead,
 who will the right way now me lead ?
 for now thou mayst speake noe more."

The Queen

right on the ground there as he lay dead,
 280 shee kist him or shee from him yead.¹
 god wott her hart was sore !
 what for sorrow & dread,
 fast away shee can her speede,
 284 shee wist not wither nor where.

laments again the loss of Sir Roger,

kisses his corpse,

and speeds away.

¹ This incident is not in Ca.—P.

- The hound
licks his master's wounds, to heal them.

What love!

The hound
scrapes a grave, and buries his master.

Margaret
rides on into Hungary.

The pains of labour come on,

the good grayhound for waile & woe
from the Knight hee wold not goe,
but Lay & licked his wound ;

388 he waite¹ to haue healed them againe,
& therto he did his paine :
loe, such loue is in a hound² !

this knight lay till he did³ stinke ;

392 the greayhound he began to thinke,
& scraped a pitt anon ;
therin he drew the dead⁴ corse,
& couered itt with earth & Mosse,⁵

396 & from him he wold not gone.

the grayhound lay still there ;
this Queene gan forth to fare
for dread of her fone ;

400 shee had great sorrow in her hart,
the thornes pricked her wonderous smart,⁶
shee wist not wither to goe.

this lady forth fast can hye
404 into the land of Hugarye⁷ ;
thither came shee with great woe.
at last shee came to a wood side,
but then cold shee noe further ryde,
408 her paynes tooke her soe.

shee lighted downe in *that* tyde,
for there shee did her trauncell⁸ abyde ;
god wold *that* it shold be soe.

412 then shee with much paine
tyed her horsse by the rayne,
& rested her there till her paynes were goe

' expected.—F.

* Grete kyndenes ys in howndys.—Ca.

The last *d* is made over an *s* in the

MS.—F.

deed.—Cop

• And scraped on hym bothe ryne and

mosse.—Ca.

wonder smert.—Cop

¹ Hongarye.—Ca. Hongrye.—Cop.

for trauell, travail.—F. travay.

—Cop.

- shee was delinvered of a manchilde sweete ;
 416 & when it began to crye & weape,
 it ioyed her hart greatlye.
 soone after, when shee might stirr,
 shee tooke her child to her full neere,
 420 And wrapt¹ itt full softlye. [page 216]
- and she is
delivered of
a male child.
 She joys,
 takes her
baby to her,
- What for wearye & for woe,
 they fell a-sleepe both tow^e ;
 her steed stood her behind.
 424 then came a knyght rydand there,²
 & found this ladye soe lonelye of cheere
 as bee hunted after the hind.
- and falls
asleep.
- A knyght
finds her,
- the Knyght hight Bernard Mowswing^e,
 428 that found the Queene sleepinge,
 vnder the greenwoode lyande.⁴
 softlye he went neare & neere,
 he went on foot, & beheld her cheere,
 432 as a Knyght curteous & kind.
- Sir Bernard
Mowswing^e,
- he awaked that ladye of beawtye⁵ ;
 abee looked on him pitteouslee,
 & was affrayd⁶ full sore.
 436 he said, " what doe you here, Madame ?
 of whence be you, or whata your name ?
 hane you your men forlorne ? ? "
- wakes her,
- and asks her
what she
does there,
what is her
name ?
- " Sir," shee sayd, " if you will witt,⁸
 440 my name is⁹ called Margerett ;
 in Arragon I was borne ;
 heere I sufferd much greefe ;
 helpe me, Sir,¹⁰ out of this Mischeefe ! help me !"
- " Margaret ;
- att some towne that I were."

¹ wrapp'd.—Cop.

⁶ afferde.—Cop.

² aro.^e—Cop.

⁷ MS. forlorme.—F. forlore.—P.

³ Sir Barnardo Messengere.—Ca. Bar-

⁸ wete.—Cop.

and Mowswynge.—Cop.

⁹ MS. is is ; ? for it is.—F.

⁴ lynde.—Cop.

¹⁰ There appears a word like *it* marked

⁵ beawte.—Cop.

out here in the MS.—F.

- Sir Bernard the Knight beheld the Ladye good ;
 takes her hee ¹ thought shee was of gentle blood
 that was soe hard bestead ² ;
 and her baby home, 448 he tooke her vp curteousalye,
 & the child that lay her bye ;
 them both with him he led,
 & made her haue a woman att will,
 gets a woman to tend her, 452 tendinge of her, as it was skill,³
 all for to bring her a-bedd.
 and gives her all she wants. whatsoeuer shee wold haue,
 shee needed itt not long to craue,
 456 her speech was right soone sped.
- She christens her boy Triamore, th  christened the child with great honour,
 & named him Sir TRYAMORE.
 then they were of him glad ;
 460 great gifts to him was giuen
 of Lords & ladyes by-deene,
 in bookees as I read.
- and stays with her new friends. there dwelled that Ladye longe
 464 with much Ioy them amonge ;
 of her th  were neuer wearye.
 the child was taught great nurterye ⁴ ; .
 Triamore is taught courtesy, a Master had him vnder his care,
 468 & taught him curtesie.⁵
 this child waxed wonderous well,
 of great stature both of fleshe & fell ;
 euerye man loued him trulye,
- and all folk love him. 472 of his compayne all folke were glad ;
 indeed, noe other cause they had,
 the child was gentle & bold.

¹ MS. shee.—F. And.—Ca.² bestadde.—Cop.³ skell.—Cop. reason.—F.⁴ nurture.—P. norture.—Cop.⁵ Sche techyd hur sone for to wyrke,

And taght hym evyr newe.—Ca.

- Now of the Queene let wee bee,
 476 & of the grayhound speake wee
 that I erst of told.

Sir Roger's
greyhound

- long 7 yeeres, soe god me save,
 he did keepe his Masters graue,
 480 till that hee waxed old ;
 this Gray-hound Sir Roger kept¹ long,
 & brought him vp sith he was younge,
 in story as it is told ;

keeps to his
master's
grave seven
years,for Sir Roger
had brought
him up.

- 484 therfore he kept soe there
 for the² space of 7 yeere,
 & goe from him he ne wold.
 euer vpon his Masters graue he lay,
 488 there might noe man haue him away
 for heat neither for cold,

[page 217]

The hound
never leaves
the grave,

- without it were once a day
 he ran about to gett his prey³
 492 of beasts that were bold,
 conyea, when he can them gett ;
 thus wold he labor for his meate,
 yett great hungar he had in how.⁴

except
to get food.

- 496 & 7 yeeres he dwelled there,
 till itt befell on that yeere,
 even on christmasse day,
 the gray-hound (as the story sayes)
 500 came to the Kings palace⁵
 without any⁶ delay.

One Christ-
mas
the houndgoes to
Arradas's
palace,

¹ had kept.—Cop.
² By the.—Cop.
³ praye.—Cop.

⁴ holde.—Cop. How, care. Halliwell.
⁵ F.
⁶ palaces.—Cop.
⁷ ony.—Cop.

when they Lords were¹ sett at meate, soone
the grayhound into the hall runn

504 amonge the knights gay ;

cannot find
what he
seeks,

all about he can behold,
but he see not what hee wold ;
then went he his way full right
508 when he had sought & cold not find ;
ffull gentlye he did his kind,
speed better when he might.

and goes
back to Sir
Roger's
grave.

512 the grayhound ran forth his way
till he came where his *Master Lay*,
as fast as euer he mought.
Arradas
thinks he
has seen the
dog before.

the king marueiled at *that* deed,
from whence he went, & whither he yeed,
516 or who him thither brought.

520 the King thought he had seen him ere,
but he wist not well where,
therfor he said right nought.
soone he bethought him then
that he did him erst ken,
&² still stayd in *that* thought.

Next day

524 the other day, in the same wise,
when the King shold from his meate rise,
the Grayhound came in thoe ;
the hound
returns,
all about there he sought,
but the steward found he nought ;
but cannot
find
Marrock.

528 then againe he began to goe.

Arradas says
it is Sir
Roger's dog,

and perhaps
the Queen
has come
back ;

the[n] sayd the King in *that* stond,
“methinkes it is Sir Rogers hound
that went forth with the Queene ;
532 I trow they be come againe to this land.
Lords, all this I vnderstand,
it may right well soe bee ;

¹ The first e is made over an A in the MS.—F.

² sate styl in a.—Cop.

"if that they be into this Land come,
 536 we shall haue word therof soone
 & within short space ;
 for neuer since thé went I-wisse
 I saw not the gray hound ere this ;
 540 it is a marueilous case !

"when he cometh againe, follow him,
 fo[r] euermore he will run¹
 to his Masters dwelling place ;
 544 run & goe, looke ye not spare,
 till that yee come there
 to Sir Rodger & my Queene."

when the
dog comes
again, some
lords are to
follow him

to Sir Roger
and the
Queen.

then the 3^d day, amonge them all
 548 the grayhound came into the hall,
 to meate ere thé were² sett.
 Marrocke the steward was within,
 the grayhound thought he wold not blin
 552 till he with him had mett ;

Next day
the dog
comes again,

finds
Marrock,

he tooke the steward by the throte,
 & assunder he it bote³ ;
 but then he wold not byde,
 556 for to his graue he rann.
 there followed him many a man,
 some on horsse, some beside ;

and
bites him
through the
throat.

Men follow
the dog

& when he came where his Master was,
 560 he Layd him downe beside the grasse
 And barked at the men againe. [page 218]
 there might noe man him from the place gett,
 & yett with staues thé did him beate,
 564 that he was almost slaine.

to Sir Roger's
grave,

which he will
not quit.

¹ renne.—Cop.

² werere, in the MS.—F.

³ MS. o over a y.—F. The hovnd
wrekyd hys maystyrs dethe.—Ca.

They return.

571 & when the men saw me better boote,
then the men greef home on horsse & foote,
with great wonder, I weene.

and Alainne
and the
Marrocke has
done Sir
Roger.

572 the King said — by gods paine,
I know Sir Marrocke hath Sir Rodger slaine,
& with treason fained¹ my Queene.

He writes a
message to
his corpse.

573 — give yee & seeke there againe:
572 for the boordis Master there is slaine,
some treason there hath beene."

They find
the body.

574 thither they went, see god me saue,
& found Sir Roger in his graue,

and take it
to Arundel.

575 for Sir Roger was soone scene :

who weeps,

576 & there they looked him there vpon,
for he was hole both flesh & bone,
& to the court his body they brought.

laments over
Marrocke's
treachery.

577 for when the King did him see,
the teares ran downe from his eye,
full sore itt him forethought.

and hanged.

578 the grayhound² he wold not from his course³ fare :
574 then was the King cast in care,

579 & said, " Marrocke hath done me teene ;
slaine he hath a curteous Knight,
& fained⁴ my Queene with great vnright,
588 as a traitor keene."

592 the King let draw anon-right
the stewards bodye, *that false Knight*,
with horsse through the towne ;
592 then he hanged him on a tree,
that all men might his body see,
that he had done treason.

¹ defamed.—F. flemed.—Cop.

² grehound.—Cop.

³ corse.—Cop.

⁴ *for* fained, *defamed*.—F. flemyd.
—Ca. flemed.—Cop.

Sir Rogers Body the next day
 see the King buryed in good array,
 with many a bold baron.¹

Sir Roger's
corpor is
buried,

the Grayhound was never away
 by night nor yet by day,
 see but on the ground he did dye.
 the King did send his messengere
 in every place far & neare
 after the Queene to spye ;
 but for ought he cold enquire,
 he cold of that Ladie nothing heare ;
 therfore the King was sorrye.¹

and his
hound
dye.
Arrades tries
to get
tidings of
his Queen.
but can hear
none.

the King sayd, " I trow noe reed,
 for well I wott that shee is dead ;
 for sorrowe now shall I dye !
 alas, that euer shee from mee went !
 this false steward hath me shent
 through his false treacherye."

He thinks
her dead.

this King lined in great sorrow
 both euening & morrow
 till that hee were brought to ground.
 he lined thus many a yeere
 with mourning & with euill cheere,
 his sorrowes lasted long :

and lives in
sorrow
many years.

& euer it did him great paine
 when hee did thinke how Sir Roger was slaine,
 & how helped him his hound ;
 & of his Queene that was soe Mylde,
 how shee went from him great with child ;
 for woe then did bee sound.²

grieving
over Sir
Roger's
death
and his
pregnant
(Queen's)
attachment.

¹ Percy marks the three last lines to those that precede them.—P.
 « separate stanza, but I add them » swoon.—P.

- long time thus liued the *King*
in great sorrow & Mourning,
& oftentime did weepe ;
- He mourns
and is sad at heart.
[page 219]
- 628 he tooke great thought more & more,
It made his hart verrye sore,
his sighs were sett soe deepe.
- now of the *King* wee will bline,
& of the Queene let vs begin,
& Sir¹ Tryamore ;
- Meantime
Triamore
is fourteen,
and well-
doing.
- 632 for when he was 14 yeere old,
there was noe man soe bold
636 durst doe him dishonor² ;
- in euerye time³ both stout & stronge,
& in stature large & longe,
comlye of hye color ;
- 640 all that euer he dwelled amonge,
he neuer did none of them wronge,
the more that was his honor.
- in that time sikerlye
The King of Hungary dics,
leaving only a daughter, fair Helen, of fourteen,
- 644 dyed the *King of Hungary*⁴ ;
that was of great age I-wiss⁵ ;
he had no heire his land to hold
but a daughter was 14 ycers old⁶ ;
- 648 faire [Hellen⁷] shoo named is.
- shee was as white as lilye⁸ flower,
& comely, of gay color,
the fairest of any towne or tower ;

¹ her sonne.—Cop.² dyshonoure.—Cop.³ lymme.—Cop.⁴ Hungry.—Cop.⁵ The second *s* is made over an *e* in the MS.—F.⁶ of viij. yerys elde.—Ca.⁷ See l. 775. Hellene, l. 1587 below.—F. Her name Helyne ys.—Ca. Elyne.

—Cop.

⁸ The top of a long *s* whose bottom is marked through, is left in the MS. before the first *l*.—F.

652 shee was well shapen of foote & hand,
peere shee had none in noe land,
shee was soe fresh & soe amorous.

for when her father was dead,
656 great warr began to spread
in *that* land about;
then the Ladyes councell gan her reade,
'gett her a lord her land to lead,
660 to rule the realme without doubt;
some mightye prince *that* well might
rule her land with reason & right,
that all men to him might Lout.'

Her land is
invaded;

her council
tell her to
marry a
lord to
protect her.

664 & when her councell had sayd soe,
for great need shee had therto,
shee graunted them without Lye :
the Lady said, "I will not feare
668 but he [be] prince or princes peere,
& cheefe of all chualrye."

She consents,

thereto shee did consent,
& gaue her Lords commandement
672 a great Iusting for to crye ;
& at the Iustine, shold soe bee,
what man *that* shold win the degree,¹
shold win *that* Ladye trulye.

proclaims a
jousting,

the winner
at which
shall win her
too.

676 the day of Iusting then was sett,
halfe a yeere without lett,
without any more delay,
because the might haue good space,
680 Lords, knights, dukes, in euerye place,
for to be there *that* day.

The day is
fixed.

¹ Fr. *degrē*, a degree, ranke, or place of honour. Cotgrave.—F.

The best
lords

prepare to
contend.

Triamore
bears of the
jousting,
and resolves
to go to it,

but he has no
horse or
arms.

He asks Sir
Bernard to
lend him
some,

and the
knight tells
him he
knows no-
thing about
it.

Triamore
asks to
be tried.

Lords, the best in euerye Land,
hard tell of *that rydand*,

684 & made them readye full gay ;
of euerye land there was the best,¹
of the States *that were honest*²
attyred³ many a Lady gay.

688 great was *that chualrye*
that came that time to HUXGARTE,
there for to Iust with might.

692 that there shold be a Iusting ;
thither wold he wend.

if he wist *that he might gaine*
with all his might, he wold be faine⁴

696 *that gay Ladie* for to win ;
hee had noe horsse nay noe other geere,
Nor noe weapon with him to beare ;
that brake his hart in twaine.

[page 220]

700 he thought both euen & morrow
where he might some armour borrowe,
therof wold hee be faine
to Sir Barnard then he can wend,⁵
704 *that he wold armour lend*⁶
to iust against the knights amaine.⁷

then said Sir Barnard, “ what hast thou thought ?
pardew ! of iusting thou canst nought !

708 for yee bee not able weapon to weld.”
“ Sir,” said TRIAMORE, “ what wott yee
of what strenght *that I bee*
till I hane assayd in feeld ? ”

¹ bestee.—Cop.

² moost honesty.—Cop.

³ dressed herself: parallel to l. 684.
States may mean “ nobles.”—F.

⁴ He wolde purvey hym fulle fayne.

—Ca.

⁵ mene.—Cop.
⁶ lene.—Cop.

⁷ of mayne.—Cop.

712 then Sir Barnard *that* was full hend,
 . said, “TRIAMOR, if thou wilt wend,
 thou shalt lacke noe weed ;

Sir Bernard
 then prom-
 ises to lend

I will lend thee all my geere,
 716 horsse & harneis, sheild & spere,
 thou art nothing¹ to dread ;

him horse
 and arms,

“ alsoe thither with thee will I ryde,
 & euer nye be by thy side

go with him,

720 to helpe thee if thou haue need ;
 all things *that* thou wilt haue,
 gold & siluer, if thou wilt craue,
 thy Iourney for to speed.”

and provide
 him money.

724 then was TRIAMORE glad & light,
 & thanked Barnard with all his might
 of his great proferinge.

728 that day the Insting shold bee,
 TRIAMORE sett him on his knee
 & asked his mother blessinge.

On the day
 of the joust,
 Triamore
 asks his
 mother's
 blessing,

at home shee wold hane kept him faine ;
 but all her labor was in vaine,

732 there might be noe letting.
 shee saw it wold noe better bee,
 her blessing shee gaue him verelye
 w[i]th full sore weepinge.

and she gives
 it him
 sorrowfully.

736 & when it was on the Morrow day,
 TRIAMORE was in good array,
 armed & well dight ;

In the
 morning,
 Triamore

when he was sett on his steed,
 740 he was a man both² lenght & bread,³
 & goodlye in mans sight.

¹ nothenge.—Cop.

² in.—Cop.

³ brede.—Cop.

starts with
Sir Bernard.

then TRIAMORE to the feeld can ryde,
& Sir Barnard by his side;

744 they were Iocund & light ;
there was none in all the feild
that was more seemlye vnder sheild ;
he rode full like a knight.

Queen Helen
of Hungary
looks from a
turret

748 then was the faire Lady sett
full hye vpon a turrett,¹
for to behold *that play* ;
there was many a seemlye Knight,
752 princes, Lords, & dukes of Might,
themselves for to assay,

helmed
knights.

with helme on theire heads bright
that all the feelds shone with light,

Triamore

756 they were soe stout & gay :
then Sir TRIAMORE & Sir BARNARD
the pressed them into the feeld forward,²
there durst noe man say nay.

happens to
choose his
father, King
Arradas's
side.

760 there was much price ³ & pride
when euerye man to other can ryde,
& lords of great renowne ;
it beffell TRIAMORE *that* tyde
764 for to be on his fathers side,
the King of Arragon.

A big Lombard lord
rides forth ;

Triamore
throws him,

the first *that* rode forth certainlye
was a great Lord of Lumbardy,
768 a wonderfull bold Barron.
TRIAMOR rode him againe :
for all *that* lord had Might & maine,

the child bare him downe.

[page 22]

¹ Hye up in a garett.—Ca.

² warde.—Cop.

³ prees.—Cop.

772 ¹ then cryed Sir Barnard with honor,
 "A TRIAMOR, a TRIAMORE!"
 for men shold him ken.
 Mayd Hellen ² that was soe mild,
 776 more shee beheld TRIAMORE the child
 then all the other men.

and Sir
 Bernard
 shouts "A
 Triamore"
 to make him
 known.
 Queen Helen
 views him
 with favour.

then the Kings sonne of Nauarrne ³
 wold not his body warne ⁴ ;
 780 he pricked forth on the plaine.
 then young Triamore that was stout,
 turned himselfe round about,
 & fast rode him againe;

The Prince
 of Navarne
 rides out;
 Triamore
 charges him;

784 soe neither of them were to ground cast,⁵
 they sate soe wonderous fast,
 like men of much might.
 then came forth a Bachelour,⁶
 788 a prince proud without peere;
 Sir Iames, forsooth, he hight;

neither is
 thrown.
 Sir James of
 Almaigne

he was the Emperours sonne of Almaigne ⁷ ;
 he rode Sir TRIAMORE ⁸ againe,
 792 with hard strenght to fight.
 Sir Iames had such a stroake indeed
 that he was tumbled from his steed ;
 then failed all his might.
 796 there men might see swords brast,
 helmes ne sheilds might not last;
 & thus it dured till night;

next charges
 Triamore,
 and is un-
 horsed.
 The joust
 lasts
 till night.

¹ Ca. puts this stanza after the next.

—F.

² Elyne.—Cop.

³ Armony.—Ca. Nauerne.—Cop.

⁴ A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of, beware.

—F.

⁵ Ca. makes Triamore bear him down,
 and transfers this to Sir James in
 the next stanza.—F.

⁶ batchelere.—Cop.

⁷ Almaine.—Cop.

⁸ ? MS. Triamoir.—F.

but when the sun drew neere¹ west,

800 and all the Lords went to rerst,

[Not so the maide Elyne.²]

Next day,

the Knights attired them in good arraye,
on steeds great, with trappers³ gaye,
before the sun can⁴ shine;

it begins
again,

804 then to the feeld theé pricked prest,
& euerye man thought himselfe best
[As the mayden faire they paste.⁵]

and the
knights
charge
fiercely.

then they feirclye ran together,
great speres in peeces did shimmer,⁶

808 their timber might not last.

King
Arradas

& at that time there did run⁶
the King Arradas of Arragon:
his sonne Triamore mett him in that tyde,

is thrown by
his son
Triamore,

812 & gaue his father such a rebound
that harse & man fell to the ground,⁷
soe stoutlye gan he ryde.

who also
vanquishes
Sir James.

816 then the next Knight that hee mett
was Sir Iames; & such a stroake him sett
vpon the sheld ther on the plaine
that the blood brast out at his nose & eares,
his steed vnto the ground him beares;
820 then was Sir Barnard faine.

Queen Helen
falls in love
with
Triamore.

that Maid of great honor
sett her loue on younge TRIAMORE
that fought alwayes as a feirce⁸ Lyon.

¹ ferre.—Cop.

² This line is from Copland's text.—H.

³ The trappings of horses. Halliwell.

—F.

⁴ gan.—Cop.

⁵ shyuer.—Cop.

⁶ dyde ronne.—Cop.

⁷ Tryamore must be supposed to have changed since the first day, when he

was on his father's side: see l. 763. In l. 920, Arradas is accused of killing the Emperor's son, whom Triamore slays (l. 860-1), but he (Arradas) declares he had nothing to do with it, l. 974-9. He only rescues his son from the Emperor's men, l. 866-7.—F.

⁸ fyers.—Cop.

s24 speres that day many were spent,
 & with swords there was many a stripe lent,
 till the[re] failed light of the sunn.

on the Morrow all they were faine
 s25 for to come into the feild againe
 with great spere & sheild.
 then the Duke of Siuille, Sir Phylar,¹
 that was a doughtye knight in eurye warr,
 s26 he rode first into the feild;

& Triamore tooke his spere,
 against the Duke he can it beare,
 & smote him in the sheild ;
 s26 a-sunder in 2 peeces it went ;
 & then many a louelye Lady gent,
 full well they him beheld.

then came forth a Knight that hight Terrey,
 s40 hee was a great Lord of Surrey,² [page 222] Sir Terrey
 of Syria
 he thought Noble TRIAMORE to assayle ; charges
 & TRIAMORE rode to him blithe
 in all the strenght that he might drine,
 s44 he thought he wold not fayle ; Triamore,

he smote him soe in that stond
 that horsse & man fell to the ground,³ and gets
 soe sore his stroke he sett.

s48 then durst noe man att TRIAMORE [ride,⁴] No one else
 for fortune held all on his side will try
 all those dayes 3.⁵ Triamore ;

¹ Syuille, sir Sywere.—Ca. Cyyll,
 —Sir Fyhar.—Cop.

² The dewke of Lythyr, sir Tyrre.—Ca.

³ . . . the dewke, bothe hors and man,
 Turnyd toppe ovyr tayle.—Ca.

⁴ to Tryamoure ryde.—Cop.

⁵ The Cambridge text makes Triamore

but Sir
James
lies in wait
for him,

and runs
him through
the thigh,

for which
Triamore
kills him,

but is beset
by his men.

Arradas
rescues
Triamore,

and Sir
Bernard

takes him
home.

His mother

sends for a
doctor.
The jousting
knights
ride to
Queen Helen

Sir Iames, sonne vnto the Emperour,
852 had enuye to Sir Triamore,
and laid wait¹ for him priuilye.

att the last TRIAMORE came ryding bye.
Sir Iames said, "Triamore! thou shalt dye,
856 for thou hast done me shame."
he rode to Triamore with a spere,
& thorrow² the thigh he can him beare;
he had almost him slaine.

860 but Tryamore hitt him in³ the head
that he fell downe starke dead.
then was all his men woe;
then wold they haue slaine Tryamore
864 without he had had great succour⁴ ;
they purposed to doe soe.

with that came King Arradas⁵ then,
& reschued Tryamore with all his men,
868 that stood in great doubt.
then Sir Barnard was full woe
that Tryamore was hurt soe;
then to his owne house he him brought.

872 but when the Mother saw her sonns wound,
shee fell downe for sorrow to the ground,
& after a Leeche shee sent.
of⁶ this, all the Lords that were⁷ Iustinge,
876 to the pallace⁸ made highinge,⁹
& to that Ladye went.

serve "the dewke of Aymere" as he served
Terrey, and shiver the shield and spear of
James of Almayne, p. 28-9 Percy Soc.
ed.—F.

¹ layde wayte.—Cop.

² throughe.—Cop.

³ hytt hym on.—Cop.

⁴ the greter socoure.—Cop.

⁵ Arragus.—Cop.

⁶ on or after.—F.

⁷ was at.—Cop.

⁸ pallayes.—Cop.

⁹ hyenge.—Cop.

truly, as the story sayes,

th ¹ pricked forth to the pallace

880 the Ladyes will to heare,

to hear

Bachelours & knights prest,

that shee might choose of them the best

whom she
will choose.

which to her faynest were.

884 the Ladye beheld all *that* fayre Meanye,
but Tryamore shee cold not see :

tho chaunged all her cheere,

then ² shee sayd "Lord, where is hee ³

888 *that* euerye day wan the degree ?

She chooses
Triamore.
Where is he?

I chuse him to my peere.⁴"

al about ⁵ th  Tryamore sought ;

He can't be
found,

he was ryddn home ; th  found him nought ;

892 then was *that* Ladye woe.

the Knights were afore her brought,

& of respite shee them besought,

so Helen
asks for a
year's delay,

a yeare & noe more :

896 shee said, "Lords, soe god me saue !

he *that* wan me, he shall me hauie ;

ye wot well *that* my cry was soe."

th  all consented her vntill,

900 for shee ⁶ said Nothing ill,

th  said it shold be soe.

for when they had all sayd,

then answered *that* fayre Mayd,

904 "I will haue none but Tryamore."

she will have
none but
Triamore.

then all the Lords *that* were present

tooke their Leane, & home went ;

there wan th  little honor.

¹ they.—Cop.

⁴ fere.—Cop.

² Tho.—Cop.

⁵ All aboute.—Cop.

³ he.—Cop.

⁶ had inserted.—Cop.

Sir James's
men carry
his corpec

- 908 Sir James men were nothing faine
because their Master, he was slaine,
That was soe stout in stowre ;

[page 223]

in chaire his body thé Layd,

to his father,
the Emperor,

- 912 & led him home, as I haue sayd,
vnsto his father the Emperour ;

& when *that* hee his sonne gan see,
a sorrye man then was hee,

and tell him
that
Triamore

- 916 & asked ' who had done *that* dishonor ¹ ? '
thé sayd " wee [ne] wott who it is I-wisse,²
but Sir Tryamore he named is,
soe thé called him ³ in the crye ;

and Arradas
killed his
son.

- 920 " the King of Arragon alsoe,
he helped thy ⁴ sonne to sloe,
with all his compayne."
they said, " thé be good warryoirs ;
924 they byte ⁵ vs with sharpe showeres ⁶
with great villanye.⁷"

The Emperor
vows
revenge,

- " Alas ! " said the Emperour,
" till I be reuenged on *that* traytour,
928 now shall I neuer cease !
thé shall haue many a sharpe shower,
both the King & Tryamore,
they shall neuer haue peace ! "

summons a
host,

- 932 the Emperour sayd thé shold repent ;
& after great compayne he sent
of princes bold in presse,
Dukes, Earles, & lords of price.⁸

and invades
Arragon.

- 936 with a great armye, the Duke sayes,
thé yeed to Arragon without lesse.

¹ dysshonour.—Cop.

² has ywys.—Cop.

³ called thé him.—Cop.

⁴ MS. the.—F.

⁵ bete.—Cop.

⁶ shoutes.—Cop.

⁷ vilany.—Cop.

⁸ prysse.—Cop.

King Arradas¹ was a-dread²
for the Emperour such power had,
that battell hee wold him bid³ ;
he saw his land nye ouer-gon,
& to a castle hee fledd anon,
& victnalls⁴ it for dread.

Arradas

takes refuge
in his castle.

- 940 the Emperour was bold & stout,
& besiegged the castle about;
his⁵ banner he began to spread,
& arrayd his host full well & wiselye,
945 with wepons strong & mightye
he thought to make them dread.

where the
Emperor
besieges him,

- 946 the Emperour was bold & stout,
& besieged the castle about,
950 & his banner he gan to spread;
he gane assault⁶ to the hold.
King Arradas was stout & bold,
ordayned him full well.⁷

and assault
it.
Arradas

- 955 with gunes & great stones round
were throwne downe to the ground,
& on the men were cast;
they brake many backes & bones,
960 that they fought eueryc[day⁸] ones
while 7 weekes did last.

fires and
hurle stoneson the
besiegers.After seven
weeks,

- 965 the Emperour was hurt ill therfore,
his men were hurt sore,
970 all his Ioy was past.

¹ Aragon.—Cop.
² a-dreadde.—Cop.
³ tydd.—Cop.
⁴ vnyayled.—Cop. vetyayld.—Ca.
⁵ This stanza, which seems superfluous, is not in the Cambridge text.
⁶ —F.
⁷ A letter like *t*, seemingly blotted out, precedes *assalte* in the MS.—F.
⁸ assalte.—Cop.
⁹ And defendyd hym full faste.—Ca.
And ordered it full well. Rawlinson MS. (Percy Soc., p. 62).—F.
¹⁰ day.—Cop.

Arradas

*King Arradas thought full longe
that hee was besiegued soe stronge,
with soe much might & maine :*

sends to
the Emperor

968 2 Lords forth a Message he sent,
& straight to the Emperour thé¹ went.
soe when they cold him see,
of peace² they can him pray,³
972 to take truce⁴ till a certaine day.
thé kneeled downe on their knee,

to say that
he did not
slay his son,

& said, "our King sendeth word to thee
that he neuer your sonne did slay,⁵
976 soe he wold quitt him faine ;
he was not then present,
nor did noe wise⁶ consent
that your sonne was slaine.

980 That [he] will proue, if you will soe,
your selfe and he betweene you tow,
if you will it sayne ;

[page 22]

and to
propose a
settlement
of their
quarrel by
single
combat ;

" or else take your selfe a Knight,
984 & he will gett another to fight

on a certaine day :

if that your Knight hap soe
ours for to discomfort or sloe,

if the
Emperor's
knight wins

988 as by fortune itt may,
our King then will doe your will,
be att your bidding lowde & still
without more delay ;

Arradas will
give in ;

if Arradas's
knight wins,

992 " & alsoe if it you betyde
that your knight on your syde
be slaine by Mischance,

¹ y^r.—Cop.

² peas.—Cop.

⁴ treues.—Cop.

³ Only the long part of the y is in the
MS.—F.

⁵ ale.—Cop.

⁶ noe wise did.—Cop.

My Lord shall make your warr to cease,¹
 [and we shall after be at pease,²]
 996 without any distance.³"

the Emperor
shall stop
his siege.

the Emperour said⁴ without fayle
 "sett a day of Battell
 by assent of the King of france ;"
 1000 for he had a great Campiowne,⁵
 in eucrye realme he wan⁶ renoune ;
 see the Emperour ceased his distance.

The
Emperor
agrees,

as he has a
famous
champion.

when peace was made, & truce came,⁷
 1004 then King Arradas were⁸ a Ioyfull man,
 & trusted vnto Tryamore.
 See after him he went without fayle,
 for to doe the great battelle
 1008 to his helpe & succour.

Arradas

sends for
Triamore
to fight for
him,

his Messengers were come & gone,
 tydings of him hard⁹ the none.
 the King Arradas thought him long,
 1012 " & he be dead, I may say alas !
 who shall then fight with Marradais
 that is soe stout & strong ? "

but can hear
no tidings of
him.

when Tryamore was whole¹⁰ & sound,
 1016 & well healed of his wound,
 he busked him for to fare;

Triamore
gets well.

¹ orane.—Cop.

² This line is from Copland's text. —H.
He revyeth yow that ye wyll cease,
And let oure lordys be in pease.—Ca.

³ — Dystaunce, *supra in Debate ref*

lyerende (discrecio).—Promptorium.

⁴ Fr. distance, difference. Cotgrave.—F.

⁵ We keep the end of the MS., though

it is not wanted, and the Cambridge text
has not got it.—F.

⁶ Champion. MS. campanye.—F.
Company.—Cop.

⁷ the.—Cop.

⁸ truces tane.—Cop.

⁹ was.—Cop.

¹⁰ herde.—Cop.

¹⁰ hole.—Cop.

and asks his
mother who
his father is.

he sayd, "mother," with mild cheere,
" & I wist what my father were,
1020 the lesse were my care."

His mother
will not tell
him till he
marries,

" sonne," shee said, " thou shalt witt ;
when ¹ thou hast Marryed *that* Ladye sweet,
thy father thou shalt ken."

1024 "mother," he said, "if you will [soe,²]
haue good day, for now I goe
to doe my Masteryes if I can.³"

so he starts

for Arragon.

1028 then rode he ouer dale & downe
vntill he came to Arragon,
ouer many a weary way.
aduentures many him befell,
& all he scaped full well,
1032 in all his great Iourney.

On his way

he sets his
grey hounds
at a hart,

he saw many a wild beast
both in heath & in forrest ;
he had good grey-hounds ³ ;
1036 then to a hart he let them run
till 14 fosters spyd him soone,
soe threatened him greatlye ;

and is
attacked by
fourteen
fosters.

Tryamore
takes to
pursy them,

1040 they yeede to him with weapons on euerye side ;
it was noe boote to bid them byde ;
Tryamore was loth to flye,
& said vnto them, " Lords, I you pray,
lett me in peace wend my way
1044 to seeke my grayhounds ³."

offers them
all his
money.

then said Tryamore as in this time,
" gold & siluer, take all mine
if ⁴ that I haue tresspassed ought."

¹ Whan.—Cop.
² soe.—Ca.

³ and speke wyth my leman.—Ca.
⁴ Of.—Cop.

- 1062 Thô said, "wee will meete with thy anon, [page 223] there shall noe gold borrow thee soone,¹ They refuse it,
but in prison thou shalt be brought,
Such is the law of the ground ;² and threatens
1063 Whosoever therin may be found,
other way goe the nought." to prison him.
- then Sir Tryamore was full woe
that to prison he shold goe; Triamore
- 1064 hee thought the flesh to deare bought.
there was no more to say,
the fosters att him gan lay
with strokes sterne and stout. is attacked
by the
foresters,
- 1065 there Tryamore with them fought;
some to the ground be brought;
he made them lowe to looke;
some of them fast gan pray, and soon
1066 the other fled fast away
with wounds wyde that they sought.³ discomfits
them,
- Tryamore sought & found⁴ his gray-hounds ; but finds
he hear[k]ned to their yerning⁵ sounds,
1067 & thought not for to leaue them soe.
at last he came to a water side;
there he saw the beast abyde
that had slaine 2 of his grayhounds ; slain by a
hart,
- 1072 the 3⁴ full sore troubled the hind,
& he hurt him with his trinde⁶ ;
then was Tryamore woe.
if the battaile had lasted a while,
1076 the hart wold the hound beguile,⁷
& take his life for euermore.
and the other wounded.

¹? M.S.: it may be meant for *frame* ;
but one stroke of the *m* is missing.—F.

² Ca. has "ye must lese yowre ryght
hands."—F.

³? *takke*.—F.

⁴ *ned* and *sought*.—Cop.

⁵? *running*.—F.

⁶ One stroke of the *n* is wanting in the
M.S. Ca. has *Tyndys*, branches of the
antlers.—F.

⁷ *begyle*.—Cop.

- Triamore kills the deer, blows his horn,
and king Arradas bears it.
- A forester runs in,
- tells the king that his keepers have been slain by the knight
- that blew the horn.
- Arradas says he wants such a man,
- and tells three knights to fetch him.
- Tryamore smote att the deere, and¹ to the hart went the spere ; then his horne he blew full sore. the King Lay there beside at Mannour² that same tide ; he hard a horne blowe ;
- they had great wonder in hall, both Knights, Squiers,³ & all, for noe man cold it know.
- with that ran in a foster into the hall with euill cheere, & was full sorry, I trow.
- the King of tydings gan him fraine ; he answered, " Sir King, your Keepers be slaine, and lye dead on a rowe. there came a knight that was mighty, he let 3 grayhounds that were wightye, & laid my fellowes full lowe : "
- he sayd, it was full true that the same that the horne blew that all this sorrow hath wrought.
- King Arradas said then, " I hane great need of such of a man ; god hath him hither brought."
- the King commanded Knights 3, he said, " goe⁴ feitch yond gentleman to me that is now at his play ; looke noe ill words with him yee breake, but pray him with me for to speake ; I trow he will not say nay."

¹ One stroke of the *n* missing in the MS.—F.

² maner.—Cop.

³ Squiers, knights.—Cop.

⁴ MS. god:—F.

- 1108 Every knight his steed hent,
& lightlye to the wood¹ the went
to seeke Tryamore that child.
the found him by a water side
1112 where he brake the beast² that tyde,
that hart that was soe wylde.

The knights

find
Triamore,

- tho said, "Sir! god be at your game!"
he answered them even the same;
1116 then was he frayd of guile.
"Sir Knight!" they said, "is itt your will
to come & speake our King vntill
with word[e]s meeke & mylde?" [page 226]

salute him.

and ask if he
will come to
their king.

- 1120 Tryamore asked shortlye,³
"what hight your King, tell yee mee,
that is lord⁴ of this land?"
"this Land hight Arragon,
1124 & our King, Arradas, with crowne;
his place his heire att hand."

Arradas of
Arragon.

- Tryamore went vnto the K[ing,]
& he was glad of his cominge,
1128 he knew him att first sight;
the King tooke him by the hand,
& said, "welcome into this land!"
& asked⁵ him what he hight.

Triamore
comes.Arradas
welcomes
him.

- 1132 "Sir, my name is Tryamore;
once you helpt me in a stowre
as a noble man of might;
& now I am here in thy Land;
1136 soe was I neuer erst, as I vnderstand,
by god full of might."

and
Triamore
tells him
who he is.¹ wood.—Cop.² The top of some letter over the *a* is
marked out in the MS. *broke* means
"cut up."—P.³ shortlye.—Cop.⁴ There is a round blot like an *o* after
the *r* in the MS.—F.
⁵ axet.—Cop.

- Arradas when the King wist it was hee,
is very glad, his hart reioiced greatlye ;
- 1140 3 times he did downe fall,
& [said] " Tryamore, welcome to me !
great sorow & care I haue had¹ for thee ;"
and tells and he told him al ;
- of the day 1144 " with the Emperour I² tooke a day
set for the [to] defend me if *that* I may ;
fight with the to Iesu I will call ;
Emperor's for I neuer his sonne slew ;
champion.
1148 god he knoweth I speake but true,
& helpe me I trust he shall ! "
- then said Tryamore tho, ["I am fulle woe³]
that you for me haue beeene greeued soe,
- 1152 if I might it amend ;
& att the day of battell
I trust to proue⁴ my might as⁵ well,
if god will grace me send."
- of which the 1156 then was King Arradas very glad,
latter is and of Marradas was not adread :
glad.
when he to the batteile shold wend,
he ioyed⁶ *that* he shold well speed,
- 1160 for Tryamore was warry⁷ at neede
against his enemye to defend.
- there Tryamore dwelled with the King
many a weeke without lettinge ;
- 1164 he lacked right nought.
& when the day of battayle was came,
On the day the Emperour with his men hasted full soone,
fixed, the & manye wonder thought ;
Emperor

¹ Cop. omits *had*.—H.² MS. he.—F.⁴ From Ca.—F.⁶ prome, in the MS.—F.³ This word is blotted in the MS.—⁵ joyed.—Cop.⁷ ware.—Cop.

1168 he brought thither both **King & Knight** ;
 & Marradas, that was of **might**,
 to batteille he him brought.
 there was many a seemelye man,
 1172 moe then I tell you can ;
 of them all he ne wrought.

brings his
champion,
Marradas ;

both partyes that ilke day
 into the feeld tooke the way,
 1176 they were already i dight.
 the King there kissed Tryamore,
 & sayd, "I make thee mine [heyre¹] this hower,
 & dubb thee a knight."

"Sir," said Tryamore, "take no dread ;
 I trust Jesus will me sp^{ee}de,
 for you be in the right ;
 therfore through gods grace
 1184 I will fight for you in this place
 with the halpe of our Lords might ! "

the King
brings

Tryamore,

who trusts
in Christ's
help.

both partyes were full swore
 to hold the promise that was made before ;
 1188 to Jesus can hee² call.
 Sir Tryamore & Sir Marradas
 both well armed was
 amonge the Lords all ;

1192 ecche of them were sett on steede ;
 all men of Tryamore had dreede,
 that was soe hind in all.⁴
 Marradas was stiffe & sure,⁵
 1196 their⁶ might noe man his stroake endure,
 But that he made them fall.

Both parties
swear to
abide by the
result.

Tryamore

and
Marradas

[page 227]

¹ al redy.—Cop.

¹ Ther was none so hynde in halle.—Ca.

¹ heyre.—Cop.

¹ so stiffe in stoure.—Ca.

¹ they.—Cop.

¹ then.—Ca.

- charge,
break their
spears and
shields,
- and fight
marvel-
lously.
- Triamore
kills Mar-
adas's horse,
- and then
offers him
his own.
- Marradas
refuses it.
- Both alight
- then rode they together¹ full right;
with sharpe speres & swords bright
1200 they smote together sore;
th  spent speres & brake sheelds,
th  busled² fowle in middest the feelds,
either fomed as doth a bore.
- 1204 all th ³ wondred that beheld
how th  fought in the feeld;
there was but a liffe.⁴
Marradas fared fyer⁵ wood
- 1208 because Tryamore soe long stood;
sore gan hee smite.
Sir Tryamore fayled of Marradas,
that sword lighted vpon his horsse,
- 1212 the sword to ground gan light.
Marradas said, "it is great shame
on a steed to wreake his game!
thou sholdest rather smite mee!"
- 1216 Tryamore swore, "by gods might
I had leuer it had on thee light!
then I wold not be sorye⁶;
- 1220 "but here I giue thee steede mine
because I haue slaine thine;
by my will it shalbe soe."
Marradas sayd, "I will [him] nought
till I hane him with stroakes bought,"
- 1224 [and won him from my foe.⁷]
& Tryamore lighted from his horsse,
& to Marradas straight he goes,
for both on foote they did light.

¹ the longer.—Cop.² powsed.—Cop.³ they.—Cop.⁴ ? a life to be lost.—F. lyte (little). ⁵ fare.—Cop.
—Cop. ⁶ sore.—Cop.⁷ ?; a line is wanting in the MS. Co
has "And wonne hym here in fyght
—F.

1228 Sir Tryamore spared him nought,
 [But evyr in his hert he thought¹]
 "this day was I made a Knight!"

1229 & thought that he himselfe wold be slaine soone,
 1230 "or else of him I will win my shooone"²
 through gods might." and fight on
foot
 1231 the laid echo at other with good will
 with sharpe swords made of steele ;
 1232 that saw³ many a knight.

1233 great wonder it was to behold
 the stroakes that was betwixt them soe bold ; sorely.
 all men might it see.
 1234 the were weary, & had soe greatlye bled ;
 Marradas was sore adread, Marradas
grows faint.
 he fainted then greatlye ;

1235 & that Tryamore lightlie beheld,
 1236 & fought feerolye in the feeld ;
 he stroke Marradas soe sore
 /that the sword through the body ran.
 then was the Emperour a sorry man ;
 1238 he made thenn peace for euer-more ; Triamore
kills him.
The
Emperor

1239 he kissed the King, & was his freind,
 & tooke his leaunce homewards to wend ; kisses
Arradas,
and goes
home.
 noe longer there dwell wold hee.
 1240 then King Arradas & Tryamore
 went to the palace with great honor,
 into that rych citye.
 there was ioy without care,
 1244 & all they had great welfare,
 there might no better bee ; Arradas and
Triamore
return
to the city.

¹ From Ca.—F. ever in hys herte he thought.—Cop.
² See p. 77. l. 604. ³ saunce.—Cop.

hunt, ride,
and enjoy
themselves.

they hunted & rode many a where,
full great pleasure they had there.

Arradas
offers to
make
Triamore his
heir,

1260 among the knights of price
the King profered him full fayre,
& sayd, " Tryamore, Ile make thee mine heyre,
for thou art strong & wise."

but Triamore
declines, and

1264 Sir Tryamore said, " Sir, trulye
into other countryes goe will I ;
I desire of you but a steed,
& to other lands will I goe

asks only a
steed;

1268 some great aduentures for to doe,
thus will I my liffe lead."

he means to
do adven-
tures.

the King was verry sorry tho ;
when that hee wold from him goe,
he gaue him a sure weede,¹

Arradas
gives him
money
and a fearless
steed,

& plenty of siluer & gold,
& a steed as hee wold,
that nothing wold feare.

1276 hee tooke his leaue of the King,
And mourned at his departing,
then hasted he him there ;

and promises
him all
his realm.

1280 the King sayd, " Tryamor ! that ² is mine,
when thou list it shall be thine,
all my kingdome lesse & more."

Triamore

Now is Tryamore forth goe ;
Lords & ladyes were full woe,³
euery man loued him there.

rides to
Hungary.

Tryamore rode in hast trulye
into the Land of Hungarye,
aduentures for to seeke.⁴

¹ *steede* is marked out in the MS.—F.

² whatever, all that.—F.

³ for him were woe.—Cop.

⁴ The Cambridge text sends him generally everywhere before going to Hungary.—F.

1288 betweene 2 mountaines, the sooth to say,
he rode forth on his way;
with a palmer he did mee;

On his road
a palmer

1292 he asked almes for gods sake,
& Tryamore him not forgate,
he gaue him with words sweete.
the palmer said, "turne yee againe,
or else I feare you wilbe slaine ;
1296 you may not passe but you be beat."

warns him
to turn back

Tryamore asked "why soe ?"
"Sir," he said, "there be brethren tow
that on the mountaine dwells."
1300 "faith," said Tryamore, "if there be no more,
I trust in god that way to goe,
if this be true that thou tells."
he bade the palmer good day,
1304 & rode forth on his way
over heath & feeds;

for fear of
two brothers
there.

Tryamore
rides on,

the palmer prayed to him full fast,
Tryamore was not agast,
1308 he blew his horne full shrill.
he had not rydden but a while,
not the Mountenance of a mile,
2 knights he saw on a hill:

and soon
meets

two knights,

1312 the one of them to him gan ryde,
they other still gan abyde
a little there beside.
& when the did Tryamore spye,
1316 the said, "turne thee traytor, or thou shalt dye,
therfore stand & abydo ! "

who order
him to go
back.

' traytor turne.—Cop.

One charges
him,

either againe other¹ gan ryd fast,
theire strokes mad their speres to brast,

1320 & made them wounds full wyde.

the other

the other knight that honed² soe,
wondred that Tryamore dared soe :

he rode to them that tyde

separates
them,

1324 & departed them in twaine,
& to speake fayre he began to fraine
with words that sounded well :

asks
Triamore
his name,

1328 to Tryamore he³ sayd anon,
“a doughtyer Knight I neuer saw none !⁴
thy name that thou vs tell.”

Tryamore said, “first will I wett
why that you doe keepe this street,
& where that you doe dwell.”

and says
that their
brother
Marradas

th  said, “wee had a brother hight Marradas,
with the Emperour forsooth he was,
a stronge man well I-know.⁵

was slain by
one
Triamore,

1336 in Arragon, before the Emperour,
a knight called Sir Tryamore
in battel there him slew⁶;

and their
elder brother
Burlong

1340 “ & alsoe wee say another,
Burlong⁷ our elder brother,
as a man of much might ;
he hath beseeched soothlye
the Kings daughter of HUNGARVE ;
1344 to wed her he hath height ;

¹ other than.—Cop. ryd has a tag at the end.—F.

² hoved, i.e. hovered on the hill, qu.—P. hoved is common in the sense of halted.—F.

³ they.—Cop.

⁴ so doughty a knight knowe I none.—Cop.

⁵ y-nough (enough).—Ca.

⁶ There is something like another before the w in the MS.—F.

⁷ Burlonde.—Ca.

" & soe well hee hath sped
 that hee shall that Lady wedd
 but shee may find a Knight
 1348 that BRONGE overcome may ;
 to that they haue tooke a day,
 wage battel & fight ;

is to wed
 Queen Helen
 of Hungary
 unless she
 can find a
 knight to
 beat him,

" for that same Tryamore
 1362 loued that Ladye paramoure,
 as it is before told ;
 if he will to Hungarey,
 needs must he come vs by ;
 1366 to meeete with him wee wold."

and she is
 Tryamore's
 love.

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They'd like
 to catch him.

Tryamore said, " I say not nay,
 but my name I will tell this day,
 in faith I will not Laine :
 1380 think your Journey well besett,
 for with Tryamore you haue mett
 that your brother hath slaine."

Tryamore
 says

" here he is."

" welcome ! " the said, " Tryamore !
 1364 his death shalt thou repent sore ;
 thy sorrow shall begin.
 yeeld thee to vs anon,
 for thou shalt not from vs gone
 1368 by noe manner of gin.¹ "

They call on
 him to yirld.

the smote feircly att him tho,
 & Tryamore against them 2
 without more delay.
 1372 Sir Tryamore proued him full prest,
 he brake their spere on their brest,
 hee had such assay ;

He fights
 them.

¹ gynne.—Cop. wile.—F.

SIR TRIAMORE.

- lit
ld
ll his 1376 his sheeld was broken in peeces 3,
he slays
of them. his horsse was smitten on his knee,
 soe hard att him thé thrust.¹
Sir Tryamore was then right wood,
& slew the one there as he stood
 with his sword full prest.
- he other 1380 *that other rode his way,*
 his hart was in great affray,
 yet he turned againe *that tide*,—
1384 when Tryamore had slaine his brother,
 a sorry man then was the other,—
rides at him, & straight againe to him did rydde ;

but Tri-
more kills
him too. 1388 then they 2 sore foughte
 that the other to the ground was brought
 then were thé both slaine.
- Helen
wonders
where
Triamore is. 1392 tho the Ladye on Tryamore thought,
 for of him shee knew right nought,
 shee wist not what to say.
The day to
win her is
come ; 1396 the day was come *that was sett*,
 the Lords assembled without lett,
 all in good array.
- Burlong
calls for her
knight.
She has
none. 1400 Burlonge was redye dight,
 he bade the Lady send the Knight.
 shee answered “ I ne may : ”
 for in *that castle* shee had hight
1404 to keepe her with all her might,
 as the story doth say.
- thé said, “ if Tryamore be alive,
hither² will hee come blithe ;
1404 god send vs good grace to speed !

¹ thrast.—Cop.

² MS. eith

with *that* came in Sir Tryamore
in the thickest of *that* stower,
 into the feild without dread.

But just
then
Triamore
rides into
the field,

- 1408 he asked 'what all *that* did meane.'
the people shewed *that* a battel there shold beene
 for the loue of *that* Ladye.
he saw BURLONG on his steede,
1412 & straight to him he yeede ;
 that Ladye challengeth hee.

goes straight
to Burlong,

Burlong asked him if he wold fight.
Tryamore said, " with all [my] might
1416 to slay thee, or thou me."
anon the made them readye,
& none there knew him sikerlye,
 the wondred what he shold bee.

and says he'll
fight him.

- 1420 high on a tower stood *that* good Ladye ;
shee knew not what Knight verelye
 that with Burlong did fight.
fast shee asked of her men
1424 'if *that* Knight they cold ken
 that to battell was dight ;

Helen
does not
know him ;

- 1428 'a griffon he beareth all of blew.'
a herald of armes soone him ² knew,
 & said anon-right,
" Madame ! god hath sent you succor ;
for yonder is Tryamore
 That with Burlong will fight."

but a herald
recognises
his crest,

and tells her
it is
Triamore.

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- 1432 to Iesus gan the Ladye pray
for to speed him on his Iourney
 that hee about yeed.

She prays for
his success.

¹ A kreste he beryth in blewe.—Ca.

² Syr Barnardo.—Ca.

- Triamore
and Burlong
fight then those *Knights* ran together,
1436 the speres in peeces gan shiuer,
 the fough full sore indeed ;

 for a long
while, there was noe man in the feild tho
 who shold hauue the better of them tow,
1440 soe mightilye they did them beare.
 the Battel lasted wonderous long ;
 though Burlong was neuer soe stronge,
 there found he his peere.

 till Triamore
loses his
sword. 1444 Tryamore a stroke to him mint,¹
 his sword fell downe at *that* dint
 out of his hand him froe.
 then was Burlong verry ² glad,
1448 & the Ladye was verry sad,
 & many more full woe.

 He asks for
it,
and Burlong
agrees to
give it him
if he'll tell
his name. 1452 Tryamore asked his sword againe,
 but Burlong gan him fraine
 to know first his name ;
 & said, " tell me first what thou hight,
 & why thou challengeth the Ladye bright,
 then shalt thou hauue thy sword againe."

 Triamore
tells him. 1456 Tryamore sayd, " soe mote I thee,
 My name I will tell trulye,
 therof I will not doubt ;
 men call me Sir Tryamore,
1460 I wan this Ladye in a stowre
 among Barrons stout."

 Burlong
reproaches
him with
killing
Marradas then said Burlong, " thou it was
 that slew my brother Marradas !
1464 a faire ³ hap thee befell ! "

¹ mynt.—Cop. minded, meant, intended.—F.
² wonder.—Cop. ³ ? fowle.—F.

Sir Tryamore sayd to him tho,
" see hanc I done thy Brethren 2
that on the Mountaines did dwell."

1468 Burlong said, " woe may thou bee,
for thou hast slaine my brethren 3 !
sorrow hast thou sought !

and his other
brothers,

1472 thy sword getts thou never againe
till I be avenged, & thou slaine ;
now I am well bethought ! "

and refuses
to let him
have his
sword.

Sir Tryamore sayd, " noe force¹ tho,
thou shalt repent it ere thou goe ;
1476 doe forth ! I dread thee nought ! "
Burlong to smite was readye bowne,
his feete alipt,² & hee fell downe,
& Tryamore right well nought,³

Burlong
makes ready
to strike ; his
foot slips,
and he falls.

1480 his sword lightlye he vp hent,
& to Burlong fast he went ;
for nothing wold he flee ;
& as he wold hanc risen againc,
1484 he smote his leggs enen in twaine
hard fast by the knee.

Tryamore
gets his
sword again.

cuts big
Burlong off
at the knees.

Tryamore bade him " stand vpright,
& all men may see now in fight
1488 wee beene meete of a size."

to make him
his equal in
height,

Sir Tryamore suffered him
to take another weapon,
as a knight of much prize.

and lets him
get a sword.

1492 Burlong on his stumps stood
as a man that was nye wood,
& fought wonderous hard.⁴

Burlong
fights well
on his
stumps.

¹ weare.—P.
² his fote schett.—Ca.

³ wylyly wrought.—Ca. ⁴ wrought.—Cop.
⁴ wonder faste.—Cop.

& Sir Tryamore stroake sure,
 1496 for he cold well endure ;
 of him hee was not affrayd,

but
 Triamore
 cuts his head
 off,
 1500 & vnder his ventale
 his head he smote of without fayle ;
 with that in peeces his sword brast.

and goes to
 his love.
 1504 Now is Burlong slaine,
 Helen & Triamore with maine
 into the Castle went,
 to the Ladye *that* was full bright ;
 & att the gates shee mett the *Knight*,
 & in her armes shee him hent.

welcomes
 him.
 1508 Shee said, " welcome sir Tryamore !
 for you haue bought my loue full deere,
 my hart is on you lent ! "
 The barons
 agree to hold
 their lands
 of him,
 1512 then said all the Barrons bold,
 " of him wee will our lands hold ; "
 & therto they did assent.

and the
 weding-day
 is fixed.
 1516 there is noe more to say,
 but they haue taken a certaine day
 that they both shalbe wed.
 Triamore
 sends for his
 mother,
 1520 Sir Tryamore for his mother sent,
 a Messenger for her went,
 & into the castle he[r] led.

Tryamore to his mother gan saine,
 1520 " my father I wold know faine,
 sith I haue soe well sped."
 and she
 tells him
 that King
 Arradas is
 his father,
 1524 shee said, " King Arraydas of Arragon,
 is thy father, & thou his owne sonne ;
 I was his wedded Queene ;

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- "a leasing was borne me in hand,¹
& falsely fleamed me out of his land
by a traitor Keene,
- 1528 Sir Marrockee thé hight²: he did me woe,
& Sir Rodger my knight he did sloe,
that my guide³ shold haue beene."
- that she was
banished
wrongfully,
- & when *that Tryamore* all heard,⁴
1532 & how his mother shee had⁵ sayd,
letters he made & wrought;
he prayd King Arradas to come him till,
if *that* it were his will,
1536 thus he him besought:
- & writes and
begs
Arradas
- ' if hee will come into HUNGARY
for his Manhood & his Masterye,
& *that* he wold fayle in nought.'
- 1540 then was King Arradas verry glad ;
the Messengers great guifts had
for they tydings *that* they brought.
- to come to
Hungary.
- the day was come *that* was sett,
1544 the Lords came thither without let,
& ladyes of great prude ;
then wold they noe longer lett ;
shortlye after⁶ they are fett,
1548 with 2 dukes on euerye side ;
- On the
wedding-
day,
- they lady to the church thé led ;
a Bishopp them together did wed,
in full great hast thé hyed.
- 1552 soone after *that* weddinge
Sir Tryamore was crowned King,
they wold noe longer abyde.
- Queen Helen
is married to
Tryamore,
- who is then
crowned
king.

¹ forced on me.—F.² ? the wight.—F.³ gyder.—Cop.⁴ herdo.—Cop.⁵ to him.—Cop.⁶ after forthe.—Cop.

- the Queene, his mother Margaret,
 1556 before the King shee was sett
 in a goodlye cheare.¹
- Arradas sees
Margaret,*
 1560 *King Arradas beheld his Queene,
him thought that hee had her scene,
shee was a ladye fayre ;
the King said, " it is your will
your name me for to tell,
I pray you with words fayre."*
- and asks her
what her
name is.*
 She says she 1564 *" my Lord," sayd [she,] " I was your Queene ;
your steward did me ill ² teene ;
that euill might him befalle ! "*
 the King spake noe more words
- After dinner* 1568 *till the clothes were drawen from the bords,
& men rose in the hall.
& by the hand he tooke the Queene gent ;
soc in the chamber forth he went,
& there shee told him all.*
- she tells him
all her
history.* 1572 *then was there great Ioy & blisse !
when they together gan kisse,
then all they compayne made Ioy enough.
1576 *the younge Queene [was] full glad
that shee a Kings sonne to her Lord had,
shee was glad, I trowe ;**
- Helen is
glad too,*
 and both 1580 *couples live
long and
happily.* *in Ioy together lead their liffe
all their dayes without strife,
& lined many a fayre yeere.
Then king Arradas & his Queene
had ioy enough them betweene,
1584 *& merrily ³ liued together.**

¹ For the preceding half-stanza the Cambridge text has a whole one :

Ye may welle wete certeynly
That there was a great mangery,
There as so many were mett :

Qwene Margaret began the deyse ;
Kyng Ardus wyth-owtyn lees,

Be hur was he sett.—F.

² mekyll.—Cop.

³ merely.—Cop.

& thus wee leane of Tryamore
that lined long in great honor
 with the fayre HELLENE.¹

Good bye,
 Triamore!

1588 I pray god giue their soules good rest,
 & all *that* haue heard this litle Iest,²
 highe heauen for to win !

god grant vs all to haue *that* grace,
 him for to see in the celestyall place !
 I pray you all to say Amen !

God send all
 my bearers
 to heaven !
 Amen !

ffins.³

¹ Elyne.—Cop.

printed at London in Temes strete vpon

² Gest. P.C.—P. gest.—Cop.

the thre Crane wharfe.

³ Copland's colophon is, “

By Wyllyam

Copland.”—F.

Guye : & Amarant.¹

[See the General Introduction to the Guy Poems, under *Guy & Colebrande* below.]

Guy jour-
neys in the
Holy Land,

GUYE: iourneyed ore the sanctifyed ground
wheras the Iewes fayre citye someti[me] stood,
wherin our saviours sacred head was crowned,

- 4 & where for sinfull man he shed his blood.
to see the sepulcher was his intent,
the tombe that Ioseph vnto Iesus lent.

and meets
a woefull
man,

whose fifteen
sons are held
in bondage
by

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
8 & passed desarts places ² full of danger;
att last with a most woefull wight did meet,
a man ³ that vnto sorrow was noe stranger,
for he had 15 sonnes made captiues all
12 to slauish ⁴ bondage, in extremest thrall.

the giant
Amarant.

A gyant called Amarant detained them,
whom noe man durst encounter for his strenght,
who, in a castle which he held, had chaind them.

Guy under-
takes to free
them,

16 Guy questions w[h]ere,⁵ & vnderstands at lenght
the place not farr. "lend me thy sword," quoth Guy ;
"Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free."

and knocks
loudly at the
giant's door.

20 With that he goes & layes vpon the dore
like one, he sayes, *that must & will come in.*
the Gyant, he was neere soe rowzed before,

¹ By the elegance of Language & easy Flow of the versification, this Poem should be more modern than the rest.—P. The first bombastic rhodomontade affair in the book. Certainly modern, and certainly bad, as bad as it well can be, if it was meant seriously. One is tempted in charity to think it a quiz of

the style it affects. Cp. st. 31, "but did not promise you they should be fatt." l. 186.—F. ² desert-p[laces].—P.

³ called Erle Jonas, p. 253 [of MS. torn out for *King Estmere*].—P.

⁴ There are two strokes in MS. after the *u*, one is dotted.—F.

⁵ where.—P.

for noe such knocking at his gate had beene ;
soe takes his keyes & club, & goeth out,

28 Staring with irefull countenance about :

Amarant

comes forth,

" Sirra ! " sais hee, " what busines hast thou hecro ?
art come to feast my crowes about the walls ¹ ?

didst ² never heare noe ransome cold him cleere

29 that in the compas of my furye falls ³ ?

for making me to take a porters paines,
with this same club I will dash out thy braines."

and says
he'll dash
Guy's brains
out.

" Gyant," saies Guy, " your quarrelsome, I see ;
32 choller & you are something neero of Kin ;
dangerous at a club be-like you bee ;
I hane beene better armed, though now goe th[in.]
bat shew thy vtmost hate, enlarge thy spite !
36 hecro is the weapon that must doe me right."

Guy answers

that his
sword will
right him.

Soe takes his sword, salutes [him ⁴] with the same
about the head, the shoulders, & the sides,
whilst his erected club doth death proclaime,
40 standing with huge Collossous spacious strydes,
putting such vigor to his knotted beame
that like a furnace he did smoke extreme.

and attacks
the giant.

who strikes
fierce
strokes.

Bet on the ground he spent his stroakes in vaine,
44 for Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
& ere he cold recouers ⁵ clubb againe,
did beate his plated coate against his will :
att such aduantage Guy wold never fayle
48 to beate him soundly in his coate of Mayle.

which Guy
avoids,

and backs at
the giant.

¹ well - P.

²? MS. *dudest* or the *e* has been altered
to part of the *s*.—F.

³ fall - P.

⁴ him with. - P.

⁵ There's an apostrophe in recent ink
over the *s* in the MS. -F.

Amarant
grows faint,

and asks
Guy to let
him drink at
a spring.

Guy gives
him leave.

Amarant
drinks so
greedily

that Guy
wonders.

He calls on
Amarant to
fight again.

The giant

Att last through strength, Amarant¹ feble grew,
& said to Guy, "as thou art of humane race,
shew itt in this, ginee nature² wants her dew ;
let me but goe & drinke in yonder place ;
thou canst not yeeld to³ [me] a smaller thing
then to grant life *thats giuen by the spring.*"

"I give the leau," sayes Guy, "goe drinke thy⁴ last,
56 to pledge the dragon & the savage beare,⁵
suceed the tragedyes *that they hane past* ;
but neuer thinke to drinke⁶ cold water more⁷ ;
drinke deepe to death, & after *that carouse*
60 bid him receiue thee in his earthen house."

Soe to the spring he goes, & slakes his thirst,
takeing in⁸ the water in, extremly like
Some wracked shipp *that on some rocke is burst*, [p. 233]
64 whose forced bulke against the stones doe stryke ;
Scoping it in soe fast with both his hands
that Guy, admiring, to behold him stands.

"Come on," quoth Guy, "lets to our worke againe ;
68 thou stayest about thy liquor ouer longe ;
the fish which in the riuier doe remaine
will want thereby ; thy⁹ drinking doth them
wrong ;
but I will [have] their¹⁰ satisfaction made ;
72 with gyants blood the^e must & shall be payd ! "

"Villaine," quoth Amarant, "Ile crush thee straight !
thy life shall pay thy daring toungs offence !
this club, which is about some hundred waight,

¹ the strength of A: or thro' lacke
of strength he.—P. This circumstance
seems borrowed from song 104. p. 349,
[of MS. *Guy & Colebrande*.]—P.

² An 's has been added by P. in the
MS.—F.

³ unto.—P.

⁴ One stroke too many for *thy* in the
MS.—F.

⁵ boar. Qu.—P.

⁶ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁷ here, Qu., or mair.—P.

⁸ delend.—P.

⁹ MS. their.—F. thy.—P.

¹⁰ have their.—P.

76 has deethes comission to dispatch¹ thee hence;
dresse thee for Banens dyett. I must needs
& breake thy bones as they were made of reeds! "

say w^t
treat Guy.
bones.

Incensed much art² this bold Pagans host,
soe which worthy Guy cold ill endure to beare,
he hewes vpon those bigg supporting postes
which like 2 pillars did his body beare.
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
& desperateli att guy his club he throwes,

Guy hew
away at
Amarant's
legs;

he throwes his
club at Guy.

Which did directlye on his body light
soe heasy & soe weightye³ there withall,
that downe to ground on sudden came the Knight:
14 & ere he cold recover from his fall,
the gyant gott his club againe in his fist,
& stroke a blow that wonderfullye mist.

and knockts
him down.

"Traytor!" quoth Guy, "thy falsehood Ile repay,
77 this coward art to intercept my blode."
says Amarant, "Ile murther any way;
with enemyes, all vantages are good;
o' cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
8. be sure of it, I wold destroy the soe!"

Guy re-
proaches
him for
fighting
unfairly.

"Its well," said Guy, "thy honest thoughts appear
within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell,
which are thy tennants while thou liest heere,
but wilbe landlords when thou comest in hell.
Vile miscreant! prepare thee for their den!
Inhumane monster, hurtfull vnto men!"

"But breath thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
94 for flameing Phebus with his fyrye eye
torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke

and tasks
him to
drunk.

Here again is the eth for tek, noticed — MS. all. — F. — att this — P.
to vol. i. p. 23, note 1.—F. — weightye. — P.

my thirst wold serne to drinke an Ocean drye.
forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."

108 Quoth Amarant, "thou hast noe foole of mee !

Amarant
refuses : he
is not such a
fool

" Noe ! sillye wretch ! my father taught more
how I shold vse such enemyes as thou.
by all my gods ! I doe reioyce at itt,

112 to vnderstand *that* thirst constraines thee now ;
for all the treasure that the world containes,
one drop of water shall not coole thy vaynes.

as to refresh
his foe.

116 " Releeue my foe ! why, twere a madmans part !
refresh an aduersarye, to my wronge !
. if thou imagine this, a child thou art.
no, fellow ! I haue knowne the world to longe
to be soe simple now I know thy want ;
120 a Minutes space to thee I will not grant."

Amarant
swings his
club round,

And with these words, heauing a-loft his club
into the ayre, he swinges the same about,
then shakes his lockes, & doth his temples rabb,
124 & like the Cyclops in his pride doth strout¹ ;
" Sirra," said hee, " I haue you at a lifte ;
now you are come vnto your latest shift ;

and promises
to kill Guy

128 " Perish for euer with this stroke I send thee,
a Medicne will doe thy thirst much good ;
take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,
& then weclle haue carowses of thy blood !
heeres at thee with a buckers downe-right blow,
132 to please my fury with thine ouerthrow ! "

and drink
his blood.

Guy abuses
the giant,

" Infe[r]nall, false, obdurat feend ! " Guy said,²
" *that* seemes a lump of crueltye from hell !
ingratefull monster ! since thou hast denyd³

¹ Strowt yñ, or bocyn owto (bowtyn, S.) *Turgeo*, Catholicon, Prompt.—F.

² cryd ; [or] perhaps, ' said Guy.'—P.

³ dost deny.—P.

136 the thing to mee wherin I vsed thee [well,¹]
with more revengo then ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revengo Ille take ! [page 224]

“ Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
140 except thy sunscorcht sckin doe weapon prouc.²
farwell my thirst ! I doe disdaine to drinke.
streames, keepe you[r] waters to you[r] owne
behoues,³
or let wild beasts be welcome therunto ;
144 with those pearle dropps I will not haue to doo.

bids the
streams keep
their waters
for them-
selves,

“ Hold, tyrant ! take a tast of my good will ;
for thus I doe begin my bloodye bont ;
you cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,—
148 it is not *that* same club will beare you out,—
& take this payment on thy shaggye crowne,”
a blow *that* brought him with a vengeance
dow[ne].

strikes
Amarant,
fetches him
down,

Then Guy sett foot vpon the monsters brest,
152 & from his shoulders did his head devyde,
which with a yawninge mouth did gape vnblest,—
noe dragons lawes were euer scene soe wyde
to open & to shut,—till liffe was spent.
156 soe Guy tooke Keyes, & to the castle went,

cuts off his
head,

Where manye woefull captiues he did find,
which had beeene tyred with extremitye,
whom he in freindly manner did vnbond,
160 & reasoned with them of their miserye.
eeche told a tale with teares & sighes & cryes,
all weeping to him with complaining eyes.

sets free his
captives,

¹ well — P

² be weapon-proof. — P

³ behouf. — P.

some, ladies

There tender Laidyes in darke dungeon¹ lay,
 164 *that were surprised in the desert wood,*
 & had noe other dyett euerye day

who had
been fed on
their dead
lovers and
husbands,—

then flesh of humane creatures for their food ;
 some with their louers bodyes had beene fed,
 168 & in their wombes² their husbands buried.

and the
palmer's
fifteen sons,

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
 to enlarge they³ wronged Brethren from⁴ their
 w[oes ;]
 & as he searcheth, doth great clamors heare ;
 172 by which sad sounds direction, on he goes
 vntill he findeſ a darkesome obscure gate,
 armed strongly ouer all with Iron plate :

who were
like the
pictures of
Death.

That⁵ he vnlockes, and enters where appeares
 176 the strangest obiect *that he euer saw,*
 men *that with famishment of many yeerres*
 will⁶ were like deaths picture, which the painters
 dra[w ;]
 diuers of them were hanged by eche thumbe ;
 180 others, head downward ; by the middle, summe.⁷

Guy restores
the palmer
his sons,

With dilligence he takes them from the walls,
 with lybertye their thraldome to accquainte.
 then the perplexed Knight the fathur calls,
 184 & sayes, “ receiue thy sonnes, thoe poore & faint !
 I promised you their liues ; except of *that*⁸ ;
 but did not promise you the shold be fatt.

gives him
the giant's
castle,

“ The castle I doe give thee,—heere is the Keyes,—
 188 where tyranye for many yeerres did dwell ;
 procure the gentle tender Ladys ease ;

¹ Only half of the first *n* in the MS.
—F.

³ Then.—P.

² ? MS. wombers.—F.

⁴ delend.—P.

³ the.—P.
⁴ There is something like a blotched *o*
before the *r* in the MS.—F.

⁵ some.—P. The *e*, and last stroke of
the *m*, have been cut off by the binder.

—F.

⁶ accept of that.—P.

for pitty sake vse wronged women well !
men may easilie revenge the deeds men doe,
192 but poore weake women haue no strenght thereto."

and charges
him to use
the women
well.

The good old man, euen ouerioyed with this,
fell on the ground, & wold haue kist Guys fee[t.]
"father," quoth hee, " refraine soe base a kisse !
196 for age to honor youth, I hold vnmeete ;
ambitious pryd hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man." ffins.

Guy refuses
to let the
palmer kiss
his feet.

Cales : Gopage :¹

THE allusions in these lines are principally to well-known incidents in the reign of Charles I., most of which occurred between 1625 and 1630.

“Cales,” of course, means “Cadiz;” and the expeditions of Viscount Wimbledon to that place in 1625, of the Duke of Buckingham to Rhé in 1627, and of the Earl of Denbigh to Rochelle in 1628—all failures—are commemorated in lines 1, 2, and 3. Line 4 alludes to the grant of five subsidies made on the concession of the Petition of Right; lines 6, 8, and 9, refer to the death of Buckingham. The peace with Spain, mentioned in line 7, was proclaimed on the 5th of December, 1630. Lines 9 to 12 commemorate the recent passing of the Petition of Right, which took place on the 5th of June, 1628. Of lines 17 to 24 I take the meaning to be: “Do not meddle with the hierarchy for fear of the Inquisition, that is, the Star Chamber, where thou shalt find a crop-ear doom, cries Leighton.” The allusion is to the dreadful sentence inflicted on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a portion of which was that he should have “one of his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and be branded in the face.” (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 385.)

Line 25 alludes to the King’s commission for extracting fines from those who, having 40*l.* a year in lands, did not attend at the coronation to be knighted. Lines 26 to 30 refer to the case of Walter Long, sheriff of Wilts, who was fined 2,000 marks for absenting himself from his county to attend his duty in parliament. (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 235.)

¹ A kind of State Satire on the abuses in Charles 1st time—very obscure.—P.

Lines 33 to 37 relate to a speech of Sir Dudley Carleton in the House of Commons in 1628, in which he warned the House of the fate of parliaments in foreign countries, where they had been overthrown by monarchs as soon as they began to know their own strength. Hence, he continued, the misery of the people on the continent, who look like ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet. *Rushworth*, vol. i. p. 359. Whitelocke substitutes "canvas clothes" for the thin covering, p. 6. Both agree in the wooden shoes.

The allusion in the closing lines, 39 and 40, is to the Lord Chief Justice Tresilian, in the reign of Richard II. He was one of that King's evil advisers, was impeached by parliament, found guilty of treason, and hanged at Tyburn¹—which may be said to be the moral of this poem.

J. BRUCE.

ATT cales wee latelye made afay,
att Ile of Ree² wee run away,
our shippes poore Rochell did betray.

We've been
defeated
right and
left.

* 5 subisdyes for that,

but give us
five subsidies

And then wee shall to sea againe,
all that³ our generall was slaine,
& now wee haue made peace with spaine.

and we'll
fight again.

8 Iacke fellton !

Sir Artigall grand Torto⁴ slew ;
now every man must have his dew
by vertue of a gracious new
12 Petition of right.

[page 226]

We've a new
Petition of
Right.
What a
blessing !

¹ See *Political Poems and Songs*, ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 423, 460.

² See Marc Lescarbot's "La chasse aux Anglois en l'Isle de Rer et au Siege

de la Rochelle." Paris, 1629.—F.

³ Altho' or Albeit.—P.

⁴ See Spencer's *Fairy Queen*.—P.

The child of honor did deffye
In mortall fight his enemye,
& when he came to doe him dye,
 cryes Sall : Brooke.

16 cryes Sall : Brooke.

**Don't talk
of Pope
John's
children,**

Eleuen children had Pope Iohn,
Pope Iohn the twelv^t, an able man;
heeres to the daffe, Ile pledge the don.

20 A pulpitt of sack !

or the
Inquisition
will catch
hold of you.

Noe more of that, doe not presume,
ffor feare of the Inquisition at Rome,
where thou shal^t find a cropeare dome,

24 Cryes Layston.

**Don't leave
your county
when you're
Sheriff.**

Ten poundes for not being made a Knight ;
fiftie thousand Markes was deemed right
for being out of his countryes sight

28 In time o Shreanalltrye.

These & such like, as I you tell,
In fayrye land latelye befell,
where Iustice ffought with Iustice Cell

32 Att Gloster.

**Be dutiful,
or else you'll
turn French-
men, and
have to wear
wooden
shoes.**

Be dutifull, good people all,
the gouernment else alter shall,
& bring you to the state of Gaule,

36 Haire shirts & woodden shooes

Hang bad counsellors.

Noe habeas corpus shall be gott;
but for all this damned plott
Tresilian went vnto the pott

40 Att Tyburne ! fins.

King & Miller:¹

THIS copy is given in the *Reliques* "with corrections," and "collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection intitled 'A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield.'" "There are copies of this ballad," says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune, "in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 178, and p. 228; in the Bagford p. 25."

"It has been a favourite subject," says Percy, "with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have 'K. Henry and the Soldier,' 'K. James I. and the Tinker,' 'K. William III. and the Forester' &c. Of the latter sort are 'K. Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'K. Edward IV. and the Tanner,' 'K. Henry VII. and the Cobbler' &c."

"The earliest of these stories," says Professor Child in his Introduction to King Edward Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, "seems to be that of King Alfred and the Neatherd, in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester. Others of a very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot in the *Speculum Ecclesie* of Giraldus Cambrensis (an. 1220) printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae* i. 147; *King Edward and the Shepherd*, and *The King [Edward] and the Hermit* in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales* (p. 35. p. 293, the latter previously in *The British Bibliographer* iv. 81); *Rauf Coilzear*,

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 53. No. VIII.—P.

how he harbreit King Charles in Laing's Select Remains; John de Reeve and the King and the Barker, the original of the present ballad."

The idea of majesty compelled, or condescending to fraternise with low life has in foreign countries, too, excited the vulgar imagination. Such meetings of extremes—the fellowships of a power so high with a thing so low—have proved extremely fascinating. And while the stories of them show how tremendous was the interval between the king and his poor subjects, they show also how friendly was the popular conception of royalty. The king was far, far off; but he was kindly and genial. He could be imagined descending from his supreme height, and enjoying the humours of the humblest and vulgarest. Such descents were a kind of Avatars, which the people rejoiced to remember and celebrate. They served to kindle and fan their loyal affection; to bind the king and people, as showing that he was a man of like passions with themselves, not an alien unsympathetic being, scarcely human.

King Henry
will go a
hunting.

Hawk and
hound are
let go.

1

HENERY, our royall King, wold goe a huntinge
to the greene fforrest soe pleasant & fayre,
to haue the harts chased, the daintye does tripping ;
to merry Sherwood his nobles repayre ;
hauke & hound was vnbound, all things prepared
for the same to the game with good regard.

The King
hunts all
day.

8

and at night
looses himself
in the wood.

12

2

All a longe summers day rode the King pleasantly
with all his princes & nobles eche one,
chasing the hart & hind & the bucke gallantlye,
till the darke euening inforced them turne home.
then at last, ryding fast, he had lost quite
all his Lords in the wood in the darke night.

3

Wandering thus wearilie all alone vp & downe,
with a rude Miller he mett att the Last,
asking the ready way vnto fayre Nottingham.

8 "Sir," Quoth the Miller, "I meane not to Iest,
yett I thinke what I thinke truth for to say,
you doe not lightlye goe out of your way."

He meets a
Miller,
and asks his
way to Not-
tingham.
The Miller

4

"Why, what dost thou thinke of me?" Quoth our
King merrily,

9 "passing thy iudgment vpon ¹ me soe breefe."
"good faith," Quoth the Miller, "I meane ² not to
flatter thee,
"I gesse thee to bee some gentleman theefe ;
stand thee backe in the darke ! light not adowne,
16 lest I presentlye cracke thy knaues cro[wn]e!"

takes the
King for a
thief,
and
threatens to
crack his
crown.

5

"Thou doest abuse me much," quoth our King,
"saying thus.

I am a gentleman, and lodging doe lacke."

"thou hast not," quoth the Miller, "a groat in thy
purse :

The King
says he's a
gentleman
who wants
lodging.

22 all thine inheritance hanges on thy backe."

"I haue gold to discharge for *that* I call ;
if itt be 40 pence, I will pay all."

and can pay
for it.

6

"If thou beest a true man," then said the Miller,

The Miller
offers to
lodge him.

27 "I sweare by my tole dish Ile lode thee all night."

"Heeres my hand," quoth our King, "that was I ^(page 226)
ever."

"nay, soft," quoth the Miller, "thou mayst be a
sprite :

better Ile know thee ere hands I will shake;

but won't
shake hands
with him.

34 w.th none but honest men hands will I take."

¹ MS. vpon.—F.

² Only half the s in the MS.—F.

7

They go into

the Miller's
smoky house,

40

Thus they went all alonge into the Millers house,
 where they were seeding¹ of puddings & souce.²
 the Miller first entered in, then after went the King ;
 neuer came he in soe smoaky a house.³
 " now," quoth hee, " let me see heere what you are."
 Quoth our King, " looke you[r] fill, & doe not spare."

8

and the wife
asks if the
King is a
runaway.

44

" I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an honest
 fac[e] ;
 with my sonne Richard this night thou shalt Lye."
 Quoth his wiffe, " by my troth it is a good hansom
 yout[h] ;
 yet it is best, husband, to deale warrilye.
 art thou not a runaway ? I pray thee, youth, tell ;
 show vs thy pasport & all shalbe well."

Where is his
pasport ?

9

Then our King presentlye, making lowe curtesie,
 with his hatt in his hand, this he did say :
 " I haue noe pasport, nor neuer was seruitor,
 but a poore Courtyer rode out of the way ;
 & for your kindnesse now offered to me,
 I will requite it in euerye degree."

He has none,
as he is a
courtier.

52

10

Then to the Miller his wiffe whisperd secretlye,
 56 saing, " it seemeth the youth is of good kin
 both by his apparell & by his Manners ;
 to turne him out, certaintely it were a great sin."
 " yea," quoth hee, " you may see hee hath some grace,
 60 when as he speaks to his betters in place."

The Miller
thinks the
King behaves
well to his
betters,

11

" Well," quoth the Millers wiffe, " younge man, welcome
 heer[e] !
 & tho I sayt, well lodged shalt thou be ;

¹ seething, boiling.—F.² The head, feet, and ears of swine
 boi'ed and pickled for eating. Halli-

well.—F.

³ See Forewords to *Babes Books*, p.
 lxiv.—F.

fresh straw I will lay vpon your bed soe braue,
 84 good browne hempen sheetes likewise," Quoth shee.
 " I," quoth the goodman, "& when *that* is done,
 thou shalt lye noe worse then our owne sonne."

and he may
therefore lie
on straw
and hemp
sheetes with
their son,

13

" Nay first," quoth Richard, "good fellowe, tell me
 true,
 88 hast thou noe creepers in thy gay hose ?
 art thou not troubled with the Scabbado¹ ? "
 " pray you," quoth the King, "what things are
 those ?
 art thou not lowsyne nor scabbed ? " quoth hee ;
 72 "if thou beest, surely thou lyest not with me."

If he has no
creepers in
his breeches,

and is not
scabbed.

13

This caused our King suddenly to laugh most hartilye
 till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.
 then to there supper were the sett orderlye,
 76 to hott bag puddings & good apple pyes ;
 nappy ale, good & stale, in a browne bowle,
 which did about the bord Merrilye troule.

They sup on
bag-
puddings,
apple pie,
and nappy
ale.

14

" Heere," quoth the Miller, " good fellowe, Ile drinke
 to thee
 to all the courtnolls *that* curteous bee."
 " I pledge thee," quoth our King, "& thankes thee
 heartilye
 for my good welcome in euerye degree ;
 & heere in like manner I drinke to thy sonne." and the King
 to him
 " doe then," saies Richard, "& quicke let it come."

The Miller
drinks to the
King.

and his son.

15

" Wiffe," quoth the Miller, " feitch me forth lightfoote,
 that wee of his sweetnesse a litle may tast."
 a faire venson pastye shee feiched forth presentlye.

The Miller
calls for
Lightfoot.

¹ MS. may be Scolloando. See Forewords to *Babes Boks*, 1868, p. lxiv.—F.

The King likes it immensely. 88 "eate," quoth the Miller "but first make noe wast; heer is dainty Lightfoote." "infaith," quoth our King, "I neuer before eate of soe daynty a thinge."

16

Where can he buy some? 92 "Iwys," said Richard, "noe daynty att all it is, for wee doe eate of it euerye day."

It's the King's deer from Sherwood. 96 "in what place," sayd our King, "may be bought lik to th[is ?]" "wee neuer pay peennye for it, by my fay; from merry Sherwood wee feitch it home heero; now & then we make bold with our Kings deere."

17

Don't tell him. 100 "Then I thinke," quoth our King, "that it is Venison." "eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may see that; neuer are we without 2 or 3 in the rooffe, verry well fleshed & exellent flatt. but I pray thee say nothing where-ere thou goe, we wold not for 2 pence the King shold it know."

18

Certainly not, says the King. 104 "doubt not," saies¹ our King, "my promised secresy; the King shall neuer know more ont for mee." a cupp of lambes woole² they dranke vnto him, & to their bedds thé past presentlye.

Next morning the nobles 108 the Nobles next Morning went all vp & downe for to seeke the King in euerye towne;

19

[page 237]

find the King at the Miller's house, and fall on their knees before him. At last, att the Miller's house soone thé did spye him plaine, as he was mounting vpon his faire steede; to whome thé came presentlye, falling downe on their knees,

¹ MS. sayi.—F.² A favourite liquor among the common people, composed of ale and roasted

apples; the pulp of the roasted apple worked up with the ale, till the mixture formed a smooth beverage. Nares.—F.

112 which made the Millers hart wofullye bleed.
 Shaking & quaking before him he stood,
 thinking he shold be hanged by the rood.

The Miller
quakes.

20

The K[ing] perceiving him fearfully trembling,
 116 drew forth his sword, but nothing he said ;
 the Miller downe did fall crying before them all,
 doubtinge¹ the King wold cut of his head.
 but he, his kind curtesie for to requite,
 120 gane him great liuing, & dubd him a Knight.

The King
draws his
sword.

The Miller
expects to
have his
head cut off,

but is
knighted.

21

When as our noble King came from Nottingam,
 & with his nobles in westminster Lay,
 recounting the sports & the pastime the had tane
 124 in this late progressse along on the way ;
 of them all, great & small, hee did protest
 the Miller of Mansfeild liked him best ;

At West-
minster,
afterwards,

22

"And now, my Lords," quoth the King, "I am de-
 termined,
 128 against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
 that this old Miller, our youngest confirmed Knight,
 with his sonne Richard, shalbe both my guest ;
 for in this merryment it is my desire
 132 to talke with this Iollye Knight & the younge squier."

the King
resolves
to ask the
Miller and
his son up
to a feast.

23

When as the Noble Lords saw the Kings merriment,
 the were right Ioyfull & glad in their harts.
 a Pursuivant the sent straight on this busines,
 136 the which oftentimes vased those parts.
 when he came to the place where he did dwell,
 His message merrilye then he did tell.

A pur-
suivant is
sent with
the invita-
tion.

¹ fearing.—F.

24

- which he
delivers in
due form.
- 140 “ God sauē your worshippe,” then said the messenger,
 140 “ & grant your Ladye ¹ her owne harts desire ;
 & to your sonne Richard good fortune & happinesse,
 that sweet younge gentleman & gallant squier !
 our King greets you well, & thus doth say,
 144 ‘ you must come to the court on St. Georges day ’;

25

- At first the
Miller is
half afraid,
- 148 “ Therfore in any case fayle not to be in place.”
 “ I-wis,” quoth the Miller, “ it is an odd Iest !
 what shold wee doe there ? ” he sayd, “ infaith I am
 halfe afraid.”
 148 “ I doubt,” quoth Richard, “ to be hanged att the
 least.”

but on
hearing of
the feast

“ nay,” quoth the Messenger, “ you doe mistake ;
 our King prepares a great feast for your sake.”

26

- gives the
pursuivant
three
farthings,
- 152 “ Then,” said the Miller, “ now by my troth, Mes-
 senger,
 152 thou hast contented my worshipp full well :
 hold ! there is 3 farthings to quite thy great gentleness
 for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.
 let me see ! hearest thou me ? tell to our King,
 and promises 156 weele wayte on his Mastershipp in euerye thing.”
 to come.

27

- The
pursuivant
reports all
to the King.
- 160 The pursuivant smyled at their simplicity ;
 & making many ² leggs, tooke their reward,
 & takeing then his leaue with great humility,
 160 to the Kings court againe hee repayred,
 showing vnto his grace in euerye degree
 the Knights most liberall gifts & great bountye.

¹ ? MS. Ladyes.—F.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

28

When hee was gone away, thus can the Miller say,
 164 " heere comes expences & charges indeed !
 now must wee needs be braue, tho wee spend all wee
 haue ;
 for of new garments wee haue great need.
 of horsses & serving men, wee must haue store,
 168 with bridles & sadles & 20th things more."

The Miller
purposes to
buy new
clothes,
horses, &c.

29

" Tushe, Sir Iohn," quoth his wiffe, " neither doe frett
 nor frowne !
 you shall bee att noe more charges of mee !
 for I will turne & trim vp my old russett gowne,
 172 with euerye thing else as fine as may bee ;
 & on our Mill horsses full swift wee will ryd,
 with pillowes & pannells as wee shall provyde."

His wife
despises
him.

She'll trim
up the old
clothes,

and they'll
ride their
mill-horses.

30

In this most statelye sort the rod vnto the court,
 176 their lusty sonne Richard formost of all,
 who sett vp by good hap a cockes fether in his cappe ;
 & soe the iected downe towards the Kings hall,
 the Merry old Miller with his hands on his side,
 180 his wiffe like Maid Marryan did Mince at that tyde.

Then they
go to court.

31

The King & his nobles that hard of their coming,
 meeting this gallant Knight with this braue traine,
 " welcome, Sir Knight," quoth heo, " with this your
 gay Lady !
 184 good Sir Iohn Cockle, once welcome againe ;
 & soe is this squier of courage soe free ! "
 Quoth dicke, " abotts on you ! doe you know me ? "

The King
welcomes
them.

and assures
Richard
that he

32

Quoth our King gentlye, " how shall I forgett thee ?
 188 thou wast my owne bed-fellow ; well that I wot,

remembers him.

but I doe thinke on a tricke ; tell me, pray thee, dicke,
how with farting we made the bed hott."

192 " thou horson happy knaue," the[n] quoth the Knight,
" speake cleanly to our [king now,] or else goe shite !"

33

[page 238]

The King conducts them to table,

The king and his councellors hartilye laugh at this,
while the King tooke them by the hand.
with Ladys & their maids, like to the Queene of
spades

196 the Millers wiffe did most orderlye stand ;
a milkemaids curtesye at euerye word,
& downe these folkes were set to the bord,

34

Where the King royally with princely Maiestye
200 sate at his dinner with Ioy & delight.
and after dinner drinks to the Miller,
when he had eaten well, to resting then hee fell ;
taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the Knight,
"heeres to you both !" he sayd, "in ale, wine, & beere,
204 thanking you hartilye for all my good cheere."

35

and wants some of his venison.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, " Ile pledge you a pottle,
were it the best ale in Nottingam-shire."
" but then," said our King, " I thinke on a thinge,
208 some of your lightfoote I wold we had heere."
" ho : ho : " Quoth Richard, " full well I may say it ;
its knauerye to eate it & then to bewray it."

36

He asks Richard to pledge him.

Dick says he must finish his dinner first ; he wants a blacke pudding,

" What ! art thou hungry ? " quoth our King merrilie,
212 " infaith I take it verry vnkind ;
I thought thou woldest pledg me in wine or ale
heartil[y.] "
" yee are like to stay," quoth Dicke, " till I haue
dind ;
you feed vs with twatling dishes soe small.
216 zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all."

37

"I, marry," quoth our King, "that were a daintye thing,
if wee cold gett one heere for to eate."

with that, dicks straight arose, & plucket one out of
his h[ose,]

229 which with heat of his breech began for to sweat.

the King made profer to snatch it away;

" its meate for your Master, good Sir, you shall stay ! "

and palls
one out of
his breeches.

"That's meat
for your
master, Sir
King."

38

Thus with great merriment was the time¹ wholy spent;

234 & then the Ladyes prepared to dance.

old Sir John² Cockle & Richard incontinent

vnto this practise the King did advance,

where-with the Ladyes such sport the did make,

229 the Nobles with laughing did make their heads ake.

The Miller
and Richard
dance with
the ladies,

and make
the nobles
laugh.

39

Many thankes for their paines the King did give them
then,

asking young Richard if he wold be wed:

" amongst these ladyes faire, tell me which liketh thee."

222 Quoth hee, " Iugg Grumball with the red head ;

shees my loue ; shees my liffe ; her will I wed ;

shee hath sworne I shall haue her maidenhead."

The King
asks Dick
which lady
he'd like.
" Iugg
Grumball
with the red
head."

40

Then Sir John Cockle the King called vnto him ;

226 & of Merry sherwood made him ouerseer,

& gane him out of hand 300³ yearlye,

" but now take heede you steale noe more of my deere !

& once a quarter lets haue your vew ;

220 & thus, Sir John Cockle, I bid thee adew ! "

The King
makes the
Miller
ouerseer
of Sherwood,
and warns
him not to
steal any
deer.

ffins.

¹ A y has been altered into part of
the = in the MS.—F.

² Only half the s in the MS.—F.

[“Ponche,” printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 61, follows here
in the MS.]

Agincourt Battell.¹

AGINCOURT must have been a tempting theme to the ballad-writer and poet of its day. The splendid pluck with which the little English army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed, and harassed by long marches and hostile skirmishers, nevertheless went at its enemies, facing the terrible odds of more than six to one, and put to ignominious rout the vaunting knights of France, must have appealed to the English heart and the English pride, and ought to have been worthily sung. The ballad-writer especially was bound to take it up, for the class he wrote for led the van and won the field. As at Crecy, as at Poictiers, so at Agincourt, the English yeomen humbled the gentlemen of France. Like the *feu d'enfer* of our rifles at Inkerman, the hail of yeomen's arrows gained England honour in the olden hard-fought field. But though at Agincourt the rout of the first division of the French army was due solely to our bowmen, against the second, squire and knight, noble and king did well their part too—none better than the Harry who said “WE WILL NOT LOSE,” and gave the battle lastingly the name of *Azincourt*. To the valour of all was due the flight of the French third division, which, though more than double the number of the English host, feared to face their arrows and their swords, and galloped off the field. That “the people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph” at the victory—rushing into the sea to meet Henry, and carrying him on shore on their shoulders—we do not wonder; but it is somewhat odd that no better ballad or poem on the battle should have come down to us, though in a play Shakspeare has done it justice. The ballads known to me are only—

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.

1. The *Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!* printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 24, "from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i., folio," and to which the musical notes of the MS. are given in vol. ii. p. 24 of the second edition of the *Reliques*. 2. The present copy, having seven stanzas more than, but being otherwise nearly the same as, that in the Crown Garland of Golden Roses, ed. 1569 (p. 69 of the Percy Soc. reprint), the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726-38, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.; *Evans*, vol. ii. p. 351, &c. 3. The *Three Man's Song*,—far the best of the lot,—the first verse of which is quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* ed. 1600 (p. 52 of the Shakspere Soc. reprint), and the whole of which is printed from a black-letter copy (about 1665, Mr. Collier tells me) in Collier's *Shakspere*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538. Its title is "Agin Court, or the English Bowman's Glory;" to a pleasant new Tune. London, printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield. It is a broadside, and contains eleven seven-line stanzas. It begins "Agincourt! Agincourt! Know ye not Agincourt?" 4. The ballad No. 286 in the Halliwell Collection in Chetham's Library, Manchester, entitled, "King Henry V., his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him instead of the Tribute a Ton of Tennis Balls." It begins, "As our King lay musing on his bed;" and two versions different from it and from one another are given in *Nicolas*, Appendix, p. 78, and p. 80, ed. 1832. 5. *The Cambro-Briton's Ballad of Agincourt*, by Michael Drayton, *ib.* p. 83. Nos. 3 and 4 will be printed at the end of this volume.

Of Poems, there are :

1. *a.* That attributed to Lydgate, in three Passus, in Harl. MS. 565, fol. 102-14, beginning "God pat alle bis world gan make," and printed among the illustrations of *The Chronicle of London*, 4to, 1827, and in *Nicolas*, p. 301-29. *b.* "The Siege of Harflet, & Batayl of Agencourt, by K. Hen. 5:" another copy of Lydgate's poem, says *Nicolas* (p. 301), but differing from it so materially that it was necessary to print it as notes to the corresponding passages of the other. It was printed by Hearne at p. 359-75 of his edition of *Elmham's Life of Henry V.*, from the since burnt Cotton MS., Vitellius D. xii. fol. 214 b. Extracts from it are given by *Nicolas*, p. 301-29.

2. The Batayl of Egyngecourt, and the great Sege of Rouen. Impryntyd by John Skot [about 1530 A.D.]. Reprinted in *Nicolas*, and in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the*

Early Popular Poetry of England, vol. ii. p. 88-108. is, says Nicolas (App. p. 69), "merely another, though a very different version of the one" attributed to Lydgate.

2. Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627. (Besides *The Lay of Agincourt*, Edinburgh, 1819 (a very poor performance), and possibly other modern productions.)

Of Dramas, we find :

1. The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth : Containing the Honourabell Battell of Agin-court: as it was plaide by the Queene's Maiesties Players. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598, 4to, 26 leaves. *Bodleian*. (Malone).¹

2. The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, With his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with auncient Piss-toll. 1600 : the first cast of Shakspere's *Henry V*.²

In prose, a full and admirable account of the battle, with contemporary accounts and plentiful extracts from historians, is given by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France in 1415*, (2nd ed., 1832; 3rd, 1838); and from this book it may be worth while just to run through the points of our ballad, and see how far they are borne out by facts. The Council of line 1, Nicolas thinks was the parliament which met in November 1514, which elected Chaucer's son Thomas its Speaker, and voted the King supplies for the defence of the kingdom of England and the safety of the seas. But it may have been a smaller Council, no doubt held before the Commission of the 31st of May, 1514, absurdly claiming the French crown, was issued to the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, the Earl of Salisbury, Richard Lord Grey, &c.—whom Monstrelet calls *le Comte d'Ourset, oncle du Roy d'Angleterre, le Comte de Grez, l'Admiral d'Angleterre, les Euesques du Dumelin et de Noruegue, et plusieurs autres iusques au nombre de six cens chevaux ou environ* (vol. i. p. 216, ed. 1595)—and who were so hospitably entertained in Paris. The great Council at which the arrange-

¹ Hazlitt's Handbook.

² Bohn's Lowndes, p. 2280, col. 2.

ments for the expedition were made was held at Westminster on three successive days, April 16, 17, 18, A.D. 1415, directly after the despatch of Henry's second letter to Charles.

The story of the scornful treatment of the ambassadors in L. 16-28 is belied by Monstrelet's account of the *moult notable feste dedans Paris en boyres, mangers, jostes, dances et autres esbalemens*, at which the English ambassadors were present; and there seems no foundation whatever for the present of the tennis balls, which would have gone directly counter to the French King's policy, letters, and interest. But still his young son may have been saucy, and have sent a saucy message to Henry. The story was believed to be true at the time or soon after; it is mentioned by Elmham in his Latin-verse life of Henry V¹ (though not in his prose life), and a long account of it is given in a middle fifteenth-century Cotton MS. (Claudius A. viii.) which Sir H. Nicolas prints, and which, as I had to refer to it to correct his *cornet* to the MS. *scorne*, I add here too:

And than the dolphine of Franche aunswered to our embassatours, and said in this maner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be so good werrioure to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym.' And somewhat in scorne and dispite he sente to hym a tonne full of tenys ballis, be-cause he wolde haue some-what for to play therwith for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anone oure lordes that was embassatours token hir leue and comen in to England ayenne, and tolde the kyng and his counciell of the vngoodly aunswere that they set of the Dolphyne, and of the present the which he had sent vnto the kyng. And whan y^e kyng had hard her wordis, and the answe of the Dolpynne, he was wondre sore agreued, and righte euell apayd toward the franssh-men, and toward the kyng, and the Dolpynne, and thought to auenge hym vpon hem as sone as good wold send hym therwith and myghte; and anon lete make tenys ballis for the Dolpynne and the hast that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne chaces for the Dolpynne to play wythe alle. (fol. 1, back.)

¹ Printed in Collier's *Memorials of Henry V*.

This Dauphin was Louis, eldest son of Charles VI., then between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was born on January 22, 1396, and died before his father, without issue, on December 18, 1415, in his twentieth year (*Nicolas*). But as Henry V. was eight years older than the Dauphin, having been born in 1388, it is not likely that he would have taunted Henry with his youth.

Lines 33-40 : Henry exerted himself greatly to get his army together, and had to pledge his crowns, his jewels, plate, &c. to his men to guarantee them their wages. Nobody would move without taking security from him. He sailed from Southampton on August 7, 1415, with a fleet of between 1200 and 1400 vessels of various sizes, from 20 to 300 tons, according to Nicolas. Lingard makes the fleet 1500 sail, carrying 6000 men-at-arms and 2400 archers. The army landed at Clef de Caus, or Kideaux, on August 15; on the 19th arrived before Harfleur, and at once laid siege to it. On "the English balls," l. 34, and missiles, Laboureur states that, among other engines, the English had some which threw stones of a monstrous size, and projected entire millstones (*des meules toutes entières*), which threw down the walls with a frightful noise, so that by the Feast of the Assumption (August 15, a wrong date) all their batteries were destroyed. I find nothing about the "great gunn of Calais" of l. 49; but on September 17 at midnight the French messengers came to treat with Henry; and as the town was not relieved by September 22, the Lord de Gaucourt and thirty-four of the noblest persons of the town then surrendered it to him. He turned out the inhabitants (l. 58) to the number of 2000, besides citizens, 60 knights, and more than 200 other gentry; left in the town more than the 300 Englishmen of our ballad, l. 59, even,¹ "under the captain² (Sir John Blount, says

¹ There is a muster-roll of the garrison of Harfleur, under the Earl of Dorset, taken in the months of January, February, and March, immediately following the battle. It consisted of 4 barons,

22 knights, 273 men-at-arms, and 798 archers. Most of these, we may presume, had been left behind when the King marched on to Agincourt. *Hunter*, p. 65.

² *þ*elord Beauford, Harl. MS. 675, f. 75 b.

Monstrelet), certain barons and knights skilful in affairs of war, with 300 lances, and 900 archers on pay" (*Nicolas*, p. 217), and marched out himself on October 7 with "not above 900 lances and 5000 archers," says a writer who was with him. Nicolas puts the force at from 6000 to 9000 fighting men. Lines 61-4 of the ballad are not true, for Henry's movements were watched, his stragglers cut off, and the country laid waste before him. He was repulsed in his first attempts to cross the Somme, between October 12 and 18; but on the 19th, finding a ford not staked, his army got over; on the 24th reached Maisoncelles, and on the 25th fought the battle.

The 600,000 French of l. 72 is of course an exaggeration, a 0 has been added for effect.¹ The message and answer of lines 73-88 are not historical, though the following particulars are nearly so, and the 10,000 killed of l. 137 is borne out by Nicolas's conclusion, that the whole of the French loss on the field was between 10,000 and 11,000 men.

The Duke of Yorke of line 117 was "Edward, Duke of York, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III., and cousin german to the King. He indented on April 29 to serve with 1 banneret, 4 knights, 94 esquires, and 300 mounted archers. His contingent, in the indenture of jewels, is said to have been 99 lances and 300 archers. He had one of the crowns in pledge. He went on with the King to Agincourt, where he lost his life" (*Hunter*, p. 22). On the Wednesday before the battle, says Monstrelet, i. 227, "le duc d'Yorch, son oncle, menant l'avantgarde, se logea à Frenench sur la riuiere de Canche." This leadership of the vanguard the Duke kept on the 25th, and as the Cotton MS. already quoted from narrates his asking for it, and the events of the battle, I copy a page and a half of it from leaves 3 and 4.

¹ The highest number in any of the various chronicles that Nicolas gives (p. 138, ed. 1832) is "3 Dukes, 5 Counts, 50 Barons, 1030 Knights, and 100,000

other persons. Note to Hardinge's Chronicle, "according to the computation of the Heraldis," 150,000 occurs in a doubtful list. *Nicolas*, p. 370.

And the duke of yorke felle on knees and besoughte the kyng of a bone, that he wold *graunte* hym that day the avaunteward in his batayle. And the kyng *granted* hym his askyng, And sayd, “*graunte* mercy, cosen of yorke,” and prayd hym to make hym redy. And than he bad every man to ordeyne a stake of tre, and sharpe bothe endes that the stake myghte be pyghe in the ye.¹rthe a slope, that hir enemies shuld not ouer-come hem on horsbak, ffor that were hir fals purpose, and araide hem alle there for to ouer-ryde our meyne sodenly at the fyrst comyng on of hem at the fyrst brount: and al nyghte be-ffore the bataile þ^e ffrenshemen made many grete fiers and mocho reuelle, with howtyng and showtyng, and plaid oure kyng and his lordis at the dise, and an archer alway for a blanke² of hir money, ffor they wenden alle had benc heres. the morne arose, the day gan spryng, And the kyng by goode auise let araye his batayle³ and his wenges, and charged every man to kepe hem hole to-geders, and praid hem alle to be of good chere. And whan they were redy, he asked what tyme of the day it was, And they sayd prime. Than said oure kyng, “now is good tyme! For alle England praythe for vs; and therfore be of good chere, and let vs goo to oure iorney.” And than he said with an highe vois, “in the name⁴ of almyghtey god and seynt George, avaunt Baner! and seint george this day be thyne helpe!” And than these ffrenshmen come prikyng dounne as they wolde haue ouer-ridden alle oure meyne. But god and oure archers made hem sone to stomble; ffor oure archers shett never arow a-mys, but yt persshed and broughte to grounde man and hors; ffor they þat day shoten for a wager. And oure stakes mad hem stoppe, & ouer-terned eche on oothir that they lay on hepes two spere lengthe of heyghte. And oure kyng with his meyne and with his men of armes and archiers that thakked⁵ on theym so thykke with arowes, and leyd on with strokes, and oure kyng withe his owne hondes faughte manly. And thus almyghtey god and seynt George broughte oure enymies to grounde and yaf vs that day þ^e victorie. and there were slayne of ffrenshmen that day in the felde of Agincourt mo thanne A xi mⁱⁱ wiþe prisoners that were taken. And there were nombred that day of ffrenshmen in the felde mo than six score thou-

¹ MS. fol. 3, back.

² Fr. *Blanc*, the halfe of a *Sol*, a pece of money which we call also, a blanke. *Sol*, a *Sous*, or the French shilling, whereof terme make one of ours.—Cotgrave.

³ The main body under his own command. The vanguard as the right wing under the Duke of York, the rearguard as the left wing under Lord Camois.

⁴ MS. mame.

⁵ thwacked, beat, pattered.

sand, and of Englishmen nat vij mⁱⁱ; but god that day faughte for vs. And after cam ther tynges to oure kyng that ther was a new batayle of frenshemen redy to stele on hym, and comen towardis [fol. 4.] hym. Anone our kyng let crie that every man shuld see his prisoners that he had take; and anon araid his bataille ayenne to fighte with the frenshmen. And whanne they sawe that our men kylled doun her prisoners, thanne they withdrew hem, and brake hir bataille and alle hir Array. And this oure kyng, as a worthy conqueror, had that day the victorye in the felde of Agencourt in Picardie.¹

The Duke of Orleance, l. 149, though he was taken prisoner in the battle, is not named by Monstrelet as the leader of the attack on Henry's camp:

Et adone vindrent nouuelles au Roy Anglois, que les François les assaillioient par derriere: & qu'ils avoient desia pris ses sommiers & autres bagues, laquelle chose estoit veritable: car Robinet de Bournonville, Riffart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, & aucun autre hommes d'armes, accompagnez de six cens païsans, allerent ferir au bagaige dudit Roy d'Angleterre. Et prindrent ledites bagues, & autres choses, avec grand nombre de chevaux desdits Anglois, entre-temps que les gardes d'iceux estoient occupes en la bataille. *Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 229.

The 200,000 French prisoners is an impossible number, and Nicolas does not give any at all. The highest estimate of the English loss is 1600 men. From Agincourt Henry marched to Calais, where he arrived on October 29. On November 14 he crossed the Channel to Dover, and on the 24th entered London in triumph:

the Cite of london, where þat there was shewed many a sayre syght: at all the conduytes and at crosse in the chepe, as in heuenly arraye of aungels, Archaelangels, patriarches, prophites and Virgines, with dyners melodies, sensyng and syngyng, to welcome oure kyng; And alþe the conduytes rennyng with wyne. (Cott. Claud. A. viii. leaf 4. back).

The last three verses of our ballad quicken and alter events

¹ Nicolas quotes this also, p. 277-8, at foot.

considerably. It was not till after many a weary siege and fight, culminating with the fall of Rouen on January 16, 1419,¹ that Henry saw his beautiful bride, and that for one day only, on May 30, 1419. It was not till May 20, 1420, that he married her at Troyes; not till December of that year that he made his triumphal entry into Paris with his wife and his father-in-law, the French King. He was never crowned in Paris, King of France, but his wife was crowned in Westminster Abbey, Queen of England, on St. Matthew's day, September 21, A.D. 1421.

Henry V.

A councell braue² our King did hold
with many a lord & knight,
in³ whom he trulye vnderstands
4 how ffrance withheld his right.

sends an
ambassador
to the
French King

therefor a braue embassador
vnto the King he sent,
that he might ffully vnderstand
8 his mind & whole entente,

to yield him
his right,
or he'll take
it.

desiring him, as⁴ freindlye sort,
his lawfull wright to yeeld,
or else he sware⁵ by dint of sword
12 to win the same in feild.

Charles VI.

the King of ffrance, with all his lords
who⁶ heard this message plaine,
vnto our braue embassador
16 did answer in disdaine;

¹ See the "Sege of Roan," *Archæol.*
xxi. 48 ; xxii. 361.—F.

⁴ in, P.C.—P.

² grave, P.C. (Print² Copy).—P.
³ Of. Conj[ecture].—P.

⁵ vow'd, P.C.—P.
⁶ which, P.C.—P.

who sayd,¹ "our King was yett but ² younge
& of a ³ tender age;
wherfor I v⁴ray not for his warres,
20 nor care not for his rage,⁵

that he
cares not for
Henry's
threats,

⁶ whose ⁶ knowledge eke ⁷ in feates of armes,
whose sickill ⁸ [is] but ⁹ verry small,
whose ¹⁰ tender ioynts more fitter are
24 to tosse a Tennyss ball."

a tunn of Tennyss balls therfore,
in prude and great disdaine
he sends to Noble Henery the 5th,¹¹
28 who recompenced ¹² his paine.

and sends
him a tun of
tennis-balls.

& when our King this meassage hard
he waxed wrath in his ¹³ hart,
& said "he wold such balls provyde
32 that ¹⁴ shold make all france to smart."

Henry

an army great ¹⁴ our King prepared,¹⁵
that was both good & strong ;
& from Sowthampton is our King
36 with all his Nauye gone.

prepares an
army.

he landed in ffance both safe ¹⁶ and sound
with all his warlike traine ;
vnto ¹⁷ a towne called Harffleete first ¹⁸
40 he marched vp amaine.

lands in
France.

- And frigid, P.C.—P.
- too, P.C.—P.
- of too, P.C.—P.
- we weigh—of his war, P.C.—P.
- fear we his courage, P.C.—P.
- His, P.C.—P.
- is, P.C.—P.
- skill.—P.
- As yet but &c., P.C.—P.
- His.—P

- " He sent unto our noble K^t, P.C.
—P.
- " To recompence, P.C.—P.
- " d.—P.
- " then, P.C.—P.
- " did raise, P.C.—P.
- " In France he landed safe, &c., P.C.
—P.
- " And to, P.C.—P.
- " of Harfleur strait, P.C.—P.

beseiges
Harcleur,

and when he had besieged the same,
against these fensed walls
to batter downe their stately towers
44 he sent his English Balls.

bids it sur-
render

or he'll beat
it to the
ground.

1 And he bad them yeeld [up to him ²]
themselves & eke their towne,
or else he sware vnto the earth
48 with cannon ³ to beate them downe.

[page 24]

1 the great gunn of Caleis was vpsett,⁴
he mounted against those walls ⁵;
the strongest steepele in the towne,
52 he threw downe bells & all.

The Govern-
ors give up
the town.

1 then those *that were* the gouernors
their woefull hands did wringe ⁶;
the brought their Keyes in humble sort
56 vnto our gracious King.

Henry
garrisones it,

1 & when the towne was woone and last,
the ffrenchmen out thé ⁷ threw,
& placed there 300 englishmen
60 *that wold* to him be true.

and
marches to

this being done, our Noble King ⁸
marched vp & downe *that* ⁹ land,—
& not a frenchman ffor his liffe
64 durst once his fforce withstand,—

¹ These 4 stanz: not in print.—P.

² MS. cut away. It has more words.
—F. He bade the governors give up.
—P.

³ guns.—P.
⁴ then.—P.

⁵ was .. 'gainst their wall.—P.

⁶ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁷ he.—P.

⁸ done our noble English King, P.
—P.
⁹ the, P.C.—P.

- till¹ he came to Agincourt;
&² as it was his chance,
to find³ the King in readinesse,
68 with him was all the power of ffrance,
Agincourt,
where the
French King
is,
- a mightye host they⁴ had prepared
off armed souldiers then,
which was noe leesse (the chronicle sayes)⁵
72 then 600000⁶ men.
with 600,000
men.
- the King of ffrance that well did know
the number of our men,
in vanting pride vnto our King
76 sends one of his heralds⁷ then
Charles
Sendis
- to understand what he wold give
for the⁸ ransome of his life,
when in that feild he had taken him¹⁰
80 amiddst that¹¹ bloody striffe.
to ask Henry
what ransom
he'll pay for
his life.
- & when¹² our King the Message heard,¹³
did straight the¹⁴ answer make,
saying, "before that thing shold¹⁵ come to passe,
84 many¹⁶ of their harts shold¹⁷ ake!"
Henry
answers

¹ Until, P.C.—P.² Wh-rr, P.C.—P.³ He fand,—P. *Am. ms.*, l. 68,
marked out by P. conj[ecturally].—F.⁴ He, P.C.—P.⁵ By just account, P.C.—P.⁶ 600,000, P.C.—P.⁷ Between 18 and 19th Stanza of y^e
Mⁿ to the following in Print:—With eight did much amaze our king,
For he at¹⁸ all his host
Not passing fifteen thousand had,

Accounted at the most.—P.

⁸ Did send a Herald, P.C.—P.⁹ d.—P.¹⁰ he in field shd . . . be, P.C.—P.¹¹ their, P.C.—P.¹² then . . . —P.¹³ with cheerful heart.—P.¹⁴ this, —P.¹⁵ thing shd, cut out by P.—F.¹⁶ some.—P.¹⁷ shall, P.C.—P.

" My heart's
blood."

“ vnto your proud presumptuss prince
declare this thing,” quoth hee,
my owne harts blood shall pay the price ;
88 nought ¹ else he getts of me.” ²

The French

then all the night the frenchman Lyen,
with triumphe, mirth, & Ioy ;
the next morning they mad full accomp[t] ³
92 our Armys to destroye.

play at dice
for the
English,

& for our King & all his Lords
at dice the ⁴ playd apace,
& for our comon souldiers coates
96 they set a prize but base,

and value
their red
coats at 8d.,
white at 4d.

8 pence for a redd coate,⁵
& a groate was sett to a white ; ⁶
because they ⁷ color was soe light,
100 they sett noe better buy itt. ⁸

Henry en-
courages his
men :

the cheerfull day at last was come ;
our King with Noble hart
did pray his valiant soldiers all
104 to play a worthye part,

& not to shrinke from fainting foes,
whose fearfull harts in ffeeld
wold by their feirce couragious stroakes
108 be soone in-forced ⁹ to yeeld ;

¹ none.—P.

² Seven Stanz^e following not in Print.

—P.

³ Making account the next morning,
or,
They made &c.—P. *del.* full.—P.

⁴ they.—P.

⁵ coat was set.—P.

⁶ And fourpence for a white.—P.

⁷ The y put in brackets by P. *conj.* —F.
⁸ by't.—P.

⁹ enforced.—P.

112 “ regard not of¹ their multitude,
 tho² they are more then wee,
for echo³ of vs well able is
 to beate downe ffrenchmen 3 ;

“ Don’t
mind the
French
numbers ;
each of us
can kill
three of
them ; but

116 “ yett let euery man provide himselfe⁴
 a strong⁵ substantiall stake,
& set it right before himselfe,
 the horsmans force to breake.”

let every
archer get a
stake to stop
the horse-
men.”

120 & then⁶ bespake the Duke of yorke
 “ O noble King,” said hee,
“ the leading of that⁷ battell braue
 vouch[s]afe to giue it⁸ me ! ”

The Duke of
York
leads the
vanguard.

124 “ god amercy, cosen yorke,” sayes hee,
 “ I doe⁹ grant thee thy request ;
Marche you¹⁰ on couragiouslye,
 & I will guide¹¹ the rest.”

Henry
[page 243]
the rest.

128 then came the bragginge frenchmen downe
 with cruell¹² force & might,
with whome our noble King began
 a harde & cruell flight.

The French
come on.

132 our English archers¹³ discharged their shafts
 as thicke as hayle in skye,¹⁴
&¹⁵ many a frenchman in that¹⁶ felde
 that happy day did dye ;

Our archers
kill many;

¹ you, or them.—P.
² ~~knowe/s~~ is in l. 114 in the MS. P. marks it to go to l. 113. *yett* is marked out by P.—P.

³ But yet let *every* man provide
A strong &c.—P.
⁴ With that, P.C.—P.
⁵ this (the), P.C.—P.
⁶ to, P.C.—P.

⁷ d[ads].—P.
⁸ then—thou, P.C.—P.
⁹ lead, P.C.—P.
¹⁰ greater, P.C.—P.
¹¹ d. English. [Insert] they, P.C.—P.
¹² from skye, P.C.—P.
¹³ That, P.C.—P.
¹⁴ the, P.C.—P.

their stakes
stop the
horse.

¹ffor the horssmen stumbled on our stakes,
& soe their liues they lost;
& many a frenchman there was tane
for prisoners to their ² cost.

136

10,000
French are
stain,

10000 ffrenchmen ³ there were slaine
of enemies in the ffeeld,

10,000
taken,

& neere as many prisoners tane ⁴
that day were fforced to yeeld.

140

and Henry
wins the
day.

thus had our King a happy day
& victoriye ouer ffrance;
he brought his foes vnder his feete ⁵
that late in pride did prance.

144

While the
fight is going
on, news
comes

⁶ when they were at the Maine battell there
with all their might & forces, then ⁷
a crye came ffrom our English tents
that we were robbed all them ⁸;

148

that the
French have
plundered
the English
tents.

for the Duke of Orleance, with a band of men,
to our English tents they came ⁹;
all ¹⁰ our Iewells & treasure that they haue taken,
& many of our boyes ¹¹ hauie slaine.

Henry

much greeved was King ¹² Harry therat,—
this was against ¹³ the law of armes then,—
comands euyere souldier on paine of death
to slay euyere prisoner then. ¹⁴

orders all
the French
prisoners to
be slain,

¹ This stanza not in Print.—P.

² [prisoner..] his, [P.]C.—P.

³ men that day, P.C.—P.

⁴ (d. P.C.)—P.

⁵ them quickly under foot, P.C.—P.

⁶ The Nine Stanzⁱ following not in
print, but instead the annexed stanza
vizt.:—

The Lord preserve our noble King
And grant to him likewise
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies! —P.

⁷ force and might.—P.

⁸ they were robbed quite.—P.

⁹ Of men unto them came.—P.

¹⁰ And prefixed; Iewells *g*, and the

marked out by P.—F.

¹¹ all our boys, so Shakesp. —P.

¹² the King.—P.

¹³ Being 'gainst.—P. and then deleted

—F.

¹⁴ And bade y^m slay their Prisoners
For to revenge these hums.—P.

- 200000¹ frenchemen our Englishmen had,
some 2, & some had one² ;
euerye one was commanded by sound of trumpett
160 to slay his prisoner then.³
- & then the followed vpon the maine battell ;
the frenchmen the fled then⁴
towards the citye of Paris
164 as fast as the⁵ might gone.
- but then ther was neuer a poore with-in france⁶
of all those⁷ Nobles then,
of all those worthye Disse peers,
168 durst come to King Harry⁸ then.
- bat then Katherine, the Kings fayre daughter ther,⁹
being proued apparant his heyre,
with her maidens¹⁰ in most sweet attire
172 to King Harry did repayre;¹¹
- & when shoo came before our¹² King,
shee kneeled vpon her knee,
desiring him¹³ that his warres wold¹⁴ cease,
176 & that¹⁵ he her lone wold bee.
- there-vpon our English Lords then agreed¹⁶
with the Peeres of sfrance then¹⁶ ;
soe he Marryed Katherine, the Kings faire daughter,
180 & was crowned King in Paris then.¹⁷
- The French
flee towards
Paris,
- and no
Dunper
dare meet
King Harry;
- but the
Princess
Katherine
- comes and
saketh him
- to marry
her.
- He does, and
is crowned
King in
Paris.
- finis.
- ¹ To 6000. — P. Both men deleted. — F.
² Some one and some had two. — P.
³ And each was bid by Trumpets sound
To slay his prisoner tho,
(or)
His Prisoner to sh. — P.
⁴ soon. — P. the l. 162, and if, the and
of l. 161 deleted by P. & F.
⁵ they — P.
⁶ Then was there never a Peer in
France. Conj. — P.
Then could there not be found in France
Of their Nobles all or none. — P.
- ⁷ Not one of all those. — P.
⁸ to K^r Harry come. — P.
⁹ King's Daughter fair, [P.]C.—P.
¹⁰ all Maids. — P. then, l. 169, *his*,
l. 170, *most*, l. 171, marked *d* by P. — F.
¹¹ Did to our King rep^r, [P.]C.—P.
¹² our — P.
¹³ d. — P.
¹⁴ might. — P.
¹⁵ Our K^r & — Lords. — P.
¹⁶ Soon with the French agreed. — P.
¹⁷ So at Paris he fair Kath^e wed
And crowned was with spe l. — P.

Conscience.¹

THERE are two sides to Early English Literature ; one gay, the other grave ; one light, the other earnest : and a man who comes to the subject fresh from struggles in the cause of reform, social and political, and meets first with the grave and earnest side of our early writings, is struck with delight and surprise at finding that in the old days, too, protesters against wrong existed, and that English writers denounced from the depths of their soul, in words of sternest indignation, the oppressions and abuses from which the English poor of their days suffered. Having passed myself from those *Morning Chronicle* letters on “Labour and the Poor”—which in 1849–50 revealed so much of the sad state of our workmen,—from meetings of sweated tailors, over-worked bakers, and ballast-heavers forced into drunkenness, to the pages of Roberd of Brunne’s *Handlyng Synne*, Langlande’s *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, *Piers Ploughman’s Crede*, and works of like kind from 1303 to 1560,—I can bear witness to the deep impression made on me by the noble and fervent spirits of our early men, rebuking the selfish, denouncing the hard-hearted, calling down God’s judgment on the oppressor ; striving, in their time too, to leave the land better than they found it. As one looked backward to these sources of the river of English life, one heard a great murmur of wrong rise from the torrents’ currents, one saw the stream turbid with the woes of “humble folk ;” but there were never wanting voices, ordering the one to be stilled in orderly channels, and the other cleared. Further

¹ This is a satirical Allegory: and seems not very ancient, vid. St. 13, v. 4.—P.

study of our early writers did not lessen this impression : for though the bright side came, though Chaucer's living sketches portrayed all that was merriest in early days, yet still there was method in his mirth ; abuses in religion and social life were exposed, none the less effectively because with a joke ; and when he spoke seriously, he too declared, "Thilke that thay clepe thralles, ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Christes frendes : thay ben contubernially with the Lord : . . . certes, extorciouns and despit of our undirlinges is dampnable." (*Persones Tale, De avaritia.*) To their honour be it said, our early writers were on the weak man's side against the strong, and did what in them lay to lessen the vice of the world. It is this which makes the lovers of them not only surprised, but indignant, at the willing and wilful ignorance in which men of our day remain with regard to them. Our moderns will not take a few days' trouble to master their language ; they care little for their thoughts : but when once the readers of the nineteenth—or is it to be the twentieth ?—century awake to the recognition of the fact that there *is* an Early English Literature worth studying, they will be ashamed of their countrymen's long neglect, and gladly acknowledge the value of the treasures they will find—food for all the best impulses of the human soul. So far as I know, justice has never yet been done to this spirit of our early literature by any writer on it, except the latest—Professor Morley. He, a man of mind akin with that of our old men—fresh from half a life spent in struggles for reform in health-laws, education, politics, and religion, ever backing the right and fighting the wrong—has come to the old books and said to them, not only "what were you translated or altered from, what manuscripts are there of you ?" but first and mainly, "*what do you mean?* what has the spirit of your writer got to say to the spirits of me and men here now?" And the old bones (that were nothing more to so many) have taken flesh again and answered him, have stretched out their hands

and gript his as a friend's; and he has put down their answer for us in his own way in divers places of his genial and able book,¹ one of which I quote. He is speaking of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*, written on Wat Tyler's rebellion.

"In that earlier work, though written with vigour and ease in Latin, the language of literature which alone then seemed to be lasting, John Gower spoke especially and most essentially the English mind. To this day we hear among our living countrymen, as was to be heard in Gower's time and long before, the voice passing from man to man that—in spite of admixture with the thousand defects incident to human character—sustains the keynote of our literature, and speaks from the soul of our history the secret of our national success. It is the voice that expresses the persistent instinct of the English mind to find out what is unjust among us and undo it, to find out duty to be done and do it, as God's bidding. We twist religion into many a mistaken form. With thought free and opinions manifold we have run through many a trial of excess and of its answering reaction. In battle for main principles we have worked on through political and social conflicts in which often, no doubt, unworthy men rising to prominence have misused for a short time dishonest influence. But there has been no real check to the great current of national thought, the stream from which the long line of our English writers, like the trees by the fertile river-bank, derive their health and strength. We have seen how persistently that slow and earnest English labour towards God and the right was maintained for six centuries before the time of Chaucer, from the day when Cædmon struck the first note of our strain of English song with the words: 'For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory King of Hosts.' It was the old spirit still in Chaucer's time that worked in the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' and spoke through the Voice of Gower as of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' It needed not in those days that a man should be a Wycliffite to see the griefs of the Church and people, and to trace them to their root in duties unperformed. Gower's name is a native one, possibly Cymric, but derived probably in or near Kent, from the old Saxon word for marsh-

¹ *English Writers*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 106-7.

country, of which there was much about the Thames mouth, Gyrwa-land. His genius is unmixed Anglo-Saxon, closely allied to that of the literature before the Conquest, in the simple earnestness of a didactic manner leavened by no bold originality of fancy. In his Latin verse Gower writes easily, and, having his soul in his theme, forcibly. But he tells that which he knows, and invents rarely. His few inventions also, as of the dream of transformed beasts that represent Wat Tyler's rabble, of the ship of the state at sea, of his landing at an island full of turmoil which an old man described to him as Britain, are contrivances wanting in the subtlety and the audacity of true imaginative genius. He does not see as he writes, and so write that all they who read see with him. But in his own old English or Anglo-Saxon way, he tries to put his soul into his work. Thus, in the 'Vox Clamantis' we have heard him asking that the soul of his book, not its form, be looked to; and speaking the truest English in such sentences as that 'the eye is blind, and the ear deaf, that convey nothing down to the heart's depth; and the heart that does not utter what it knows is as a live coal under ashes. If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. Poor, I give of my scanty store, for I would rather be of small use than of none. But to the man who believes in God no power is unattainable if he but rightly feels his work; he ever has enough whom God increases.' This is the old spirit of Cadmon and of Bede, in which are laid, while the earth lasts, the strong foundations of our literature. It was the strength of such a temper in him that made Gower strong. 'God knows,' he says again, 'my wish is to be useful; that is the prayer that directs my labour.' And while he thus touches the root of his country's philosophy, the form of his prayer that what he has written may be what he would wish it to be, is still a thoroughly sound definition of good English writing. His prayer is that there may be no word of untruth, and that 'each word may answer to the thing it speaks of, pleasantly and fitly; that he may flatter in it no one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. Give me,' he asks, 'that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking.'

So far as regards the spirit of our early literature, I believe that Professor Morley is justified in every word that he has said. Granted the occasional coarseness of expressions in it to us, granted many another shortcoming, the spirit of it is noble and

worthy of honour, as its words are worthy of study, by every Englishman.

The present poem, *Conscience*, is one effort, a late one, in the strain of that “slow and earnest labour towards God and the right” of which Professor Morley speaks. Differing as it does in word and form from the *Ayenbite of Inuryt* (or *Remorse of Conscience*) which Dan Michel of North Gate, “ane brother of the cloystre of saynt Austin of Canterburi,” fulfilled in the year of our lordes bearing, 1340, it has yet the same aim,

þis boc is ywritte
vor englissh men, þet hi wyte (may learn)
hou hi seolle ham-zelue ssriue,
and maki ham klene ine þise liue.

With Richard Rolle of Hampole in 1345 (or thereabouts), its writer desires that by his *Pricke of Conscience* men may

Be stird þar-by til ryghtwyse way,
þat es, tille þe way of gude lyfng,
And at þe last be broght til gude endyng. (p. 258, l. 981*i.*)

With Langlande, our *Conscience* tries the Court, the Lawyers, the Landlords, the Merchants, the Clergy; and all he finds in the possession of his enemies. Covetousness, Lechery, Usury, Avarice, and Pride have their way with all; the husbandmen are left desolate so that they cannot help the poor, and Conscience is driven out to lodge in the wood, and eat hips and haws, his only comforters being Mercy, Pity, and Almsdeeds. In early times Langlande's *Conscience* fared better: he got the King on his side; stood his ground well; reproved Mede or Bribery; brought sinners to repentance, sent them seeking for truth, and remained master of the situation. (See *Langlande's Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, ed. Skeat, E. E. Text Soc. 1867, Passus 3-5.)

A contrast of the different evils complained of by reforming writers in different ages, and the comparative prominence given to each vice by each writer, could not fail to bring out the cha-

racteristics of the successive periods of our social history, and be of great interest. But though I have some material for it, want of space forbids my attempting it here. Still, the point may be illustrated by looking at the clergy's hinderers in their good work of giving, as mentioned in the present poem,

for their wiues & their children soe hange them vpon,
that whosoever giues almes deeds they will giue none,

when set beside Roberd of Brunne's complaints, in his *Handlyng Synne*, about the priest's mare or concubine, and the earlier one of the *Old English Homilies* (? about 1200 A.D.) that Mr. Richard Morris will edit, probably in 1869, for the Early English Text Society :

And oþre sele lerdemēn speken also lewede also ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe. *Erit sicut populus sacerdos.* Prest sal ledēn his lif also lewede man . and swo hie doð muðe : and sumdel wērse. For þe lewede man wyrðeð his spuse mid cloþes more þāne mid him seluen . and prest naht sis (=so his) chireche, þe is his spuse : ac his daie, þe is his hore . awlencð hire mid cloþes . more þān him seluen. De chirche cloþes ben to-brokene : and calde . and his wiues shule ben hole : and newe . His alter cloð great and sole : and hire chemise smal and hwit . and te albo sol : and hire smoc hwit. Þe haued-line swārd : and hire wimpel wit . oðer maked geleu mid saffran. De meshakele of medeme fustain . and hire mentel grene oðer burnet. De corporeals sole: and unshapliche . hire handcloþes . and hire bord cloþes maked wite and lustliche on to siene. De caliz of tin : and hire nap of mazere and ring of golde. And is þe prest two muchele foreudere . þāne þe lewede. Swo he wyrðeð his hore more þān his spuse.—*Homilies in Trinity Coll. MS. A.D. 1200.*

Translation by Mr. Richard Morris.

And many other learned men speak as the unlearned, as our Lord spake through the mouth of a prophet, *Erit sicut*, &c. The priest shall lead his life as the laity ; and so they do now, and somewhat worse, for the layman honoureth his spouse with clothes more than himself, and the priest not so his church, which is his spouse ; but his day (maid servant), who is his whore, whom he adorneth with clothes more than himself. The church cloths are ragged and old,

and his woman's shall be whole and new. His altar cloth great (coarse) and dirty (soiled), and her chemise small and white; and the alb soiled, and her smock white; the head linen black, and her wimple (neck-cloth) white, or made yellow with saffron. The masscloth of paltry fustian, and her mantle green or burnet; the corporas soiled and badly made, her hand-cloths and her table-cloths made white and pleasant to the sight. The chalice of tin, and her cup of maser (a sort of hard wood gilded or inlaid with jewels), and her ring of gold; and so the priest is much worse than the laity for he honoureth his whore more than his spouse.

On the question of the rents asked by grasping landlords, I may quote a passage from Ascham used in the Forewords to *The Babees Boke, &c.* (E. E. T. Soc., 1868).

"He says to the Duke of Somerset on Nov. 21, 1547 (*Works*, ed. Giles, i. 140-1),

"Qui auctores sunt tantæ miseræ? . . . Sunt illi qui hodie passim, in Anglia, prædia monasteriorum gravissimis annuis redditibus auxerunt. Hinc omnium rerum exauctum pretium; hi homines expilant totam rempublicam. Villici et coloni universi laborant, parcunt, corradunt, ut istis satisfaciant. . . . Hinc tot familiæ dissipatæ, tot domus collapsæ. . . . Hinc, quod omnium miserrimum est, nobile illud decus et robur Angliæ, nomen, inquam, *Yomanorum Anglorum*, fractum et collisum est. . . . NAM VITA, QUÆ NUNC VIVITUR A PLURIMIS, NON VITA, SED MISERIA EST.'

(When will these words cease to be true of our land? They should be burnt into all our hearts.)"

Harrison, in 1577, speaks more easily about rents, and as he deals also with the question of Usury or Interest noted in our poem, I make a long quotation from his *Description of England*, a book invaluable to the student of the England of Shakespeare's days, and which I hope we shall soon reprint in the Extra Series of our Early English Text Society. Harrison is speaking of the "Three things greatlie amended in England" in his day: "(1.) Chimnies; (2.) Hard lodging; (3.) Furniture of household," and of the latter says:

The third thing they tell of, is the exchange of vessell, as of

treene platters into pewter, and wooden spoones into siluer or tin. For so common were all sorts of treéne stuffe in old time, that a man should hardlie find foure péeces of pewter (of which one was peraduenture a salt) in a good farmer's house, and yet for all this frugalitie¹ (if it may so be justly called) they were scarce able to liue and paie their rents at their daies without selling of a cow, or an horsse, or more, althoough they paid but foure pounds at the vttermost by the yeare. Such also was their pouertie, that if some one od farmer or husbandman had béene at the alehouse, a thing greatlie vsed in those daies, amongst six or seuen of his neighbours, and there in a brauerie to shew what store he had, did cast downe his purse, and therein a noble or six shillings in siluer vnto them (for few such men then cared for gold because it was not so readie painment, and they were oft inforsed to giue a penie for the exchange of an angell) it was verie likelie that all the rest could not laie downe so much against it: whersas in my time, although peraduenture foure pounds of old rent be improved to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred pounds, yet will the farmer (as another palme or date tree) thinke his gaines verie small toward the end of his terme, if he hane not six or seuen yeares rent lieng by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much more in od vessell going about the house, thrée or foure featherbeds, so manie couerlids and carpets of tapistrie, a siluer salt, a bowle for wine (if not an whole neast) and a dozen of spoones to furnish vp the sute. This also he taketh to be his owne cléere, for what stocke of monie soever he gathereth & laieth vp in all his yeares, it is often séene, that the landlord will take such order with him for the same, when he remneth his lease, which is commonlie eight or six yeares before the old be expired (sith it is now growen almost to a custome, that if he come not to his lord so long before, another shall step in for a reuersion, and so defeat him out right) that it shall never trouble him more than the haire of his beard, when the barber hath washed and shauen it from his chin. And as they commend these, so (beside the deceipt of housekeeping whereby the poore haue beeene relieved) they speake also of thrée things that are growen to be verie grieuous vnto them, to wit, the inhansing of rents, latelie mentioned; the dailie oppression of copiholders, whose lords seeke to bring their poore tenants almost into plaine servitude and miserie, daily devising new meanes, and seeking vp all the old how to cut them shorter and

¹ The sidenote here is "This was in the time of generall idleness."

shorter, doubling, trebling, and now & then seuen times increasing their fines, drijing them also for euerie trifle to loose and forfeit their tenures (by whome the greatest part of the realme dooth stand and is maintained) to the end they may fléece them yet more, which is a lamentable hering. The third thing they talke of is *vsurie*, a trade brought in by the Iewes, now perfectlie practised almost by euerie christian, and so commonlie, that he is accompted but for a foole that dooth lend his monie for nothing. In time past it was *Sors pro sorte*, that is, the principall onelie for the principall; but now beside that which is aboue the principall properlie called *Vsura*, we chalenge *Fænus*, that is commoditie of soile, & fruits of the earth, if not the ground it selfe. In time past also one of the hundred was much, from thence it rose vnto two, called in Latine *Vsura*, *Ex sextante*; thrée, to wit *Ex quadrante*; then to foure, to wit *Ex triente*; then to fife, which is *Ex quincunce*; then to six, called *Ex semisse*, &c.: as the accompt of the *Assis* ariseth, and comming at the last vnto *Vsura ex asse*, it amounteth to twelue in the hundred, and therefore the Latines call it *Centesima*, for that in the hundred moneth it doubleth the principall; but more of this elsewhere. See *Ciceron against Verres*, *Demosthenes against Aphobus*, and *Athenæus lib. 13. in fine*: and when thou hast read them well, helpe I prae thee in lawfull maner to hang vp such as take *Centum pro cento*,¹ for they are no better worthie, as I doo iudge in conscience. Forget not also such landlords as vse to value their leases at a secret estimation giuen of the wealth and credit of the taker, whereby they séeme (as it were) to eat them vp and deale with bondmen, so that if the leassée be thought to be worth an hundred pounds, he shall paie no lesse for his new terme, or else another to enter with hard and doubtfull covenants. I am sorie to report it, much more gréeued to vnderstand of the practise; but most sorowfull of all to vnderstand that men of great port and countenance are so farre from suffering their farmers to haue anie gaine at all, that they themselves become grasiers, butchers, tanners, shéepmasters, woodmen, and *denique quid non*, thereby to inrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the countrie into their owne hands, leauing the communaltie weake, or as an idoll with broken or feble armes, which may in a time of peace haue a plausible shew, but when necessitie shall inforce, haue an heauie and bitter sequele.—*Holinshed*, vol. i. p. 188–189, ed. 1586.

The date of the poem I cannot pretend to fix. “The new-found land” of l. 91—

¹ “By the yeare” is the sidenote.

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 & sett thee on shore in *the new-found land*—

cannot refer, I think, to the re-discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot, then in the service of England, on the 24th of June, 1497 (*Penny Cycl.*). The date must be later than that.

The first three stanzas of the poem, which should contain twenty-one lines, in the Manuscript (which is written without divisions) contain only eighteen lines. Mr. Skeat has sent me two arrangements of them, of which the following seems the right one:

As I walked of late by one wood side,
 to god for to meditate was my entent,
 where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed
 a silly poore creature ragged & rent,
 with bloody teares his face was besprent,
 his fleshe & his color consumed away,
 & his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay;

with turning & winding his bodye was toste,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 "good lord! of my liffe deprive me, I pray,
 for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name;
 & I curse my godfathers *that* gave me the same."

this made me muse & much desire
 to know what kind of man hee shold bee;
 I stept to him straight, and did him require
 his name & his secrets to shew vnto me.
 his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,
 "my name," quoth hee, "is the causer of my care,
 & makes me scornd, & left here soe bare."—F.

AS : I walked of late by one¹ wood side,
² to god for to meditate was my entent,
 where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed
 4 a silly poore creature ragged & rent;

As I walked
out to
meditate,
I spied
a poor

¹ an.—P.

² perhaps On God.—P.

ragged
creature

with bloody teares his face was besprent,
his fleshe & his color consumed away;

mired all
over.
He wished
himself dead,

8 1 with turning & winding his bodye was toste,
& his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay.

“ good lord ! of my liffe deprive me, I pray,
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name !

his name
caused his
trouble.

12 2 my name, “ quoth hee, “ is the causer of my care,
& I curse my godfathers that gaue me the same ! ”

I asked him
to tell it me.

this made me muse, & much desire
to know what kind of man hee shold bee ;³

I stept to him straight, & did him require
his name & his secretts to shew vnto me. [page 244]

16 his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,
[“ My name,” quoth hee, is the causer of my care,]
& makes me scornd, & left⁴ here soe bare.”

He said his
name was
Conscience.

then straight-way he turnd him & prayd him⁵ sit
dow[ne]

20 20 “ & I will,” saithe he, “ declare my whole greefe.
my name is called Conscience ;” wheratt he did
fro[wne]

he pined to repeate it, & grinded his teethe.

When young

for while I was young & tender of yeeres,

24 24 I was entertained with Kings⁶ & with Peeres,

¹ This verse is redundant.—P.

² To come in below.—P.

³ Percy, in his *Reliques*, omits three of these lines, and transfers line 11 to line 18, where it must be, at least, repeated, without notice to the reader. The bishop warns his readers in his second and later editions that some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected, but not without notice to the reader, where it was necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted ‘commas.’ He must have therefore thought the omission

of lines 9, 10, and 12, a correction not necessary to be noticed.—F.

⁴ The verse
[“ my name ” quoth hee, “ is the causer of
my care, ”]
to come in here.—P.

⁵ The *f* is like an *f* in the MS.—F.

⁶ me.—P.

⁷ Thought now silly wretche, I’m
deny’d all relief,
Yet . . . —*Reliques*.

⁸ kinges.—*Rel.*

- " there was none in all¹ the court *that* liued in such fame ; for with the Kings councell he sate² in Commission ; Dukes Erles & Barrons esteemed of my name ; & how *that* I liued there needs no repetition ; I was euer holden in honest condition ; for howsooner the lawes went in westminster hall, when sentence was giuen, for me the wold³ call.
- 32 " noe Incombes⁴ at all the landlord wold take, & that they acknowledged to be for my sake ; the poore wold doe nothing without councell mine ; I rulld the world with the right line ; for nothing *that* was⁵ passed betweene foe & freind, but Conscience was called to bee at an⁶ end.
- 40 " noe Merchandize nor bargaines the Merchants wold ma[ke], but I was called a wittenesse thereto ; no vse⁷ for noe mony, nor forsett wold take, but I wold controwle them if *that* they did soe ; that makes me liue now in great woe,
- 44 for then came in pride, Sathans disciple, *that* now is⁸ entertaind with⁹ all kind of people ; he brought with him 3, whose names they be these,¹⁰ that is covetousnes, Lecherye, vsury,¹¹ beside ; they never preuailed till they had¹² wrought my downe-fall.

¹ all omitted.—*Rol.*² I sate.—P.³ they wold.—P.⁴ Incomes.—P.⁵ that was) seem redundant.—P.⁶ the —P.⁷ interest —F.⁸ is now.—*Rol.*⁹ thus they call.—*Rol.*¹⁰ ' & pride' was added here in the MS., then struck out with a heavy ink stroke, the acid of which has eaten the paper away.—F.¹¹ And omitted.—*Rol.*he was
honoured

by Dukes

and in Law
Courts.Landlords
obeyed him;

the poor,

the world,

and
merchants.No usury
was pro-
hibited." Then came
in Pride,Covetous-
nes,
Lechery, and
Uxury
who over-
threw me.

soe pride was entertained, but Conscience was deride.¹

I tried abroad,

yet st[i]ll² abroad haue³ I tryed
to haue had entertainment with some one or other,
52 but I am reiecte & scorned of my brother.

then the Court;

but was told to pack off to St. Bartholomew's.

“then went I to the⁴ court, the gallants to winn,
but the porter kept me out of the gates.
to Bartlnew⁵ spittle, to pray for my sinnes,⁶
they bad⁷ me goe packe me ; it was fitt for my state ;
“goe, goe, threed-bare conscience, & seeke thee a mate ! ”
good Lord ! long preserue my King, Pirince, & Queene,
with whom euer more I haue esteemed⁸ beene !

Next I tried London,
but they

sent me off too.

60 “then went I to london, where once I did wonne,⁹
but they bade away with me when thé knew my name ;
“for he will vndoe vs to bye & to sell,”
they bade me goe packe me, & hye me for shame,
they lought at my raggs, & there had good game ;
“this is old threed-bare Conscience that dwelt with
St. Peete[r] ;
but they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.

I spent my last penny in an awl and patches to cobble shooes,

68 “not one wold receive me, the Lord god doth know.
I, hauing but one poore pennye in my pursse,
of an aule¹⁰ & some patches I did it bestow ;
I thought better to¹¹ cobble shooes then to doe worse.

¹ perhaps decried.—P.

² now ever since.—Rel.

³ Only half the u in the MS.—F.

⁴ the omitted.—Rel.

⁵ Bartlenew.—Rel.

⁶ Sin.—P.

⁷ me omitted in 1st edⁿ, restored in

^{2nd} Rel.

⁸ esteemed I've.—P. I ever esteemed have.—Rel.

⁹ perhaps dwell. (*idem*)—P. dwell.

Rel.

¹⁰ On an awl.—P.

¹¹ For I thought better.—Rel.

straight then all they¹ Coblers they began to curse,
 72 & by statute the wold proue me² I was a rouge &
 forlor[ne,] but the
coblars
whipt me out
of the town.
 & they whipt³ me out of towne to see⁴ where I was
 borne.

"then did I remember & call to my minde
 they court⁵ of conscience where once I did sit,
 76 not doubting but there some favor I shold find,
 for⁶ my name & the place agreed soe fitt.
 but therof my⁷ purpose I fayled a whitt,
 for the⁸ judge did vse my name in euerye condicione⁹
 80 for Lawyers with their qu[i]lletts¹⁰ wold get a¹¹ but there the
 dismission. lawyers
 whited me
 out.

"then westminster hall was noe place for me ; Then I went
 good god !¹² how the Lawyers began to assemblee ; to Westmin-
 & fearfull they were lest there I shold be ! ster Hall,
 84 the silly poore clarke began to tremble ;¹³ and the
 I shewed them my cause, & did not dissemble.
 soe then they gaue me some mony my charges to beare, gave me
 but they¹⁴ swore me on a booke I must never come there. money,
 but made me
 swear to go.

88 "then¹⁵ the Merchants said, 'counterfeite, get thee The mer-
 away, chants too
 dost thou remember how wee theo found ?¹⁶ rejected me,
 we banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 & sett thee on shore in the new-found land,¹⁷

¹ the. —P.
² I was. —P.
³ And whipp. —Rel.
⁴ wreke. —Rel.
⁵ The court. —P.
⁶ Sith. —Rel.
⁷ there of my. P. sure of my. —Rel.
⁸ and. —Rel.
⁹ For the. —commission. —P.

¹⁰ The Lawyers—quilletts.—P.
¹¹ my. —Rel.
¹² lord. —Rel.
¹³ tremble. —Rel.
¹⁴ they omitted.—Rel.
¹⁵ Next. —Rel.
¹⁶ fund. —Rel.
¹⁷ lond. —P. land.—Rel.

92 & there thow & wee most freindly shook hands ;¹
 & we were verry² glad when thou did refuse vs,
 for when we wold reape profitte heire³ thou wold⁴
 accuse vs.'

so I had to
go to Gentle-
men's houses,
and tell them
I had made
their fore-
fathers grant
just leases.

They cursed
me.

At last I was
driven to
husband-
men;
but land-
lords had left
them no-
thing to give
away;

so I am in
this wood,
and eat hips
and haws,

but am
comforted
by Mercy,
Pity, and
Almesdeeds."

96 "then had I noe way but for to goe an⁵
 to gentlemens houses of an aycyent name,
 declaring my greeffes; & there I made moane, [page 245]
 &⁶ how there⁷ forfathers had held me in fame,
 & in letting of their ffarmes I alwayes vsed the same.⁸
 100 thé sayd, "fye vpon thee ! we may thee cursse !
 they haue leases⁹ continue, & we fare the worsse."

104 " & then I was forced a beggynge to goe
 to husbandmens houses ; who greeved right sore,
 who sware that their Landlords had plaged them so
 sore¹⁰

that they were not able to keepe open doore,
 nor nothing thé¹¹ had left to gine to the pore.
 therfore to this wood I doe repayre
 with hepps & hawes ; that is my best fare.

108 " & yet within this same desert some comfort I haue
 of Mercy, of pitty, & of almes-deeds,
 who haue vowed to company me to my¹² graue.

112 wee are ill¹³ put to silence, & lieue vpon weeds ;¹⁴

our banishment is their vtter decay,
 the which the rich glutton will answer one day."

¹ hond.—P.

² right.—*Rel.*

³ profitte heire omitted.—*Rel.*

⁴ woldst.—*Rel.*

⁵ on.—*Rel.*

⁶ Telling.—*Rel.*

⁷ their.—P.

⁸ And at letting their ffarmes how
always I came.—*Rel.*

⁹ their leases, i. e. the indulgent Leases
let by our forefathers.—P.

¹⁰ soe.—*Rel.*

¹¹ (the) redundant.—P.

¹² ny in the MS.—F.

¹³ all.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ and hence such cold housekeeping
proceeds.—*Rel.*

' why then," I said to him, " methinkes it were best
 116 to goe to the Clergess; for dealeye¹ the preach
 eche man to loun you abone all the rest;
 of mercy & of Pittie & of almes they doe² teach."
 "O," said he, " no matter of a pin what they doe
 preach,
 120 for their wiues & their children soe hangs them vpon,
 that whosoever gives almes deeds³ they will⁴ giue
 none."

" Go to the
Clergy," said
I.

It'd be no
good; their
wives and
children stop
their giving.

then Laid he him downe, & turned him away,
 prayd⁵ me to goe & leane him to rest,
 124 I told him I might happen to⁶ see the day
 to hane⁷ him & his fellowes to liue with the best;
 " "first," said hee, "you must banish pride, & then
 all England were blest,⁸
 &⁹ then those wold loue vathat now sells¹⁰ their lands,¹¹
 128 & then good houses euerye where wold be kept¹² out of
 hand."
 ffins.

Banish
Pride; then
England
will be blest.

¹ daily.—P.
² dor omitted.—Rd.
³ deeds omitted.—Rd.
⁴ It ought in justice and Truth to be
 " eas."—P.
⁵ And prayd. —Rd.
⁶ baplic might yet.—Rd.
⁷ For. —Rd.

⁸ This line written as two in the MS.
 - F.
⁹ First said he, banish Pryde: Then
 all England were blest.—P. These make
 two lines in the MS.—F.
¹⁰ For.—Rd.
¹¹ sell.—Rd.
¹² land.—P.
¹³ house-keeping wold revive.—Rd.

Durham ffeilde.¹

SAYS Shakespeare's Henry V.:

You shall read, that my grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom
 Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim-fullness of his force ;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;
 Girdling, with grievous siege, castles and towns,
 That England being empty of defence
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Perhaps the best account of the expedition celebrated in the following ballad is given by Fordun. "The local accuracy," observes Surtees, "with which Fordun describes the advance of the English army from Auckland, infers that his account must have been received from eye-witnesses." Other accounts are furnished by Knighton, Walsingham, Froissart. Harl MS. No. 4843 contains an ancient monkish poem on it.

The confidence of the Scotch King is amusingly represented in the First Part of the ballad.

Oddly enough, nothing is said of the Queen, who, though probably Froissart exaggerates the part she played, yet was certainly not remote from the scene of the conflict. One would have expected her presence to have been made much of by the ballad-writer.

John Copeland, who captured the King, was a Northumbrian esquire. He was afterwards Governor of Berwick and Sheriff of Northumberland.

¹ Fought Oct^t 17, 1346, at St. Nevil's Cross, near Durham. "An excellent" [half scratched out].—P. Old Ballad. The Subject is the inrode (*sic*) into England by the Scotts, & the taking of their King, while Edward 3^r was in France.—P. ,

- LORDINGES, listen, & hold yo[u]¹ still ; Listen,
 hearken to me a little ;
 I shall you tell of the fairest battell
 4 that euer in England befell.
 and I'll tell
 you of a fair
 battle.
- for as it befell in Edward the 3rd dayes,²
 in England, where he ware the crowne,
 then all the cheefe chivalry of England
 8 they busked³ & made them bowne⁴ ; When Ed-
 ward III.
 was king,
 all his
 knights
- they chosen all the best archers
 that in England might be found,
 and all was to fight with the King of ffrance
 12 within a little stounde.⁵ and archers
 went to fight
 the French.
- and when our King was ouer the water,
 and on the salt sea gone,
 then tydings into Scotland came
 16 that all England was gone ; Then the
 Scotch bear
- bowes and arrowes they were all forth,
 at home was not left a man⁶
 but shepards and Millers both,
 20 & preists with shauen crownes. that no men
 are left in
 England
 but millers
 and preists.
- then the King of Scotts in a study stood,
 as he was a man of great might ; The Scotch
 king
 be aware 'he wold hold his Parliament in leue⁷ aware he'll
 London ride to
 London.
- 24 if he cold ryde there right.'

¹? MS., it may be *ye*. — P.

² when Edward the 3rd P.

³ See P. 397, st. 46. (of MS.) — P.

⁴ *bowne*, *parvus*, L. — P.

⁵ *Stowad*, *signum*, *momentum*, *spa-*
tium, *bora*, *tempua*. *Iye*. — P.

⁶ mon. P. See vol. i. p. 217, l. 109.

— F.

⁷ *Leeve*, perhaps the same as *leef*,
lef, *leif*, *dear*, *beloved*. — A.-S. *leifa*, *lef*,
lef. Teut. *leib*, *charus*, *amicus*, *gratus*.
Gloss? to *Gaw*? *Douglas*. P.

- A squire then bespake a Squier of Scottland borne,
 & sayd, " my legee, apace,
 tells him he'll before you come to leeue London
 28 full sore youle rue that race !
- for which " ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,
 the King husbandmen stiffe & strong ;
 sharpes swords they done weare,
 32 bearen bowes & arrowes longe."
- kills him, the King was angrye at that word,
 36 a long sword out hee drew,
 and there befor his royll companye
 his owne squier hee slew.
- so no one else hard hansell had the Scottes that day
 dares say a that wrought them woe enoughe,
 word. for then durst not a Scott speake a word
 40 ffor hanging att a bough.
- James tells " the Earle of Anguish,¹ where art thou ?
 the Earl of in my coate armor² thou shalt bee,
 Angus to and thou shalt lead the forward³
 lead the van, 44 thorow the English countrie.
- and promises " take thy⁴ yorke," then sayd the King,
 him North- " in stead wheras it doth stand ;
 umberland. Ille make thy eldest sonne after thee
 48 heyre of all Northumberland.
- To the Earl " the Earle⁵ of Vaughan,⁶ where be yee ?
 of Buchan he in my coate armor thou shalt bee ;
 promises the high Peak & darbyshire
 Derbyshire ; 52 I gine it thee to thy fee."

¹ Earl of Angus.—P.² Cote-Armour. A name applied to the tabard by Chaucer and others. Fairholte.—F.³ vaward.—P. There is a tag to the⁴ in the MS.—F.⁵ thee, i. e. to thee.—P.⁶ The l is made over an e.—F.⁶ It should be Vaughan, i. e. Buchan.—P.

then came in famous Douglas,
saies, " what shall my meede bee ?
& Ile lead the vaward,¹ Lord,
36 thow the English countrey."

to Douglass,

" take thee Worster," sayd the King,
" Taxburye,² Killingworth, Burton vpon trent ;
does thou not say another day
60 but I haue gien thee lands and rent.

Worchester;

" Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee ?
a wise man in this warr !
Ile give thee Bristow & the shire
64 the time that wee come there.

to Sir
Richard of
Edinburgh.

" my Lord Nevill, where beeene yee ?
you must in this warres bee !
Ile give thee Shrewsburye," saies the King,
68 " and Conentry faire & free.

Bristol and
its shire;

" my Lord of Hambleton, where art thou ?
thou art of my kin full nye ;
Ile give thee lincolne & Lincolnshire,
72 & thata enouge for thee."

to Lord
Nevill,

by then came in William Douglas
as breeme³ as any bore ;
he kneeled him downe vpon his knees,
76 in his hart he sighed sore,

William
Douglas

saies, " I haue serued you, my louelye legee,
this 30 winters and 4,
& in the Marches⁴ betweene England & Scotland
80 I haue beeene wounded & beaten sore ;

reminds the
King of his
long service.

¹ i.e. the Van, the Vanguard. Fr. avant-garde. L.—P.
² qu. M.S.—F.
³ ferme, ferox, strux, cruel, sharp,
severe. Lye.—P.

⁴ Marches, confinia, limites, alicuius territorii: refer ad *Mark* Scotia. *March*, a landmark, &c. Vid. Lye, ad Jun.—P.

and asks
what his re-
ward is to be.

"for all the good service that I haue done,
what shall my meed bee ?
& I will lead the vanward
thorrow the English countrye."

"Whatever
you ask,"
answers
James.
"Then I ask
for London."

" aske on, douglas," said the King,
" & granted it shall bee."
" why then, I aske little London," saies William
Douglas,
88 " gotten giff that it bee."

James
refuses that,

the King was wrath, and rose away,
saies, " nay, that cannot bee !
for that I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,
92 gotten if it bee ;

but gives
Douglas N.
Wales and
Cheshire,

" but take thee North wales & weschester,
the countrye all round about,
& rewarded thou shalt bee,
96 of that take thou noe doubt."

makes 100
new knights

5 score knights he made on a day,
& dubbd them with his hands ;
rewarded them right worthilye
100 with the townes in merry England.

They make
ready for
battle,

& when the fresh knights they were made,
to battell thé buske them bowne ;¹
James Douglas went before,
104 & he thought to haue wonner him shoone.

but the
English
Commons
meet them,
and let none
escape ;

but thé were mett in a morning of May
with the comminaltye of litle England ;
but there scaped neuer a man away
108 through the might of christes hand,

¹ See Page 397, st. 46 [of MS.]—P.

- but all onely Iames Douglas ;
in Durham in the feild
an arrow stroke him in the thye.
112 fast flinge[*s he*] towards the King.

 the King looked toward hitle Durham,
saies, "all things is not well !
for Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,
116 the head of it is of steele.

 " how now Iames ? " then said the King,
" how now, how may this bee ?
& where beene all thy merrymen
120 That thou tooke hence with thee ? "
[page 247]

 " but cease, my King," saies Iames ¹ Douglas,
" aline is not left a man ! "
" now by my faith," saies the King of scottes,
124 " that gate ² was enill gone ;

 " but Ile reuenge thy quarrell well,
& of that thou may be faine ;
for one Scott will beate 5 Englishmen
128 if theé meeten them on the plaine."

 " now hold your tounge," saies Iames Douglas,
" for in faith that is not soe ;
for one English man is worth 5 Scotts
132 when they meeten together tho ;

 " for they are as Egar men to fight
as a faulcon vpon a pray.
alas ! if euer theé winne the vanward,
136 there scapes noe man away."

 except
Douglas,

 who is
wounded
and flee to
the King.

 James asks
where his
men are.

 All dead.

 James vows

 one Scot is a
match for
five English.

 " No," says
Douglas,

 " one Eng-
lishman is
worth five
Scots ;

 they let no
one escape
alive."

¹ *Iames* in the Ms.—F.
² *gate*, vis a way : march or walk. Lye.—P.

“ O peace thy talking,” said the *King*,
 “ they bee but English knaues,
 but shepards & Millers both,
 140 & [mass] preists with their staues.”

A herald
reports to
James

that he has
ten to the
English one, 144

the *King* sent forth one of his heralds of armes
 to vew the Englishmen.

“ be of good cheere,” the herald said,
 “ for against one wee bee ten.”

whom the
Bishop of
Durham
leads.

148 the herald said, “ the Bishopp of Durham
 is captaine of that compayne ;

for the Bishopp hath spred the Kings banner
 & to battell he buskes him bowne.”
 “ I sweare by St. Andrewes bones,” saies the *King*,
 152 “ Ile rapp that preist on the crowne ! ”

[Part II.]

James sees

Lord Percy
in the field.

156

2^d part

160

There, too,
are Lords
York, Car-
lisle,
and two Fitz-
williams.

164

The *King* looked towards litle Durham,
 & that hee well beheld,

that the Earle Percy was well armed,
 with his battell axe entred the feild.

the *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,
 4 ancyents there see hee;
 there were to standards, 6 in a valley,
 he cold not see them with his eye.

My Lord of yorke was one of them,
 my lord of Carlile was the other ;

& my Lord ffluwilliams,

the one came with the other.

- the Bishopp of Durham commanded his men,
 & shortlye he them bade,
 'that never a man shold goe to the feild to fight
 168 till he had serued his god.'
- The Bishop
 orders all his
 men
 to hear mass.
- 500 preists said masse that day
 in durham in the feild ;
 & afterwards, as I hard say,
 172 they bare both speare & sheeld.
- 500 priests
 say it.
 and then
 take arms.
- the Bishopp of Durham ¹ orders himselfe to fight
 with his battell axe in his hand ;
 he said, "this day now I will fight
 176 as long as I can stand ! "
- as does the
 Bishop.
- "& soe will I," sayd my Lord of Carlile,
 "in this faire morning gay ;"
 "& soe will I," said my Lord ffluwilliams,
 180 "for Mary, that myld may."
- Carlile
 and the
 Fitzwilliams
 swear to
 fight.
- our English archers bent their bowes
 shortlye and anon,
 they shott ouer the Scottish Oast
 184 & scantlye² toucht a man.
- Our archers
 first
 shoot too
 high.
- "hold downe your hands," sayd the Bishopp of Durham,
 "my archers good & true."
 the 2¹ shoote that the shott,
 188 full sore the Scottes itt rue.
- The Bishop
 orders them
 to shoot low.
- the Bishopp of Durham spoke on hyo
 that both partyes might heare,
 "be of good cheere, my merrymen all,
 192 the Scotts flyen, & changen there cheere ! "
- They do,
 and punish
 the Scotts.

¹ Durhan in MS. -F.² scantly, scarcely.—P.

but as thé saidden, soe thé didden,
 who fall in
heaps.
 they fell on heapes hye ;
 our Englishmen laid on with their bowes
 196 as fast as they might dree.

King James 1 The King of Scotts in a studye stood [page 248]
 is shot
through the
nose,
 200 amohgst his compayne,

an arrow stoke him thorrow the nose
 & thorrow his armorye.

gets off his
horse,
 204 the King went to a marsh side
 he leaned him downe on his sword hilts
 to let his nose bleede.

and is sum-
moned to
yield by an
English
yeoman,
 Copland.
 208 there followed him a yeaman of merry England,
 his name was Iohn of Coplande :
 “yeeld thee Traytor ! ” saies Coplande then,
 “thy liffe lyes in my hand.”

James
refuses,
 212 “ how shold I yeeld me ? ” sayes the King,
 “ & thou art noe gentleman.”
 “ noe, by my troth,” sayes Copland there,
 “ I am but a poore yeaman ;
 “ what art thou better then I, Sir King ?
 tell me if that thou can !
 what art thou better then I, Sir King,
 216 now we be but man to man ? ”

and strikes
at Copland,
 who floors
him,
 220 the King smote angerly at Copland then,
 angerly in that stonde² ;
 & then Copland was a bold yeaman,
 & bore the King to the ground.

¹ Here a short leaf is inserted in the MS. in a more modern hand, Percy's late upright hand, differing from the early

small one of most of his notes.—F.

² stound.—? Percy.

he sett the King upon a Palfrey,
himselfe upon a steede,
he tooke him by the bridle rayne,
224 towards London he can him Lead.

puts him on
a palfrey.

& when to London *that* he came,
the King from ffrance was new come home,
& there unto the King of Scottes
238 he sayd these words anon,

and takes
him to
London.

where King
Edward is.

" how like you my shepards & my millers,
my priests with shaven crownes ? "
" by my sayth, they are the sorest fighting men
238 that ever I mett on the ground ;

" there was never a yeaman in merry England
but he was worth a Scottish knight ! "
" I, by my troth," said King Edward, & laughe,
234 " for you fought all against the right."

Edward asks
James how
he likes his
millers and
priests.
" They're
the hardest
fighters I
ever met."

but now the Prince of merry England
worthilye under his Sheelde
hath taken the King of ffrance
240 at Poitiers in the ffeilde.

The King of
France is
also taken
at Poitiers

the Prince did present his father with *that* food,¹
the louely King off ffrance,
& fforward of his Journey he is gone :
244 god send us all good chance !

by the Black
Prince.

" you are welcome, brothers ! " sayd the King of Scottes, and both he
to the King of ffrance,
" for I am come hither to soone ;
Christ levee *that* I had taken my way
248 unto the court of Roome ! "

and both he
Scotch King

¹ ffeild or feldary. — P. — Person : see note ¹, p. 456, vol. i — F

wish they
had kept out
of England.

" & soe wold I," said the King of ffrance,
" when I came over the streme,
that I had taken my Journey
unto Ierusalem."

Durham
Field,

Cressey, and
Poictiers,
all won in a
month!

Then was
wealth
and mirth in
England,

and the King
loved the
yeomanry!

God save
him, and the
yeomen too!

Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham
in one morning of may,

the battell of Cressey, & the battle of Potyers,
All within one monthe day.

then was welthe & welfare in mery England,
Solaces, game, & glee,
& every man loved other well,
& the King loved good yeomanrye.

but God that made the grasse to growe,
& leaves on greenwoode tree,

now save & keepe our noble King,
& maintaine good yeomanry !

[page 249]

ffinis.¹

¹ (Pencil note in Percy's late hand.)
" This & 2 following Leaves being un-
fortunately torn out, in sending the sub-
sequent piece [King Estmere] to the
Press, the conclusion of the preceding
ballad has been carefully transcribed;
and indeed the fragments of the other
Leaves ought to have been so."

The loss of *King Estmere* is much to be lamented. It was, perhaps, the best ballad in the Manuscript. Percy says in the 2nd edition of the *Reliques*, p. 59, that "this old Romantic Legend... is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS.;" but we have not been able to find the second copy. It is not in the other small MS. in the possession of the Bishop's descendants now. It is evident at a glance that Percy must have touched up the ballad somewhat, as in line 4 he has *y-were*, were, for a perfect tense, *y* being the past participle prefix; and a comparison of the first three editions with the 4th shows what liberties he took with the (supposed) text of the MS. Some of these will be pointed out in a note at the end of this volume. The thing to be noticed here is

that Percy must have deliberately and unnecessarily torn three leaves out of his MS. when preparing his 4th edition for the Press, and after he had learnt—to use his own words—*to reverence* the MS. These leaves were in the MS. till that time, as he says in his note on "Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." As the differences of the fourth from the other editions, after v. 253, are only in spelling *louked*, 'looked,' and *wyfē*, 'wiffe,' we must take the latter part of Percy's sentence to apply to the whole ballad. By tearing out the leaves he has prevented us from knowing the extent of his large changes, and has sacrificed not only the original of the whole of *King Estmere* but also the first 22 (or more or less) stanzas of *Guy and Phillis*, of which his version is printed in the *Reliques* iii. 143, 4th ed., and Child's *Ballads* i. 63-6. I calculate Percy's additions to *Estmere* and the lost part of *Guy* at 40 lines.—F.

Guy & Phillis.¹

[A fragment.]

[See the General Introduction to all the Guy Poems in *Guy & Caledonde* below.
The beginning of this Poem was on one of the torn-out leaves of the MS.]

- | | | |
|--|------------|---------------------|
| In winsor fforrest I did slay | [page 264] | In Windsor Forest I |
| a bore of paasing might & strenght, ² | | show a big |
| whose like in England nouer was | | boar, |
| 4 for hugnesse, both for breadth & lenght; | | |
| some of his bones in warwicke yett | | some of |
| within the Castle there doth ³ lye ; | | whose bones |
| one of his sheeld bones to this day | | are in |
| 8 doth hang in the Citye of Couentrye. | | Warwick |
| on Dunsmore heath I alsoe slew | | Castle |
| a mightye wyld & cruell beast | | |
| callid the Duncow of Dunsmore heath, | | and |
| 12 which many people had opprest; | | Couentry. |
| some of her bones in warwicke yett | | On Duns- |
| there for a monument doth ⁴ lye, | | more Heath |
| which vnto every lookers vne | | I slew |
| 16 as wonderous strange they may espye. | | the Dan |
| another dragon in this Land | | Cow, |
| in fight I alsoe did destroye, | | whose bones |
| who did bothe men & beasts opresse, | | are also in |
| 20 & all the countrye sore anoye; | | Warwick. |
| & then to warwicke came againe | | |
| like Pilgrim poore, & was not knownen ; | | Another |
| & there I liued a Hermittis liffe | | Dragon I |
| 24 a mile & more out of the towne ; | | also slew, |
| | | |
| | | and then |
| | | came back |
| | | to Warwick, |
| | | and liued a |
| | | hermit's life. |

¹Title written in by P.—F. ²strength in the MS.—F. ³do.—P. ⁴do.—P.

in a cave
cut out of a
rock,

where with my hands I hewed a house
out of a craggy rocke of stone,
& liued like a palmer poore
within the caue my selfe alone;

and
begged my
food at my
own castle
of my wife.

& daylye came to begg my foode
of Phillis att my castle gate,
not knowing¹ to my loued wiffe,
32 who daylye moned for her mate;

At last I fell
sick,

till att the last I fell soe sickie,
yea, sickie soe sore *that I must dye.*

sent her a
ring,

I sent to her a ring of gold
36 by which shee knew me presentlye;

and she
closed my
dying eyes.

then shee, repairing to the graue,
befor *that I gane vp the ghost*
shee closed vp my dying eyes,
40 my Phillis faire, whom I loued most.

I died like a
palmer to
have my soul.

thus dreadfull death did me arrest,
to bring my corpes vnto the graue ;
& like a palmer dyed I,
44 wherby I sought my soule to saue.

You may
see my
statue now.

tho now it be consumed to mold,
my body *that endured this toyle*,
my stature ingrauen in Mold
48 this present time you may behold.

ffins.

¹ knownen.—P.

John : a : Side.

The rescue of a prisoner was a favourite subject with the ballad-makers of the Borders. There are in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* "no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others." These three are *Jock o' the Side*, *Kinmont Willie*, and *Archie of Ca'field*. The ballad here given for the first time is vitally the same with *Jock o' the Side*. The persons are partly changed: Sybill o' the Side takes the place of the Lady Downie of Scott's ballad; Much the Miller's Son answers to the Laird's Saft Wat, though as the Folio copy does not give the names of the five who accompany Hobbie Noble, the Laird's Saft Wat may have been one of them. The incidents differ very slightly: as at Culerton or Cholersford, when the rescuers are going and returning, at Newcastle where the *Minstrelsy* copy brings in "a proud porter" to be duly made away with, at the gaol on the way back, where that same copy gives the banter with which the heavy-ironed prisoner was assailed by his triumphant friends. The Folio copy is a very fresh, valuable version of the ballad.

"The reality of this story," says Scott, "rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Margertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:

He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde.
 A greater theif did never ryde;
 He never tyris
 For to brek lyris,
 Our muir and myris
 Our gude and guide.

PEETER a whiteild¹ he hath slaine;

John-a-Side
is taken,
and sent
prisoner to
Newcastle.

- & Iohn a side, he is tane;
 & Iohn is bound both hand & foote,
 4 & to the New-castle he is gone.

His mother,
Sybill,

tells Lord
Mangerton.

- but Tydinges came to the Sybill o the side,
 by the water side as shee rann;
 shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,
 8 & fast shee runn to Mangerton.

the Lord was sett downe at his meate;
 when these tydings shee did him tell,
 neuer a Morsell might he eate.

Lords and
Ladies
lament,

- 12 but lords thé wrunge their fingars white,
 Ladyes did pull themselues by the haire,
 crying "alas and weladay !
 for Iohn o the side wee shall neuer see more²!"

and vow to
lose their all

or rescue
him.

- 16 "but weele goe sell our droues of Kine,
 & after them our oxen sell,
 & after them our troopes of sheepe,
 but wee will loose him out of the New-castell."

Hobby Noble
offers to
fetch John,
with five
men.

- 20 but then bespake him hobby noble,
 & spoke these words wonderous hye,
 sayes "giv me 5 men to my selfe,
 & Ile feitch Iohn o the side to thee."

[page 255]

¹ ? The first *i* may be *t*.—F.

² maire.—P.

- 24 "yea, thoust haue 5, hobby noble,
of the best *that* are in this countrye!
Ile giue thee 5000, hobby Noble,
that walke in Tyuidale trulye."
- The lord
proclaims
5000;
- 28 "nay, Ile hane but 5," saies hobby Noble,
"*that shall walke away with mee ;*
wee will ryde like noe men of warr ;
but like poore badgers¹ wee wilbe."
- but Hobby
will only
have five,
dressed as
corn-dealers.
- 32 they stuffet vp all their baggs with straw,
& their steeds barefoot must bee ;
"come on my bretheren," sayes hobby noble,
"come on your wayes, & goe with mee."
- They start,
- 36 & when they came to Culerton² ford,
the water was vp, they cold it not goe ;
& then they were ware of a good old man,
how his boy & hee were at the plowe.
- but at
Culerton
Ford find the
water up.
- 40 "but stand you still," sayes hobby noble,
"stand you still heere at this shore,
& I will ryde to yonder old man,
& see were the gate³ it Lyes ore.
- Hobby
seeks an old
man
- 44 "but christ you sauе, father," Quoth hee,
"crist both you sauē and see !
where is the way ouer this flord ?
for christ's sake tell itt mee !"
- the way
over the
ford.
- 48 "but I haue dwelled heere 3 score yeere,
sor haue I done 3 score and 3 ;
I never sawe man nor horsse goe ore
except itt were a horse of 3.⁴"
- The old man
won't tell it.

¹ corn-dealers. Fr. *badgers*. — F.
² Chalerton, probably. — P.

³ way, ford.—F.
⁴ Tree, qu.—P.

Hobby tells him to go to the devil,

- 52 "but fare thou well, thou good old man ;
the devill in hell I leave with thee !
noe better comfort heere this night
thow giues my bretheren heere & me."

and rides back to his mates.

They find the ford,

- 56 but when he came to his brether againe,
& told this tydings full of woe,
& then they found a well good gate
they might ryde ore by 2 and 2.

and get safe over,

- 60 and when they were come ouer the fforde,
all safe gotten att the last,
"thankes be to god !" sayes hobby nobble,
"the worst of our perill is past."

cut down a tree, 23 ft. high,

- 64 & then they came into HOWBRAME wood,
& there then they found a tree,
& cutt itt downe then by the roote ;
the lenght was 30 foote and 3.

carry it to John-a-Side's prison,

- 68 & 4 of them did take the planke
as light as it had beeene a ffree,
& carryed itt to the Newcastle
where as Iohn a side did lye ;

and climb up to where he is lamenting his fate.

- 72 & some did climbe vp by the walls,
& some did climbe vp by ¹ the tree,
vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle
where Iohn made his moane trulye :

He takes leave of his mother Sybill,

- 76 he sayd, "god be with thee, Sybill o the side !
my owne mother thou art," Quoth hee,
"if thou knew this knight ² I were here,
a woe woman then woldest thou bee !

¹ MS. eaten through by ink.—F.

² night.—P.

- 80 " & fare you well, Lord Mangerton !
 & euer I say ' god be with thee ! '
 for if you knew this night I were heere,
 you wold sell your land for to loose mee.

84 " & fare thou well, Much Millers sonne !
 Much Millars sonne, I say ;
 thou has beene better att Merke midnight
 then euer thou was att noone o the day.

88 " & fare thou well, my good Lord Clough !
 thou art thy fathers sonne & heire ;
 thou never saw him ¹ in all thy liffe,
 but with him durst thou breake a speare.

92 " wee are brothers childer 9: or :10:
 & sisters children 10: or :11:
 we never come to the feild to fight,
 but the worst of us was counted a man."

96 but then bespake him hobynoble,
 & spake these words vnto him,
 saies, " sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the side,
 or art thou this castle within ? "

100 " But who is there," Quoth Iohn oth side, (page 254)
 " that knowes my name soe right & free ? "
 " I am a bastard brother of thine ;
 this night I am comen for to loose thee."

104 " now nay, now nay," quoth Iohn othe side ;
 " itt feareas me sore that will not bee ;
 for a pecke of gold & silver," Iohn sayd,
 " insaith this night will not loose mee."

of Lord
Mangerton,

of Much the
Miller's son,

and of Lord
Clough ;

and boasts
that his
family is
large and
brave.

Hobby tells
him

he has come
to free him.

I fear not,
says John ;

- but Hobby 108 but then bespake him hobby Noble,
 & till his brother thus sayd hee,
 says his four sayes, "4 shall take this matter in hand,
 can do it. and 2 shall tent our geldings ffree."

They break 112 for 4 did breake one dore without,
 five doors, then Iohn brake 5 himself ;
 and get to but when they came to the Iron dore,
 the iron one. it smote 12 vpon the bell.

Much fears 116 "itt fearees me sore," sayd much the Miller,
 they'll be "that heere taken wee all shalbee."
 taken. "but goe away, bretheren," sayd Iohn a side,
 "for euer, alas ! this will not bee."

Hobby 120 "but ffye vpon thee ! " sayd Hobby Noble ;
 reproaches "Much the Miller ! fyfe vpon thee !
 him, "it sore fearees me," said Hobby Noble,
 "man that thou wilt neuer bee."

files down 124 but then he had fflanders files 2 or 3,
 the iron & hee fyled downe that Iron dore,
 door, & tooke Iohn out of the New-castle,
 takes John & sayd "looke thou neuer come heere more ! "

out, 128 when he had him fforth of the Newcastle,
 "away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde."
 but euer alas ! itt cold not bee ;
 for Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.

wraps sheets 132 but then he had sheets 2 or 3,
 round his & bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,
 chains, & sett him on a well good steede,
 and sets him himselfe on another by him seete.

on a horse.

- 136 then Hobby Noble smiled & louge,¹
 & spoke these words in mickle prude,
 " thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge
 that, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde." woman-
fashion.
- 140 & when they came thorrow HOWBRAME towne,
 Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stome ; ²
 " out & alas ! " cryed much the Miller,
 " Iohn, thoul make vs all be tane." Much the
Miller gets
into another
fright,
- 144 " but fye vpon thee ! " saies Hobby Noble,
 " much the Millar, fye on thee !
 I know full well," sayes Hobby Noble,
 " man that thou wilt neuer bee ! " and is again
scolded by
Hobby
Noble,
- 148 & when the came into HOWBRAME wood,
 he had flanders files 2 or 3
 to file Iohns bolts beside his flete,
 that hee might ryde more easilie. who files off
John's
chains from
his feet.
- 152 sayes Iohn, " Now leape ouer a steede,"
 & Iohn then hee lope ouer 5 : Thereupon
John leaps
over five
horses,
 " I know well," sayes Hobby Noble,
 " Iohn, thy fellow is not aliue ! "
- 156 then he brought him home to Mangerton ;
 the Lord then he was att his meate ;
 but when Iohn o the side he there did see,
 for faine hee cold noe more eate ; and goes
home to
Lord
Mangerton.
- 160 he sayes " blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
 that euer thou wast man borne !
 thou hast fetched vs home good Iohn oth side
 that was now cleane ffrom vs gone ! " Lord
Mangerton
blesses
Hobby
Noble.

¹ loughe. — P.² stome. — P.

Risinge in the Northe:¹

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, “from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor’s folio collection. They contained (*sic*) considerable variable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.”

On the subject see the Introduction to “The Earle of Westmorelande,” vol. i. p. 292, and Percy’s, in the *Reliques*, i. 248, 1st ed.

Listen,

and I’ll tell
all about it.

The Earl of
Westmore-
land

turned
traitor;

so did the
Earl of
North-
umberland.

Earl Percy
tells his wife
he must
fight or flee.

LIStEN, liuely lordings all,
& all that beene this place within !

if youle giue eare vnto my songe,

4 I will tell you how this geere did begin.

It was the good Erle of westmorlande,
a noble Erle was called hee ;

& he wrought treason against the crowne ;

8 alas, itt was the more pitty !

& soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,
another good Noble Erle was hee ,

they taken both vpon one part,

12 [page 257] against their crowne they wolden bee.

Earle Pearcy is into his garden gone,
& after walkes his awne ladye² ;
“ I heare a bird sing in my eare

16 that I must either fflght or fflée.”

¹ A.D. 1569. N.B.—To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern.—P. The other copy in many

parts preferable to this.—Pencil note.
² This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.—Rd.

- "god fforbidd," shee sayd, "good my lord,
that euer soe that it shalbee!
 but goe to London to the court,
 & faire ffall truth & honestye!"
- She advises
him to go to
court.
- "but nay, now nay, my Ladye gay,
that euer it shold soe bee;
 my treason is knownen well enoughe;
 att the court I must not bee."
- He says

his treason
is too well
knowned.
- "but goe to the Court! yet, good my Lord,
 take men enowe with thee;
 if any man will doe you wronge,
 your warrant they¹ may bee."
- She again
says, "Go to
court with
plenty of
men."
- "but Nay, Now Nay, my Ladye gay,
 for soe itt must not bee;
 If I goe to the court, Ladyc,
 death will strike me, & I must dye."
- No, says the
Earl.

It would be
certain
death.
- "but goe to the Court! yett, [good] my Lord,
 I my-selfe will ryde with theo;
 if any man will doe you wronge,
 your borrow² I shalbee."
- She offers to
go with him.
- "but Nay, Now nay, my Ladye gay,
 for soe it must not bee;
 for if I goe to the Court, Ladyc,
 thou must me never see."
- He still
refuses.
- "but come hither, thou little footpage,
 come thou hither vnto mee,
 for thou shalt goe a Message to Master Norton
 in all the hast *that euer may bee:*
- but sends a
page to ask

Master
Norton

¹ altered from them.—F. they.—P. fide junior, credimur, pignus. A.S.
² Borrow, borow, borg. Sponsor, vas. borg, borow, Lye.—P.

卷之三

1. THE PRACTICAL USE OF THE
2. TELEGRAM
3. IN COMMERCIAL
4. TRANSACTIONS

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

卷之三

二十一

~~RECORDED IN THE BUREAU OF THE CENSUS~~

THE BOSTONIAN, NOVEMBER 1863.

Walter Langford and his father
John Langford were here.
John Langford was the word editor.
He is now retired.

and I am very fond of your **Narrative**.
I have a number of
old books & papers which I
will give you as soon as I can.

1. *Brachyponeranotata* Novak. H. 1907. (Synonymy)

" but come you hither, my 9 good sonnes,
 in mens estate I thinke you bee ;
 how many of you, my children deare,
 76 on my part *that wilbe?*"

and asks his
own nine
sons

who will be
on his side.

but 8th of them did answer soone,
 & speake full hastily,
 sayes " we wilbe on your part, ffather,
 80 till the day *that we doe dye.*"

Right vow

to be with
him to the
death.

" but god amercy, my children deare,
 & euer I say godamercy !
 & yett my blessing you shall haue,
 84 whether-soeuer I live or dye." [page 228]

" but what sayst thou, thou francis Norton,
 mine eldest sonne & mine heyre trulye ?
 some good councell, francis Nortton,
 88 this day thou giue to me."

He asks his
eldest son,
Francis,

for advice;

" but I will giue you councell, ffather,
 if you will take councell att mee ;
 for if you wold take my councell, father,
 92 against the crowne you shold not bee."

and he
answers

Don't go
against the
Crown.

" but fyfe vpon thee, francis Norton !
 I say fyfe vpon thee !
 when thou was younge & tender of age
 96 I made full much of thee."

Norton
reproaches
his son
Francis,

" but your head is white, ffather," he sayes,
 " & your beard is wonderous gray :
 itt were shame ffor your countrye
 100 if you shold rise & flee away."

and calls him
a coward.

"but ffye vpon thee, thou coward ffrancis !
thou neuer tookest *that* of mee !

104 when thou was younge & tender of age
I made too much of thee."

Francis
offers to go
unarmed,
but invokes
death on
traitors.

" but I will goe with you, father," Quoth hee ;
" like a Naked man will I bee ;
he *that* strikes the first stroake against the
crownē,
an ill death may hee dye ! "

Norton and
his men join
the Karls

108 but then rose vpp Master Norton *that* Esquier,
with him a ffull great companye ;
& then the Erles they comen downe
112 to ryde in his companye.

at Wether-
by;

they have
13,000 men.

att whethersbye the mustered their men
vpon a ffull fayre day ;
13000 there were seene
116 to stand in battel ray.¹

Westmore-
land's.
standard is
the Dun
Bull,

the Erle of westmoreland, he had in his ancyent²
the DUME bull in sight most hye,
& 3 doggs with golden collers
120 were sett out royallye.

Northum-
berland's the
half-moon.

the Erle of Northumberland, he had in his
ancyent³
the halfe moone in sight soe hye,
as the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,
124 & sett forthe pleasantlye.

¹ array.—P.

² Ensign, standard. See vol. i. p. 304, for the Dun Bull. That of Nevill (Chevet, Co. York; granted 1513), is "A greyhound's head erased or, charged on the neck with a label of three points, vert, between as many pellets, one and two." The crest of Nevill (Ireland), is a greyhound's head, erased argent, collared

gules, charged with a harp or. *Burke's Armorie*.—F.

³ Burke gives the Percy (Duke of Northumberland) badge as 'A crescent argent within the horns, per pale, sable and gules, charged with a double manacle, fesseways or.' *Armorie*, 1847.—F.

& after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,¹
after them a spoyle to make ;
the Erles returned backe againe,
128 thought euer that Knight to take.

Sir G. Bowes
rises behind
them.

They turn
back,

this Barron did take a Castle then,
was made of lime & stone ;
the vttermost walls were ese to be woon ;
132 the Erles haue woon them anon ;

take the
outer walls
of his castle

but tho they woone the vttermost walls
quickly and anon,
the innermost² walles the cold not winn,
136 the were made of a rocke of stone.

but can't
win the
inner.

but newes itt came to leene London
in all they speede that euer might bee ;
& word it came to our royll Queene
140 of all the rebels in the North countrye.

News of the
rebellion
reaches
London.

shee turned her grace then once about,
& like a royll Queene shee sware,³
sayes, " I will ordaine them such a breakefast
144 as was not in the North this 1000 yeero ! "

Elizabeth
swears she'll
give the
rebels a
breakfast
they won't
stomach.

shee caused 30000 men to be made
with horsse and barneis all quicklye ;
& shee caused 30000 men to be made
148 to take the rebels in the North countrye.

She sends
30,000 men
against them

they tooke with them the false Erle of Warwicke,
soe did they many⁴ another man ;
vntill they came to yorke Castle,
152 I-wis they never stinted nor blan.

under Lord
Warwick.

They march
to York,

¹ Bowes. P.
² innermost in MS. P.
³ This is quite in character. her ma- nobles, as well as box their cars. *Ar-
jesty would sometimes swear at her* *opus*, i. 255.—F.
⁴ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

but West-
moreland,

Northum-
berland,

and Norton
flee like
cowards.

156

“ spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland !

The halfe moone ffaine wold wee see ! ” [page 259]

but the halfe moone is fled & gone,
& the Dun bull vanished awaye ;
& ffrancis Nortton & his 8 sonnes
are ffled away most cowardlye.

160

Ladds with mony are counted men,
men without mony are counted none ;
but hold your toungue ! why say you soe ?
men wilbe men when mony is gone.

ffins.

Northumberland : Betrap'd by : Dowglas.¹

[A Sequel to the preceding.—P.]

This ballad is printed in the *Reliques* (from another copy) and elsewhere.

After the dispersion of their forces, the rebel Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland sought refuge in the Borders. See Introduction to *Earl of Westmoreland*, vol. i. p. 294. Neville found his trust in the Borderers justified; but Percy was betrayed to the Regent Moray by Hector Graham (not Armstrong, as the ballad, v. 209, calls him) of Harlaw; whose name became thenceforward infamous, to take *Hector's cloke* becoming a proverbial phrase for betraying a friend. Moray's successor, the Earl of Morton, who during his exile in England has received many kindnesses from Northumberland, "sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," in May 1572. He delivered him up to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, who sent him to York, where he was executed.

The extradition of the refugee by Morton gave as deep dissatisfaction to the country at large as his betrayal by Hector of Harlaw did to the Borderers. Many furious ballads made their appearance, as—'Ane exclamation maid in England upone the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberlan furth of Lochlevin, quho immediatlie thairster was execute in Yorke, 1572'—the answer to the English ballad, 'Ane schort invecyde maid aganis the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberland.' The present

¹ Whose Sister being an enchantress would have saved him, from her Brother's treachery.—P.

This song seems unfinished.—P.
N.B. My other Copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is

omitted here.—P.

N.B. The other Copy begins with lines the same as that in pag. 112. [*Earle of Westmorelante* i. 300.] The minstrels often made such changes.—Pencil note.

ballad so far recognises this national feeling as to introduce a Scotch woman using her utmost endeavours to preserve the Earl, from the snare laid for him. Mary Douglas¹ represents Scotia. But the Earl will not listen. He goes away with her brother, his keeper, to be the victim of a second betrayal, which was finally to conduct him to the scaffold at York.

I'll tell you
how Douglas
betrayed
banished
Percy.

NOW list & lithe you gentlemen,
& I st tell you the veretye,
how they haue delt with a banished man,
driven out of his countreye.

4 when as hee came on Scottish ground,
 as woe & wonder be them amonge,
 full much was there traitorye
8 thé wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

At supper

when they were att the supper sett,
before many goodly gentlemen
they ask
Percy 12 thé ffell a flouting & Mocking both,
& said to the Erle of Northumberland,

to go to a
shooting in
Scotland.

“ what makes you be soe sad, my Lord,
& in your mind soe sorrowfullye ?
in the North of Scotland to-morrow theres a shooting,
16 & thither thoust goe, my Lord Percy.

20 “ the buttes are sett, & the shooting is made,
& there is like to be great royaltye,
& I am sworne into my bill
thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.”

¹ “ The interposal of the WITCH-LADY [l. 26, here] is probably his [the northern bard's] own invention : yet even this hath some countenance from history ; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl

of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft ; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to in verse ” [101 here]. *Reliques*, i. 258.—F.

" Ile give thee my Land,¹ Douglas," he sayes,
 & be the faith in my bodye,
 if that thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,
 24 Ile ryde in thy compayne."

Percy pro-
mises to go
with
Douglas.

& then bespake the good Ladye,—
 Marry a Douglas was her name,—
 " you shall byde here, good English Lor.^l ;
 28 my brother is a traiterous man ;

Mary
Douglas

" he is a traitor stout & stronge,
 as I st³ tell you the veretye,
 for he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,³
 32 & into England he will liuor thee."

warns Percy
that her
brother is a
traitor
and will give
him up to
the English.

" now hold thy toungue, thou goodlye Ladye,
 & let all this talking bee ;
 ffor all the gold thata in Long Leuen,⁴
 36 william wold not liuor mee !

Percy de-
clares that
he trusts
Douglas.

" it wold breake truce betweene England & Scottland,
 & freinds againe they wold never bee
 if he shold liuor a bani[s]ht ⁵ Erle
 40 was driuen out of his owne countrye."

" hold your toungue, my Lor^l," shee sayes,
 " there is much falsehood them amonoge ;
 when you are dead, then they are done,
 44 soone they will part them freinds againe.

Mary
Douglas

" if you will give me any trust, my Lord,
 Ile tell you how you best may bee ;
 youst lett my brother ryde his wayes.
 48 & tell those English Lords trulye

advises
Percy

¹ hand. *Reliques.* F. of Scotland. Nov. 24. 1572. *Rel.* vol. i.
² I. A. See note 4, p. 20, vol. i. — F. p. 251, 259. — F.
³ say "of the earl of Morton;" James Lough Leven. — P.
 Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent banished. — P.

and then
she'll see
him safe

“ how that you cannot with them ryde
because you are in an Ile of the sea¹ ;
then, ere my Brother come againe,
52 to Edenborrow castle² Ile carry thee,

into Lord
Hume's
hands.

“ Ile liuor you vnto the Lord HUME,
& you know a trew Scothe Lord is hee,
for he hath lost both Land & goods
56 in ayding of your good bodye.”

Percy says
that no
friend shall
suffer for
him again,

“ marry ! I am woe ! woman,” he sayes,
“ that any freind fares worse for mee ;
for where one saith ‘ it is a true tale,’
60 then 2 will say it is a Lye.

his old ad-
herents have

“ when I was att home in my [realme,]³
amonge my tennants all trulye,
in my time of losse, wherin my need stooode,
64 they came to ayd me honestlye ;

[page 260]

suffered
enough.

“ therfore I left many a child ffatherlese,
& many a widdow to looke wanne ;
& therfore blame nothing, Ladye,
68 but the woefull warres which I began.”

Mary
Douglas
offers to
prove her
worda.

“ If you will give me noe trust, my Lord,
nor noe credence you will give mee,
& youle come hither to my right hand,
72 indeed, my Lord,⁴ Ile lett you see.”

Percy will
have nothing
to do with
her witch-
craft.

saies, “ I neuer loued noe witchcraft,
nor neuer dealt with treacherye,
but euermore held the hye way ;
76 alas ! that may be seene by mee ! ”

¹ i.e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.—*Rcl.* i. 261.

² At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—*Rcl.*

³ This line is partly pared away.—F.

⁴ ? MS. Lorid, or Louerd ; or Lord, with one stroke too many.—F.

"if you will not come your selfe, my Lord,
youle lett your chamberlaine goe with mee,
3 words that I may to him speake,
so & soone he shall come againe to thee."

Mary
Douglas
shows the
chamberlain

when James Swynard came *that* Lady before,
shee let him see thorow the weme¹ of her ring
how many there was of English lords
84 to wayte there for his *Master* and him.

through her
ring the liers
in wait for
Percy :

"but who beene yonder, my² good Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye on yonder greene ? "
"yonder is Lord Hunsden,³ Iamy," she saye;
88 "alas ! heele doe you both tree⁴ & teene ! "

Lord Hun-
den,

"& who beene yonder, thou gay Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye him beside ? "
"yond is Sir william Drurye,⁵ Iamy," shee sayd,
92 "& a keene Captain⁶ hee is, and tryde."

and His Wm.
Drurye,

"how many miles is itt, thou good Ladye,
betwixt yond English Lord and meo ? "
"marry, 3^m 50 mile, Iamy," shee sayd,
96 "& cuen to scale⁶ & by the sea :

(150 miles
off,

"I never was on English ground,
nor never see itt with mine eye,
but as my witt & wisedome serues,
100 and as [the] booke it telleth mee.

"my mother, shee was a witch woman,
and part of itt shee learned mee ;
shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen
104 what they dyd in London Cytte."

as her
mother's
witchcraft
tells her.)

¹ *weme*, the Scotch word for the Marches.—*Rel.* i. 263.

² *Lady* = womb.—P.

³ *by* in MS. F.

⁴ The Lord Warden of the East.

⁵ *dre, droe*, to suffer, endure.—P.

⁶ Governor of Berwick.—*Rel.* i. 264.

⁷ *sailor*.—P.

and Sir J.
Forster.

“ but who is yond, thou good Layde,
that comes yonder with an Osterne¹ fface ? ”

108 “ yonds Sir Iohn fforster,² Iamy,” shee sayd ;
“ methinkes thou sholdest better know him
then I.”

“ Euen soe I doe, my goodlye Ladye,
& euer alas, soe woe am I ! ”

The cham-
berlain
weeps,

and tells
Lord Percy

112 he pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,
&, lord, he wept soe tenderly !
he is gone to his Master againe,
& euen to tell him the veretye.

that Mary

116 “ Now hast thou beene with Marry, Iamy,” he sayd,
“ Euen as thy toungue will tell to mee ;
but if thou trust in any womans words,
thou must refraine good compayne.”

has shown
him the
English
Lords wait-
ing to take
him,

120 “ It is noe words, my Lord,” he sayes,
“ yonder the men shee letts me see,
how many English Lords there is
is wayting there for you & mee ;

with Lord
Hunsden,

124 “ yonder I see the Lord Hunsden,
& hee & you is of the 3^d. degree ;
a greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,
in England none haue yee,”

his greatest
enemy.

Percy says
that he's
been three
years in jail,

128 “ & I haue beene in Lough Leven
the most part of these yeeres 3 :
yett had I neuer noe out-rake,³
nor good games that I cold see ;

¹ Austerne, austere, fierce. L. *austerus*.
Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

² Warden of the Middle March.—*Rel.*

i. 264.

³ *rake raik*, ambulare, expatiari. As
Isl. *reika*. *Raik gradus citatus*, a long

raik, Iter longum, to *raik* home, ac-
celerato gradu domum abire; hinc a
Rake, homo dissolutus; an *out-raik*, a
Riot, at large. Lye. See G.D. 224. 39.
—P.

" & I am thus bidden to yonder shooting
 132 by william Douglas all trulyc ;
 therfore speake neuer a word out of thy mouth
 That thou thinkes will hinder mee.¹ [page 261]

and he will
go to the
shooting
with
Douglas.

then he writhe the gold ring of his fflingar²

He gives
Mary a gold
ring.

136 & gane itt to *that Ladye gay* ;
 saycs, " *that was a legacye left vnto mee*
 in Harley woods where I cold³ bee."

" then farewell hart, & farewell hand,
 140 and ffarwell all good compayne !
that woman shall neuer boare a sonne
 shall know soe much of your prinitye."

She laments
over him.

" now hold thy toungc, Ladyc," hec sayde,
 144 " & make not all this dole for mee,
 for I may well drinke, but Ist neuer eate,
 till againe in Lough Leuen I bee."

He says he
shall soon be
back,

he tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen
 148 for to sayle now ouer the sea,
 & he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,
 saies " fare thou well, my good Ladyc ! "
the Ladyc looked ouer her left sholder;
 152 in a dead swoone therell fell shee.

and gets into
the boat to
sail away.

" goe backe againe, Douglas ! " he sayd,
 " & I will goe in thy compayne,
 for sudden sicknesse yonder Ladyc has tane,
 156 and cuer, alas, shee will but dye !

Mary
Doe agt
swimme.

Percy asks
her brother
to return,
as she will
die.

¹ Part cut away by the binder.—F. Befide me weale, beilde me woe,
 Percy gives the verse as : He never shall find my promise light.
 Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,² ³ A.S. *wrigan* to twist: perf. *wrig*
 As to the Douglas I have hight : twisted.—F.
 * did.—F.

“if ought come to yonder Ladye but good,
then blamed fore *that I shall bee,*
because a banished man I am,
160 & driuen out of my owne countreye.”

Douglas
refuses;

the ladies can
look after his
sister.

“ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,
“ & lett all such talking bee ;
theres Ladyes enow in Lough Leuen,
164 & for to cheere yonder gay Ladye.”

Percy asks
that his
Chamberlain
may go back
with him.

“ & you will not goe your selfe, my lord,
you will lett my chamberlaine goe with mee ;
wee shall now take our boate againe,
168 & soone wee shall ouertake thee.”

Douglas says

it's only his
sister's
tricks.

“ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,
“ & lett now all this talking bee !
ffor my sister is craftye enoughe
172 for to beguile thousands such as you & mee.”

They sail 50
miles :

the Cham-
berlain asks
how far it is
to the
shooting.

Douglas
says

he'll never
see it.

When they had sayled ¹ 50 : myle,
now 50 mile vpon the sea,
hee had ffor gotten a message *that hee*
176 shold doe in lough Leuen trulye :
hee asked ‘ how ffarr it was to *that shooting.*
that william Douglas promised mee.’

now faire words makes fooles faine² ;
180 & *that may be scene by thy Master & thee ;*
ffor you may happen think³ itt soone enoughe
when-euer you *that shooting see.*”

¹ There is no navigable stream between Lough-leuen and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.—*Rel. i. 266.*

² *Belle promesse fol lie:* Prov. Faire promises oblige the fool; or, are noe

better than fopperies; (for the words *fol lie* equivocate vnto *folie.*) *Douces promesses obligent les fols:* Prov. Faire promises oblige fool; or, (as our) faire words make fools faine.—F.

³ A Lancashire phrase.—F.

- 184 Iamy pulled his hatt now ouer his browe ; Jamie
 I wott the teares fell in his eye ;
 & he is to his Master againe,
 & ffor to tell him the veretye :

198 " he sayes, fayre words makes foole faine,
 & that may be scene by you and mee,
 ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe
 when-euer wee that shooting see." tells Percy
 Douglas's words.

192 " hold vpp thy head, Iamy," the Erle sayd,
 & never lett thy hart fayle thee ; Percy says
 Douglas
 he did itt but to proue thee with,
 & see how thow wold take with death trulye." was only
 trying his
 courage.

196 when they had sayled other 50 mile,
 other 50 mile vpon the sea,
 Lord Peercy called to him, himselfe,
 & sayd, " Douglas what wilt thou doe with After 100
 miles' sail,

Percy calls
 Douglas
 what he'll
 do with him.

200 " looke that your brydle be wight, my Lord,
 that you may goe as a shipp att sea ;
 looke that your spurres be bright & sharpe,
 that you may prick her while sheele awaye." Douglastell'd
 him to have
 his bridle
 and spurs
 ready.

204 " what needeth this, Douglas," he sayth.
 208 " that thou needest to floute mee ? Percy asks
 " why this
 mockery ?
 for I was counted a horsseman good
 before that euer I mett with thee.

212 " A false Hector hath my horsse ; (page 262) My horsse
 216 & euer an euill death may hee dye ! and spurs are
 & willye Armentronge hath my spurres in - there
 & all the geere belongs to mee."

22 ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

1. This is the first time I have
seen a copy of the document.
2. It is a copy of the original
document, which was prepared by
the ~~Ministry of Defense~~ and
is dated ~~July 1968~~.

Final

3. I have no information on
the source of the document or
the date it was prepared.

Gupe : of : Gisborne :¹

[The fight between him and Robin Hood.—P.]

This ballad was printed from the Folio in the *Reliques*, and from the *Reliques* by Ritson, Child, and others.

“As for Guy of Gisborne,” says Ritson, “the only further memorial which has occurred concerning him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scottish poet of the fifteenth century, on one Schir Thomas Nory (MS. Maitland, p. 3, MMS. More (l. 5. 10) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

Was nevir Weild Robeine under bewch,
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinslewh
So bauld a bairne as he;
Gy of Gisborne, na Allane I'ill,
Na Simones Sones of Qutrynsell
Off thocht war nevir slic.

Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.

WHEN shales beeene sheene, & shradds² full sayre,
& leuees both Large & longe,
itt is merrry walking in the sayre fforrest
to heare the small birds singe.³

It is merry
to walk in
the forest in
spring.

¹ A very curious Old Song, much more ancient and perfect than the common printed Ballads of Robin Hood.—P.

² Shale, a break. The *shales* or *walkes* of hemp. Hollyband's *Dictionary*.

³ ary, 1593, Halliwell. *Shradd* is a twig, either from “shred, to cut off the smaller branches of a tree,” or “*schrange*, the clippings of live fences.” Halliwell.—P.

³ songe.—P.

the woodweete sang & wold not cease
amongst the leaues a lyne ;¹

[* * * * * *]

Robin Hood
dreams that
two yeomen

8 by deare god that I meane :

beat him.

“ me thought they did mee beate & binde,
& tooke my bow mee froe :

He vowed
revenge on
them,

If I bee Robin a-lieue in this Lande,
Ile be wrocken on both them towe.”

and orders
his men to
go with him.

“ sweenens⁴ are swift, Master,” quoth Iohn,
“ as the wind that blowes ore a hill ;
ffor if itt be neuer soe lowde this night,
to-morrow it may be still.”

16 “ buske⁵ yee, bowne yee, my merry men all !
ffor Iohn shall goe with mee ;
for Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen
in greenwood where the bee.”

They all
start,

thē cast⁶ on their gowne of greene ;⁷
a shooting gone are they
vntill they came to the Merry greenwood

24 where they had gladdest bee ;

and soon soo
one yeoman,
there were the ware of [a] wight yeoman ;
his body Leaned to a tree,

¹ of lime: I would read ‘so greene.’—P.

² As the lines that follow are part of a Speech of Robin hood relating a dream: there are certainly some lines wanting and we can no where better fix the *hiatus* than between the 2^d & 3^d lines of st. 2^d. N.B. In my printed Copy of this song in the Reliques, &c., Vol. I. I took the Liberty to fill up some of these *Lacunæ*, &c., from Conjecture, &c.—P.

Percy also alters lines 6 7 and 8: his verses in the 1st edition are—

The woodweete sang, and wold not cose,
Sitting upon the spraye,

Soe lowde, he wakend Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen
That fast with me can fight.—F.

³ of 2.—P.

⁴ i. e. dreams.—P.

⁵ i. e. get you ready.—P.

⁶ then inserted by Percy.—F.

⁷ Two lines wanting at the beginning of this St., if these 2 lines are not rather to be added to the next St.—P.

- a sword & a dagger he wore by his side,
 28 had beeene many a mans bane,¹
 & he was cladd in his Capull² hyde,
 topp, & tayle, and mayne.clad in a horse's hide.
- " stand you still, Master," quoth little Iohn,
 32 " vnder this trusty tree,
 & I will goe to yond wight yeoman
 to know his meaning trulye."Little John tells Robin to stop while he asks who the man is.
- " a, Iohn !³ by me thou setts noe store,
 36 & thata a ffarley⁴ thinge ;
 how oft send I my men beffore,
 & tarry my-selfe behinde ?⁵Robin Hood is angry at John's wanting to keep him back.
- " it is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
 40 & a man but heare him speake ;
 & itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
 Iohn, I wold thy head breake."and threatens to break Little John's head.
- but often words they breeden ball ;⁶
 44 that parted Robin and Iohn ;
 Iohn is gone to Barnesdale,
 the gates⁷ he knowes eche one.This parts them, and Little John goes to Barnesdale.
- & when hee came to Barnesdale,
 48 great beauincase there hee hadd ;
 he flound 2 of his own fellowes
 were slaine both in a slade,⁸where he finds two mates slain.
- & Scarlett a floote flyinge was
 52 ouer stockes and stone,
 for the sherrife with 7 score men
 fast after him is gone.and Scarlett flying from the Sheriff.

¹ Of many a man the bane. — P.² Horse. — P.³ Ah ! John. — P.⁴ wundrous. Lye. — P.⁵ meaning that he never did so.—P.⁶ bale. — P.⁷ passes, paths, ridings.—P. in *Rw.*⁸ i. e., a parting between 2 Woods.—P.

Little John
tries to shoot
the Sheriff, 56 "yett one shoote Ile shoote," sayes Little Iohn ;
 "with crist his might & Mayne
Ile make yond fellow *that flyes soe fast*
 to be both glad & ffaine.

Iohn bent vp a good veiwe ¹ bow,
60 & ffetteled ² him to shoote :
but his bow
breaks. the bow was made of a tender boughe,
 & fell downe to his footee.⁴

"woe worth thee, wicked wood!" sayd little Iohn
64 "that ere thou grew on a tree !
ffor ⁵ this day thou art my bale,
 my boote when thou shold bee ! "

and yet the
arrow kills 68 this shoothe it was but looselye shott,
 the arrowe flew in vaine,
William a
Trent, & ⁶ it mett one of the Sheriffes men :
 good william a Trent was slaine.

(who'd
better have
been hung). 72 it had beene better ⁷ for a william Trent
 to hango vpon a gallowe
then for to lye in the greenwoode
 there slaine with an arrowe.⁸

But Little
John is
taken. 76 & it is sayd, when men be mett,
 6 ⁹ can doe more then 3 :
 & they haue tane ¹⁰ litle Iohn,
 & bound him ffast to a tree.

¹ Query MS: the word is partly pared away.—P.

² John bent up a good yew bow.—P.

³ prepared, addressed him, verbum Salopiense.—P.

⁴ foote.—P.

⁵ ffor now.—P.

⁶ or Yet.—P.

⁷ as good.—P.

⁸ Altered in the *Reliques* i. 81, to

To have been abed with so
Than to be that day in the
slade

To meet with Little Johns

⁹ Fyve.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ insert now.—P.

"thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe," quoth
the sherrife,¹

and the
sherriff vows
he shall be
hanged.

o " & hanged hye on a hill."

"Don't be
too sure,"
says Little
John.

"but thou may ffayle," quoth little Iohn,
"if itt be christ's owne will."

let vs leane talking of Little Iohn,
for hee is bound fast to a tree,
& talkes of Guy & Robin hood
in they² green woodde where they bee;

Let us turn
to Guy and
Robin.

how these 2 yeomen together they mett
s vnder the leaues of Lyne,³
to see what Marchandise they made
euen at that same time.

" good morrow, good fellow ! " quoth Sir Guy ;
" good morrow, good fellow ! " quoth hee ;
" methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
a good archer⁴ thou seems to bee.⁵

Guy greets
Robin

" I am wilfull⁶ of my way," quoth Sir Guye,
" & of my morning tyde."
" Ile lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
" good fELLOW, Ile be thy guide."

" I seeke an outlaw," quoth Sir Guye,
" men call him Robin Hood ;
I had rather meet with him vpon a day⁷
then 40⁸ of golde."

and tells him
he seeks an
outlaw,
Robin Hood.

¹ These three words seem added by
the explainer.—P.
² the... P.
³ perhaps Lime; tho' Line or Lyne is
common in these old ballads.—P.

⁴ An e has been added at the end.—
⁵ shouldst bee.—P.
⁶ probably the same as "wilsome,"
page 357 [of MS.] st. 6.—P.
⁷ this day.—P.

Robin pro-
poses some
sport.

- “if you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether^o were
better
- 104 afore yee did part awaye ;
let vs some other pastime find,
good ffellow, I thee pray.¹

No doubt, as
they go on,
they'll meet
Robin Hood.

- 108 “let vs some other masteryes make,
& wee will walke in the woods euen,
wee may chance² mee[t] with Robin Hoode
att some vnsett steven.”³

They make
pricks ready
to shoot at.

- 112 they cutt them downe the⁴ summer shroggs⁵
which grew both vnder a Bryar,⁶
& sett them 3 score rood in twinn⁷
to shooote the prickes full neare.⁸

- 116 “leade on, good ffellow,” sayd Sir Guye,
“lead⁹ on, I doe bidd thee.”
“nay, by my faith,” quoth Robin Hood,
“the leader thou shalt bee.”

¹ Percy alters this in his *Reliques*, i. 81, 1st ed., to

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

² to.—P.

³ See page 358, st. 16.—P. unfixed, unexpected moment. There is a stroke before the *v* of *steven* in the MS.—F.

⁴ two.—*Rel.*

⁵ scrog, a stunted shrub: Jamieson.—F.

⁶ pronounced Breer in some parts of England.—P. *Bryar* is entered in Levin's, 1570, under the words in *eare*.

⁷ apart.—F.

⁸ y-fere.—*Rel.* Threescore roods or 330 yards must have been a long range. The *Prickle-wandes* were, I suppose, willow wands or long thin branches stuck in the ground to shoot at. *Prickes* seem

to have been the long-range targets, *butts* the near.

Moll. Out upon him, what a suiter have I got; I am sorry you are so bad an Archer, sir.

Eare. Why Bird, why Bird?

Moll. Why, to shooote at *Butts*, vwhen you shou'd use *prick-shafts*, short-shoot^{ing} vwill loose ye the game, I as[sure] you, sir.

Eare. Her minde runnes sure upon a *Fletcher*, or a *Bowyer*, 1633, Rowley. *A Match at Midnight*, Act ii. sc. 1.

“Modern prick shooting is practised by the Royal Archers at Edinburgh, and is their favourite, at a small round target fixed at 180 yards,” says Mr. Peter Muir, their Bowmaker. See my note on *pricks* in *The Babees Boke &c.* 1868, p. cl.—F.

⁹ i. e. begin to shoot.—P.

the first good shoot that Robin ledd,
 120 did not shoote an inch the pricke¹ ffroe.
 Guy was an archer good enoughe,
 but he cold neere shoote soe.

Robin shoots
first,
an inch from
the prick.

the 2^d shoothe² Sir Guy shott,
 124 he shott within the garlande ;
 but Robin hooде shott it better then hee,
 for he cleue the good pricke wande.

Guy next,
within the
garland.
Robin then
cleaves the
prick-wand.

" gods blessing on thy heart ! " sayes Guye,
 128 " goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode ;
 for on³ thy hart be as good as thy hands,
 thou were better then Robin Hood.

[page 264]

" Bless your
heart, you
shoot well,"
says Guy.

" tell me thy name, good ffellow," quoth Guy,
 132 " vnder the leaves of Lyne."
 " nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
 " till thou hane told me thine."

" Tell me
your name."

" Not till
you tell me
yours."

" I dwell by dale & downe," quoth Guye,
 136 " & I haue done many a curst turne ;
 & he that calles me by my right name,
 calles me Guye of good Gysborne."

" Mine is
Guye of
Gysborne."

" my dwelling is in the wood," sayes Robin ;
 140 " by thee I set right nought ;
 my name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
 a ffellow thou has long sought."

" And mine
Robin Hood
of Barnes-
dale."

he that had neither beeene a⁴ kithe nor kin⁵
 144 might haue seene a full fayre sight,
 to see how together these yeomen went
 with blades both browne & bright ;

It was a
pretty sight
to see 'em
fight.

¹ was not an Inch the prick. — P.
² that inserted by P. F.
³ an, or and. — P.

⁴ a delend. — P.
⁵ neither acquaintance nor relation. — P.

to haue seene how these yeomen together fong[ht]

148 2 howers of a summers day :

Neither thinks of flying.

Robin was reacheles¹ on a roote,

152 & stumbled² at that tyde ;

But Robin stumbles, and Guy hits him.

& Guy was quicke & nimble with-all,
& hitt him ore the left side.

Robin calls on the Virgin,

156 "ah, deere Lady ! " sayd Robin hoode,

" thou art both Mother & may !

I thinke it was neuer mans destynye
to dye before his day."

leaps up,

160 & soone leapt vp againe ;

& thus he came with an awkwarde³ stroke ;
good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

kills Sir Guy, sticks his head on his bow,

164 he tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,

& sticked itt on his bowes end ;

" thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
which thing must haue an ende."

lashes his face till no one can know him,

168 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,

& nicked Sir Guy in the fface,

that hee was neuer on⁴ a woman borne

cold tell who Sir Guye was :

172 saies, " lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,

& with me be not wrothe ;

if thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,
thou shalt haue the better cloathe."

¹ i. e. careless.—P.
² he stumbled.—P.

³ perhaps backward.—P.
⁴ of woman.—P.

- Robin did on¹ his gowne of greene,
 176 [on] Sir Guye² hee did it throwe;
 & hee put on *that* Capull hyde
that cladd him topp³ to toe.
 throws his
own green
coat on the
corps,
puts on Sir
Guy's horse-
hide,
- "the⁴ bowe, the⁴ arrowes, & little horne,
 180 &⁵ with me now Ile beare;
 for now I will goe to Barnsdale,
 to see how my men doe flare."
- and takes
his horn,
- Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth;
 184 a lowd blast in it he did blow.
that beheard the Sheriff of Nottingham
 as he leaned vnder a lowe⁶;
 and blows it.
- "hearken! hearken!" sayd the Sheriff,
 188 "I heard noe tydings but good;
 for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
 for he hath slaine Robin hoode:
 thinks Guy
has slain
Robin Hood,
- "for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
 192 itt blowes soe well in tyde,
 for yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman
 cladd in his capull hyde.
- "come hither,⁷ thou good Sir Guy!
 196 aske of mee what thou wilt haue!"
 "Ile none of thy gold," sayes Robin hood,
 nor Ile none of itt haue⁸;
 and promises
him what-
ever reward
he asks.
- "but now I haue slaine the Master," he sayd, (page 263)
 200 let me goe strike the knaue;
 this is all the reward I aske,
 nor noe other will I haue."
 Robin asks
leave to kill
Little John.

¹ off. — P.
² On Sir Guy. — P.
³ from topp. — P.
⁴ thy. — *Rd.*
⁵ and defend. — P.
⁶ perhaps bowe. — P. — hill, A.-S. *Mow.*

— F.
⁷ come hither [repeated]. — P.
⁸ Perhaps
None of it I will have
or
Nor nothing else I'll have. — P.

" thou art a Madman," said the shiriffe,

204 " thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee.

The Sheriff
grants it.
Little John
knows
Robin's
voice,
and thinks
he shall be
freed.

seeing thy asking beene¹ soe badd,
well granted it shall be."

but little Iohn heard his Master speake,

208 well he knew that was his steuen²;

" now shall I be loset," quoth little Iohn,
" with Christys might in heauen."

but Robin hee hyed him towards Little Iohn ;

212 hee thought hee wold loose him belieue.

The Sheriff
and his men
press on
them.

the Sheriffe & all his compayne
fast after him did drive.

Robin orders
them back,

" stand abacke ! stand abacke ! " sayd Robin ;

216 " why draw you mee soe neere ?

itt was never the vso in our countreye
ones shrift⁴ another shold heere."

looses Little
John, and
gives him
Guy's bow.

220 but Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffee,
& losed Iohn hand & foote,

& gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
& bade it be his boote.

Little John
prepares to
shoot.

224 ⁵ but Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand,

his arrowes were rawsty by the roote ;
the Sherriffe saw litle Iohn draw a bow
& ffettle him to shoote ;

¹ hath been.—P.

² i. e. voice.—P.

³ loosed.—P.

⁴ i. e. confession.—P.

⁵ Then John he took Guyes bowe in his
hand,

His boltes and arrowes echo one :
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend
his bow.

He fettled him to be gone.—R.
? is *rawsty*, l. 224, rusty. *Rusty* is
rude; unskilful. Halliwell.—F.

towards his house in Nottingam
 223 he flied full fast away,—
 & soe did all his companye,
 not one behind did stay,—

The Sheriff
takes to
flight,

but he cold neither soe fast goe,
 222 nor away soe fast runn,¹
 but little Iohn with an arrow broade
 did cleane his heart in twinn.²

but can't get
away from
Little John's
arrow,
which
cleaves his
heart.

ffins.

¹ ryde.—*Raf.*

² He shott him into the 'backe'. put your inverted commas too, as if you'd only altered the one word 'backe.'—F.

syde.—*Raf.* Too bad, Bishop! And to

Hereford & Norfolke.¹

THIS ballad is to be found in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, in the 1727 *Collection of Old Ballads*, and elsewhere.

The subject is the well-known quarrel between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk,² which finally resulted in their banishment in 1398. A full description of the Lists of Coventry (in September, not August) is given by Hall.³ The ballad's account of the origin of the quarrel is not quite fair. Hereford accused Norfolk, not Norfolk Hereford, of treason. But the ballad goes with the winning side. Vox populi mostly shouts in favour of the successful. The cause pleases it that "pleases the gods."

The ballad is evidently written by a practised ballad-writer, some time about 1600 probably. But it may have been founded on some older one. The subject is not likely to have lain uncelebrated till late in Elizabeth's reign.

I sing the
fall of two
noble Dukes,

TOWE noble dukes of great renoune
that long had liued in ffame,
throug ffatall envyce were cast downe
4 & brought to sudden bane:

Hereford

the Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent prince & wise,
against whom such mallice there was showen,
8 which soone in fight did rise.

¹ In the printed Collection of old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 120. N. XV., and in Dryden's Misc. Vol. 5. 382.—P.

² See Shakspere's *Richard II*.—F.

³ Hall's descriptions of armour and

fashions before his time were his own fabrication, though adopted as genuine by Gough and Sharon Turner. *Membr. Hist. of Costume*, p. 223.—F.

- the Duke of Norfolke most vntrue¹
 declared to the King,
 " the duke of Hereford greatly grow
 12 in hatred of eche thinge
 and Norfolk.
 Norfolk de-
 bounces
 Hereford
- which by his grace was acted still
 against both hye & lowe,
 & how he had a traiterous will
 16 his state to ouerthrowe."
 to the King
 as a traitor.
- the Duke of Hereford then in hast
 was sent for to the Kinge,
 & by his lords in order placet
 20 examined in eche thinge ;
 The King
 sends for
 Hereford,
 has him
 examined,
- which being guiltelesse of *that* crime
 which was against him layd,
 the duke of Norfolke at that time²
 24 these words vnto him sayd :
 and he is
 guiltless.
 Norfolk
- " how canst thou with a shamelesse face
 deny a truth soe stont,
 & there before his royll grace
 28 soe falselye faced itt out ?
 reproves him
 for his
 shameless-
 ness,
- " did not these treasons from thee passe
 when wee together were,
 how *that* the King vnworthye was
 32 the royll crowne to weare ?
 declare
 Hereford has
 talked
 treason.
[page 266]
- " wherfore, my gracyous Lord," quoth hee,
 " & you, his Noble Peeres,
 to whom I wish long liffe to bee,
 36 with many happy yeeres,

¹ Only half the u in the MS.—F.² MS. time.—F.

- and avows “ I doe pronounce before you all
 the duke of Hereford here,
 he is a a traytour to our Noble Kinge,
 traitor. as time shall show itt clere.”
- Hereford the Duke of Herefford hearing *that*,
 in mind was greeved much,
 & did returne this answer flatt,
 40 which did Duke Norsolke tuche ;
- hurls back “ the terme of Traytor, trothelesse Duke,
 his accusa- in scorne & deepe disdaine,
 tion in his with flatt deffyance to thy face ¹
 face, .
- 48 I doe returne againe !
- and craves “ & therfore, if it please your grace
 leave to fight to grant me grace,” quoth hee,
 Norfolk. “ to combatt with my knownen ffoe
 52 that hath accused mee,
- “ I doe not doubt but plainlye proue,
 that like a periured knight
 hee hath most falslye sought my shame
 56 against all truth & right.”
- The King the King did grant their iust request,
 grants it, & did therto agree,
 and fixes att Couentry in August next
 Coventry as 60 this combatt fought shold bee.
- The Dukes the Dukes in barbed steeds full stout,
 appear in coates of steele most bright,
 armed, with speares in brest did enter list,
 64 the combatt feirce to ffight

¹ There is a stroke between the *c* and *e* in the MS.—E.

the King then cast his warden downe,
commanding them to stay ;
& with his Lords some councell tooke
68 to stint that Mortall fraye.

att lenght vnto the Noble Duke[s]
the King of Heralds came,
& vnto them with lofty speech
72 this sentence did proclaime :

“with Henery Bullenbrooke this day,
the Duke of Hereford here,
& Thomas Mawbray, Norfolkes Duke,
76 soe valyant did speare,

“ & hanc in honourable sorte
repayed to this place.
our noble King for specyall cause
80 hath altered thus the case :

“ first, Henery Duke of Hereford,
Ere 15 dayes were past
shall part this realme, on payne of death,
84 while 10 yecres space doth last.

“ & Thomas, duke of Norfolke, thou
that hast begun this striffe,—
& therfore noe good proue can bring,
88 I say,—for terme of liffe,

“ by iudgment of our souerraine Lord
which now in place doth stand,
for euermore I banish thee
92 out off thy Natvie Land,

“ charging thee on payne of death,
when 15 dayes are past,
thou neuer tredre on English ground
96 soe long as liffe doth last.”

but the King
stops the
combat.

and a Herald
proclaims
his judg-
ment.

Hereford
is banished
for ten
years ;

Norfolk
for life ;

and both
must go in
fifteen dayes.

Each swears

not to go
where the
other is.

thus were the sworne before the King
 ere they did further passe,
 the one shold neuer come in place
 wheras the other was.
 100

then both the dukes with heainy hart
 were parted presentlye,
 the vncouth stremes of foward chance
 104 in forraine lands to trye.

[page]

Norfolk,
before
sailing off,laments his
lot.

the duke of Norfolke cominge then
 where [he] shold shipping take,
 the bitter teares fell from his cheekeſ,
 108 & thus his moane did make :

" May grief
burst my
heart !

" now let me sob & sigh my fill
 ere I from hence depart,
 that inward panges with speed may burst
 112 my sore afflicted hart !

" accursed man, whose lothed liffe
 is held soe much in scorne,
 whose compayne¹ is cleane despised,
 116 & left as one forlorne,

I bid adieu
to my loved
land.

" Now take thy leane & last adew
 of this thy country deare,
 which neuer more thou must behold,
 120 nor yett approache itt neere !

Would I were
dead, that I
might be
buried here,

" how happy shold I count my selfe,
 if death my hart had torne,
 that I might haue my bones entombed
 124 where I was bredd and borne ;

¹ In the MS. there is only one stroke for the n.—F.

"or that by Neptunes rathfull rage,
I might be prest to dye,
while that sweet Englands pleasant bankes
128 did stand before mine eye.

or that I
might die
now!

" how sweete a sent hath Englands ground
within my sences now !
how fayre vnto my outward sight
132 seemes every branch & bowe !

How sweet
smells Eng-
land's
ground!

" the ffeelds, the flowers, the trees & stones,
seeme such vnto my minde,
that in all other countreys sure,
136 the like I shall not finde.

There are no
such fields
abroad.

" oh that the sun ! his shining face
wold stay his steeds by strength !
that this same day might streched bee
140 to 20 yeeres of lenght ;

Oh that this
night could

last twenty
years,

" & that they true performed tyde
their hasty course wold stay,
that Aeolus wold never yeld
144 to bring me hence away !

" that by the fountaine of mine eyes
the ffeeldes might wattered bee,
that I might graue my greevous plaints
148 vpon eche springing tree !

and that I
could graue
my plaints
on the trees !

" but time, I see, with Egles wings,
I see, doth flee away,
& dusty clouds begin to dimm
152 the brightness of the day ;

But Time
flies,

¹ MS. or that the shuning.—F.

" the fflatall hower draweth on,
the winds & tydes agree ;
& now, sweet England, ouer soone

156 I must depart from thee !

the sailors
call me.

" the Mariners haue hoysed sayle,
& call to catch me in,
& in [my] woefull hart doe ¹ feele

160 my torments to begin.

Farewell,
sweet Eng-
land,

" wherfore, farewell for euermore,
Sweet England, vnto thee !

164 & farewell all my freinds which I
againe shall neuer see !

I kiss thy
soil

" & England, heere I kisse the ground
vpon my bended knee,

to show how
I loved
thee."

herby to shew to all they world
how deere I loued thee."

168

Hereford
goes,

this being ² sayd, away he went
As fortune did him guide ;

[page 2]

and dies in
Venice.

172 and att the lenght, with greefe of hart,
in Venis ³ there he dyed.

Norfolk

the other duke in dolefull sort

lives in
France,

did lead his liffe in ffrance,
& at the last the mightye Lord

is promoted,

176 did him ffull hiye advance.

recalled to
England

the Lords of England afterwards

did send for him againe,

while
Richard II.
wars in
Ireland,

180 while that King Richard ⁴ in the warres
in Ireland did remaine ;

¹ I.—F.

² A *de* follows in the MS., but is crossed out.—F.

³ or Veins, MS.—F.

⁴ The *d* has a curl like *s* to it.—F.

HEREFFORD AND NORFOLKE.

who thro' the vile and great abuse
which through his deeds did springe,
deposed was, & then the duke
was truly crowned Kinge.

184

and is
crowned
King.

ffins.

I tho. "The vile and great
is dwelt on in the curious in-
to alliterative poem on the Depo-
of Richard II., edited by Mr.
Wright for the Camden Society
from the Cambridge MS. Ll.
Take, among other passages, lines
pp. 4, 5:

Richard the redeles, reweth on
self,
awlesse leddyn youre lyf and
peple bothe;
tore the wyles and wronge and
in youre tyme,
lyghtlich y-lyste ffom that you
houste,
on youre willfull werkis, youre
was changid,
he was youre riott, and rest, ffor
daij,
wikkid thoru youre cursid coun-
youre karis weren newed,

And covetise hath crasid youre croune
ffor ever.
Of a-legeaunce now lerneth a lesson
other tweyne
Wherby it standith and stablithe moste,
By dride, or be dyntis, or douses untrewes,
Or by creaunce of coyne ffor castes of
gile;
By pillynge of youre peple youre prynces
to please,
Or that youre wylle were wronche, thou;
wisdom it nolde,
Or be tallage of youre townnes without
ony werre,
By rewthles routus that ryffid evere,
Be preyngis of polaxis that no pote
hadde,
Or be dette ffor thi dees, done as thu
fyndist,
Or be ledinges of lawe with love well
y-tempred.—F.

Ladies : fall.¹

THIS ballad is given in the *Reliques* “(with corrections²) from the Editor’s ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter: one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is ‘A lamentable ballad of the Lady’s fall,’ to the tune of ‘In Peascod Time,’” (to which air “Chevy Chace,” as Mr. Chappell informs us, was sometimes sung). There is also a copy of it in the Douce Collection. It appears in the 1727 Collection of Old Ballads, and many later Collections.

It is evidently of very much the same date as *The Children in the Wood* (which is certainly as old as 1595, as its name is entered in the Stationers’ Registers of that year), and may possibly be by the same author. The same facility of language and of rhyme, the same power of pathos, the same extreme simplicity characterise both ballads.

The story is who can say how old? Who was the first frail woman? who the first false man? It touchingly illustrates Goldsmith’s pathetic lines:

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The poor weak betrayed lady had looked in vain for the fulfilment of her lover’s promises :

¹ In y^e printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 244. N. xxxiv.—P.
² Noticed in the 4th edition only.—F.

If any person she had spied
 Come riding o'er the plain,
 She thought it was her own true love ;
 But all her hopes were vain.

She gives birth to a child,

And with one sigh which brake her heart
 This gallant dame did die.

Then, at last, repentance is given to her lover, and his bosom is wrung. He kills himself. And so the ballad ends with a word of admonition and warning to "dainty damsels all."

MARKE: well my heany dolefull tale,
 you loyall louers all,
 & heedfully beare in your brest
 4 a gallant Ladys fall.

Hear the and
tale of a
lady's fall :

long was shee wooed ere shee was woone
 to lead a wedded liffe,
 but folly rought her ouerthrowe
 8 before shee was a wiffe ;

Long was
shee wooed,

to soone, alas ! shee gaue consent,
 & yealed to his will,
 tho he protested to be true
 12 & faithfull to her still.

but com-
mented too
soon.

shee felt her body altered quite,
 her bright hue waxed pale,
 her faire red checkes changed color quite,
 16 her strenght began to fayle.

Her shape
changed.

& soe² with many a sorrowfull sighe,
 this bewtious Ladye Milde
 with greeued hart perceived her selfe
 20 to be³ conceiued with chyld.

and she
found her-
self with
child.

¹ Her lowlye cheeke chang'd color
 etc. — Ref. 1st ed. (only partly collated.
 — F.)

² See that.—Ref.

³ have.—Ref.

She hid it
from her
parents,

shee kept it from her parents sight
as close as close might bee,
& soe put on her silken gowne
none shold her swelling see.

but told her
lover,

vnto her louer secretly
her greefe shee did bewray,
& walking with him, hand in hand,
these words to him did say :

“ behold,” quoth shee, “ a Ladyes distresse
by loue brought to your bowe ;
see how I goe with chyld with thee,
tho none thereof doth knowe !

prayed him
not to let
her babe be
a bastard,

“ my little babe springs in my wombe
to heare it ¹ fathers voyce ;
o lett itt not be a bastard called,
sith I make thee my choyce ! ²

to remember
his promises,

“ thinke on thy former promises,
thy words & vowes eche one !
remember with what bitter teares
to mee thou madest thy Moane !

and marry
her
or kill her.

“ convay me to some secrett place,
& marry me with speede,
or with thy rapyer end my liffe,
lest further shame proceede ! ”

Her lover
makes ex-
cuses :

“ alacke, my derest loue ! ” quoth hee,
“ my greatest Ioy on earthe !
which way shold I conuay you hence
to scape ³ a sudden death ?

¹ It preceded *its* as the gen. neuter of *he*.—F. *its*.—*Rel.*

² *Rel.* inserts four lines here.—F.
³ without.—*Rel.*

" your freinds are all of hye degree,
& I of meane estate ;

full hard itt is to gett you forthe
52 out of your fathers gate."

how can he
get her away
from her
home ?

[page 269]

" dread not your liffe to saue your fame !
for if you taken bee,

my selfe will step betweene the sword
56 to take the harme of theo ;

she says
she will save
him from
harm,

" soe may you ¹ scape dishonor quite.
if soe you ² shold be slaine,

what cold they say, but that true loue
60 had wrought a Ladyes paine ³ ?

" but feare not any further harme ;
my selfe will soe devise,

I will safelye ryd ⁴ with thee
64 vnknownen of Mortall Eyes.

and will
come to him

disguised like some pretty page
Ile meete thee in the darke,

& all alone Ile come to thee
68 hard by my fathers parke."

disguised as
a page.

" & there," quoth hee, " Ile meete my deere—
if god doe lend me liffe—

on this day month without all fayle ;
72 Ile make thee then my wiffe."

He agrees to
meet her
that day
month.

& with a sweet & louing kisse
they parted presentlye,

& att their partinge brinish ⁵ teares
76 stooed in eche others eye.

They kiss
and part.

¹ shall I. — Rd.

² I F. and if I. — Rd.

³ bane — P. and Rd.

⁴ ryde away. — Rd.

⁵ MS.; perhaps it is bruisid.—P.

On the day
fixed
the lady is
ready,

att lenght the wished day was come
wherin¹ this louely Mayd
with longing eyes & strange attire
for her true louer² stayd.

but her lover
never comes.

if any person shee had spye³
came ryding ore the plaine,
shee thought⁴ itt was her owne true loue ;
but all her hopes was vaine !

She weeps,

then did shee weepe, & soer bewayle
her most vnhappy fate ;
then did shee speake these wofull words
when succourles shee sate :

reproaches
her false
lover,

“ O ffalse, fforsworne, ffaithelesse man !
disloyall in thy loue !
hast thou fforgott thy promise past,
& wilt thou periured prooue ?

“ & hast thou now fforsaken mee
in this my greate distresse,
to end my dayes in heauiness⁵
which well thou might⁶ redresse ?

and wishes
she had
never
trusted him.

“ woe worth⁷ the time I did beleue⁸
that flattering young of thine !
wold god that I had neuer seene
the teares of thy false eyen ! ”

Grieving, she
goes home,

soe that with many a grieuous groane⁹
homewards shee went amaine.
noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
shee found¹⁰ such priuy payne.

¹ On which.—*Rel.*

⁷ be to ; A.-S. *weorthan*, to become, be

² ? MS. loves.—*F.*

⁸ F.

³ When any person she espied.—*Rel.*

⁹ I e'er believ'd.—*Rel.*

⁴ hoped.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ sorrowful sigh.—*Rel.*

⁵ open shame.—*Rel.*

¹¹ felt.—*Rel.*

⁶ thou mightst well.—*Rel.*

in trauell strong shoo fell that night
with many a bitter throw¹ :—
what woefull paines shee felt that night²

106 doth eche good woman knowe ! —

is taken with
childbirth
pangs,

shee called vp her waiting mayds
who lay att her bedds feete,³
and musing at her great⁴ woo

112 began full fast to weepe.

calls up her
maids,

"weepe nott," shee sayth, "but shutt the dores
& windowes all about ;
let none bewray my wretched state,
116 but keepe all persons out ! "

has the
doors shut,

"O Mistrus ! call your mother here ;
of women you haue neede ;
& to some skilfull midwiffe helpe
120 the better may you speed."

and bids
them keep
out every
one.

"call not my mother for thy liffe,
nor stetch noe woman here !

The maids
urge her to
have a mid-
wife.

The midwifess helpe comes all to late ; [page 270]
124 my death I doe not feare."

with that the babe sprang from her wombe,
noe creature being by,⁵
& with one sighe which brake her hart

128 this gallant dame did dye.

gives birth
to a babe,

and died.

the little lonely infant younge,
the pretty smiling babe,⁶
resigned itt new received berath

132 to him that had it made.

Her babe
dies too.

¹ throwe.—*Rd.*

² then did feele.—*Rd.*

³ A curl at the end like another e. — *F.*

⁴ Who musing at her mistress.—*Rd.*

⁵ nyc.—*Rd.*

⁶ The mother being dead.—*Rd.*

Her lover
comes, and
kills himself.

next morning came her owne true lone
affrighted with this newes,
& he for sorrow slew himselfe,
136 whom eche one did accuse.

Mother and
babe are
buried
together.

the Mother with her new borne babe
were laide both in one graue;
their parents, ouerworne¹ with woe,
140 noe Ioy that they² cold hane.

Damsells!
ware flat-
tering
words!

take [heed] you daynty damsells all ;
of flattering words beware ;
& to the honor of your name
144 haue you a specyall care.³

ffins.

¹ overcome.—*Rel.*

² joy thenceforth.—*Rel.*

³ The *Reliques* add :

Too true, alas! this story is,
As many one can tell.
By others harmes learne to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

Buckingham betrayd : by Banister.¹

In the late autumn of 1483, the nobles who had previously determined to put an end to the usurpation of Richard the Third, and who had lately heard of the murder of the young Princes, fixed on Henry of Richmond for their king. About the middle of October the Marquess of Dorset proclaimed him at Exeter. Men declared for him in Wiltshire, in Kent, in Berkshire. The Duke of Buckingham made a rising at Brecon. But the conspiracy failed. Richard was on the alert; Henry could not land; the insurgents could not combine. From Brecon the Duke "marched through the forest of Deane to the Severn; but the bridges were broken down, and the river was so swoln that the fords had become impassable. He turned back to Weobley, the seat of the lord Ferrers; but the Welshmen who had followed him disbanded; and the news of their desertion induced the other bodies of insurgents to provide for their own safety. Thus the King triumphed without drawing the sword. Weobley was narrowly watched on the one side by Sir Humphrey Stafford, on the other by the clan of the Vaughans, who for their reward had received a promise of the plunder of Brecon. Morton effected his escape in disguise to the isle of Ely, and thence passed to the coast of Flanders; *the Duke, in a similar dress, reached the hut of Banister, one of his servants in Shropshire, where he was betrayed by the perfidy of his host.* If he hoped for pardon on the merit of his former services, he had

¹ There is another Song on this Subject in the printed Collection 12th 1738, Vol. 3, p. 70. N. S. P.

mistaken the character of Richard. That prince had already reached Salisbury with his army : he refused to see the prisoner, and ordered his head to be immediately struck off in the market-place." (Lingard.)

There is another ballad on this same subject given in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. iii. 1727, entitled "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the depositing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's children. To the tune of *Shore's Wife*." In point of style this is of much the same date with that here given from the Folio. It is the production of a thorough-bred ballad-writer, viz. Robert Johnson, and included in his *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*. It administers political justice in the same uncompromising manner :

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg
And crave for Food with Cap and Leg ;
But none on him would Bread bestow,
That to his Master prov'd a Foe.

Thus wandring in this poor Estate,
Repenting his misdeeds too late,
Till starved he gave up his Breath,
By no man pitied at his Death.

To woful End his Children came,
Sore punish'd for their Father's shame;
Within a channel one was drown'd
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the Powers divine
Was strangely eaten up of swine;
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

A third ballad, entitled "A most sorrowful Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master," is in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 64, and reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 23, 8vo, 1810. It begins thus :—

If ever wight had cause to rue
 A wretched deed, vile and untrue,
 Then Banister with shame may sing,
 Who sold his life that loved him.

Perhaps all three ballads are founded on some common older original.

YOU: Barons bold, ma[r]ke¹ and behold
 the thinge that I will rite² ;
 a story strange & yett most true
 4 I purpose to Endite.³

A strange
true tale I
tell.

for the Noble Peere while he liued heere,
 the duke of Buckingam,
 he flourisht in King Edwards time,
 8 the 4th King of that name.

The Duke of
Buckingham

in his service there he kept a man
 of meane & low degree,
 whom he brought vp then of a chyld
 12 from basenease to dignitey ;

hence servant

he gaue him lands & liuings good
 wherto he was noe heyre,
 & then⁴ mached him to a gallant dame
 16 as rich as shee was fayre.

whom he
enriches,

and marries
to a gallant
dame,

it came to passe in tract of timo
 his wealth did soe excell,
 his riches did surpassee them all
 20 that in that shire did dwell.

so that the
man is
very
wealthy ;

who was soe braue as Banister ?
 or who durst with him contend ?
 which⁵ wold not be desirous still
 24 to be his daylye freind ?

none dares
strive with
Banister.

¹ mark.—P. ² write.—P. places are marked in red brackets, for
³ Only half the *w* in the MS.—F. omission.—F.
⁴ This and 19 other words in different ⁵ who.—P.

for then ¹ it came to passe ; more woe, alas !
 for ² sorrowes then began ;
 for why, the Master was constraind ³
 28 to seeke succour of his man.

Richard III.
 murders
the princes ; 32 then Richard the 3^d swaying the sword,
 cryed himselfe a kinge,⁴
 murthered 2 princes in their bedds,
 which deede great striffe did bringe.

Buckingham
 raises a host
 to avenge
 them ; 36 & then the duke of Buckingam,
 hating this bloody deede,
 against the tyrant raysed an Oaste
 of armed men indeed.

40 & when King Richard of this hard tell,
 a mightye Ost he sent
 against the duke of Buckingam,
 his purpose to prevent.

but his men
 flee from
 Richard's
 army, 44 & when the dukes people of this heard tell,
 feare filled their hearts eche one ;
 many of his souldiers fledd by night,
 and left him one by one.

and he flees
 to Banister 48 in extreme need the Duke tooke a steede,⁵ [page 27]
 & posted night and day
 towards Banister his man,
 in secrett there to stay.

to hide him. 52 “ O Banister, Sweet Banister !
 pitty thow my cause,” sayes hee,
 “ & hyde me from mine⁶ Enemyes
 that here accuseth⁷ mee.”

¹ Now it.—P.

² such.—P.

³ The M^t was constrained to seek. —P.

⁴ Himself proclaimed king.—P.

⁵ Part of the line pared off the M

—F.

⁶ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

⁷ persueth (in red ink: by Percy

his late hand.— F.)

- “O, you be welcome, my Lord ! ” hee sayes, Banister
 “your grace is welcome here !
 & as my liffe Ile keepe you safe,
 56 although it cost me deere ! ” vows to keep him safe,
- “ be true, sweete Banister ! ” sayes hee,
 O sweete Banister, be true ! ”
 “christa curse,” he sayd, “on me & mine
 60 if euer I prone fialse to you ! “ Christ’s curse on me if I be false ! ”
- then the Duke cast of his veluett sute,
 his chaine of gold likwise,
 & soe he did his veluett capp,
 64 to blind the peoples eyes ; Buckingham takes off his velvet clothes,
- a lethern Jerkyn ¹ on his backe,
 & lethern slopps ² alsoe,
 a heidging bill vpon his backe,
 68 & soe into the woods did goe ! dresses as a woodman,
- an old felt hat vpon his head,
 with 20 holes therin ;
 & soe in labor he spent the time,
 72 as tho some drudge he had beene. and works away
- & there he liued long vnknowen,
 & still vnknowne might bee,
 till Banister for hope of gaine
 76 betrayd him Iudaslye. in safety.
- for a proclamation there was made,
 ‘whosoeuer then cold bringe
 newes of the Duke of Buckingam
 80 to Richard then our Kinge, But Richard

¹ Langurier jergon, an over-coat; grave; in Wedgwood.—F.
 Fr. Jergot, Jergot, a kind of coarse garment worn by country people. Cot. ² slopps. A kind of open breeches. trowsers. Johnson.—P.

offers 1000
marks
and knight-
hood, for
news of
Bucking-
ham.

Banister
betrays his
master.

Buckingham
is seized.

He re-
proaches
Banister,

but is be-
headed at
Salisbury.

Banister

is cast into
prison,

' a 1000 markes shalbe his ffee
of gold & silver bright,
& then be preferred by his grace,
84 & made a worthy knight.'

& when Banister of *that* heard tell,
straight to the court sent hee,
& soe betrayd his Master good
88 for lucre of *that* ffee.

a herald of armes there was sent,
& men with weapons good,
who did attach this noble Duke
92 where he was labouring in the wood.

" Ah, ffalsse Banister ! a, wretched man !
Ah, Caitiffe ! " then sayes hee ;
" haue I maintained thy poore estate
96 to deale thus Iudaslye ?

" alas *that* euer I beleeuued
that flattering toungue of thine !
woe worth the time *that* euer I see
100 *that* false Bodye of thine ! "

then ffraught with feare & many a teare,
with sorrowes almost dead,
this noble Duke of Buckingam
104 att Salsbury ¹ lost his head.

then Banister went to the court,
hoping this gold to haue,
but straight in prison hee was cast,
108 & hard his liffe to ² saue.

¹ query Shrewsbury.—P.

² hard his life could.—P.

small ffreinds he found in his distresse,
nor any comfort in his need,
but euery man reviled him
112 [for] this¹ his trecherous deede.

reviled by
all,

& then, according to his wishe,
god's Judgments did on him fall ;
his children were consumed quite,
116 his goods were wasted all ;

and Christ's
curse falls
on him :

[page 272]
118 ffor one of his sonnes for greeffe Starke madd did fall ;²
the other ffor sorrow drowned was
within a shallow runing stremme
120 where euery man might passe.

one son
turns mad,
the other is
drowned.

his daughter right of bewtye bright,
to such lewde liffe did fall
that shee dyed in great miserye ;
124 & thus they were wasted all.

His daugh-
ter becomes
a strumpet.

Old Banister liued long in shame,
& att the lenght did dye ;
& thus they Lord did plague them all
128 ffor this his trecherye.

He lives in
shame and
dies.

now god blesse our king & councell graue,³
in goodness still to proceed ;
& send every⁴ distressed man
132 a better ffreind att need !

God send

all in need
a better
friend !¹ ffor this Qu.—P.² Stark madd did fall.—P. This line is
made two in the MS. Starke begins ⁴ to each.—P.
p. 272 —F.³ Our ky G⁴ bless And grant his

grace P.

Earle Bodwell.¹

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, vol. ii. pp. 198–200, under the title of “The Murder of the King of Scots.” Percy’s Introduction, p. 197, is as follows:—“The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

“Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

¹ On the Murther of David Riccio and of the king of Scotts. Written while the Queen of Scotts was in England.—P.

" This ballad (printed¹ from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4, 1560."

WOE: worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande !
 Woe to you,
 Scotland,
 you've
 hanged the
 best of
 Princes!

for thou hast euer wrought by a² sleight ;
 Queen Mary
 bade him
 come and
 marry her ;

for³ the worthyest Prince that euer was borne,
 4 you hanged vnder a cloud by night !

the queene of ffrance a letter wrote,
 Queen Mary
 & sealed itt⁴ with hart and ringe ;
 bade him come Scotland within,
 & shee wold marry him⁵ & crowne him King:
 8 to be a King, itt⁶ is a pleasant thing ;
 to bee⁷ a Prince vnto a Peere ;
 but you haue heard, & so haue I too,⁸
 12 a man may well by⁹ gold to deere.

there was an Italian in that place,
 but she had
 an insolent
 Chamber-
 lain, Rizzio,
 was as welbeloved as euer was hee ;
 Lord David¹⁰ was his name,
 16 chamberlaine¹¹ vnto the Queene was hee.

for¹² if the King had risen forth¹³ of his place,
 he wold haue sitt¹⁴ him downe in the cheare,¹⁵
 & tho itt¹⁶ besemeed him not soe well,
 20 altho the King had beene¹⁷ present there.

¹ S., in 2nd and 3rd editions too :
 " printed with a few corrections," 4th ed.

² F.

³ *Rd.* omits these.—F. 4th and 2nd and 3rd editions restore *too*, l. 11.

⁴ it.—*Rd.* itt. 4th ed.

⁵ bee.—*Rd.* bee. 4th ed.

⁶ bee.—P.

⁷ And Davi¹⁸ Rizzio qu. Davi¹⁹ Rizzio.

⁸ P.

⁹ Lord Chamberl²⁰.—P.

¹⁰ from. P.

¹¹ sate. R.L.

¹² if th' chaire.—*Rd.* in the cheare. —

4th ed.

¹³ although it.—*Rd.* And tho itt.—

4th ed.

¹⁴ And tho were.—P. *Rd.*

¹⁵ Although . . . had biene.—4th ed.

* And David Riccio.—*Rd.* Lord David. 4th ed.

and some
Scotch lords

stabbed him. 24

The Queen
was wrath,

some lords in Scottland waxed wonderous¹ wroth,
& quarrelld with him for the nonce² :
I shall you tell³ how itt beffell ;
12 daggers were in him all¹ att once.

when this queene see the⁴ Chamberlaine was¹ slaine,
for him her⁵ cheeks shee did weete,
& made a vow for a 12 month & a day⁶
28 the King & shee⁷ wold not come in one sheete.

and other
Lords

vowed to
kill the
King.

then some of the Lords of Scottland⁸ waxed wrothe,
& made their vow⁹ vehemently,
'for death of the queenes¹⁰ Chamberlaine¹¹
32 the King himselfe he shall dye.'¹²

they strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder,¹³
& layd greene rushes in his way ;
ffor the traitors thought that¹⁴ night
36 the¹⁵ worthy king for to betray.¹⁶

They set
fire to his
bedroom,

to bedd the worthy King made¹⁷ him bowne ;¹⁸
to take his rest, that¹⁹ was his desire ;
he was noo sooner cast on sleepce,²⁰
40 but his chamber was on a blasing fyre.²¹

he jumped
out of
window,

vp he lope, & a glasse²² window broke ;
he²³ had 30 foote for to ffall.

¹ Rel. omits these.—P.

² ? MS. noncett, with *tt* blotted out.—

F. nonce.—Rel.

³ And I shall tell.—Rel. 4th ed.

omits *And*.

⁴ the queen she saw her.—Rel. 4th

ed. omits *she*, and restores *was*.

⁵ [her] fair.—P.

⁶ year & a day.—P.

⁷ shee'd ne'er.—P.

⁸ lords they.—Rel.

⁹ [vow] now.—P.

¹⁰ That for the death of the.—Rel.

For the death of the queenes.—4th ed.

¹¹ Queen's Lo. Ch^a.—P.

¹² How he, the king himself sh^t dye.—P. and.—Rel. The king himselfe

how he shall dye.—4th ed.

¹³ with Gunpowd: they strew^t his room.—P.

¹⁴ very.—P.

¹⁵ this.—Rel.

¹⁶ betraye.—Rel. betray.—4th ed.

¹⁷ the kf he made.—P.

¹⁸ ready, paratus. Lye.—P.

¹⁹ omitted.—Rel.

²⁰ sleepe.—Rel.

²¹ it was all on fire.—P.

²² and the.—Rel. ²³ And.—P.

Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach
 44 vnderneath¹ his castle wall.
 " who haue wee² heere ? " sayd Lord Bodwell ;
 " answer me, now I doe call."³

and was
caught by
Lord
Bodwell,

" King Henery the 8th my vnckle was ;
 46 some pitty show for his sweet sake !⁴
 " Ah, Lord Bodwell ! I know thee well ;
 some pitty on me I pray thee take ! "⁵

whom he
prayed for
mercy.

" Ile⁶ pitty thee as much," he sayd,
 52 " & as much favor⁷ Ile show to thee
 As thou had on the Queenes Chamberlaine [page 273]
 that day thou deemeost⁸ him to dye.⁹"

But Both-
well would
have none,

through halls & towers this¹⁰ King they Ledd,
 56 through castles & towers¹¹ that were hye,¹¹
 through an arbor into an orchard,
 & there hanged him in a pear tree.¹²

and hanged
him on a
pear-tree.

when the governor of Scotland he¹³ heard tell¹³
 60 that¹⁴ the worthye king he¹³ was slaine,
 he hath banished¹⁵ the Queene soe bitterlye
 that in Scotland shee dare not remaine ;

The Go-
vernor
cursed Mary,

¹ all und^t &c. P. All underneath.
 R. Underneath his. —4th ed.
² we. —R. wee. 4th ed.
³ Now answer me that I may know.
 R.
⁴ For his sweete sake some pitty
 etc. w. —R.
 The next two lines Percy has altered
 etc.

Wh have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd.
 Now answer me when I doe speake.—P.
⁵ I. I. —R.
⁶ favour. —R. favor.—4th ed.

⁷ i.e. deemeost—deem, est opinari,
 censere, judicare. Jun.—P. l. 51 is
 partly pared off the MS.—F.
⁸ dye.—R. die,—with the note
⁹ Pronounced after the northern manner
 dor" in ed^t 2, 3, 4.
¹⁰ the.—P.
¹¹ thru towers & castles, &c.—P.
¹² hye.—R.
¹³ There on a pear tree hanged him
 hye.—R.
¹⁴ omitted.—R.
¹⁵ He perused.—R. ? banish—ban,
 curse.—P.

and she fled
to England,
where she
now is.

but shee is fled into Merry England,
64 & Scotland to aside hath laine;¹
& through the Queene of Englands good² grace
now in England shee doth remaine.³

ffins.

¹ And here her residence hath tane.
—*Rel.* A change not for the better.
—F.

² omitted.—*Rel.*
³ In Engl^d now shee doth remain.
—P.

[Those readers (if any) who have looked at the notes will have noticed that the fourth edition of the *Reliques* has restored the reading of the MS. in several places where the first has altered it,—though in others it leaves the changes of the first edition untouched:—thus in lines

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| First three editions. | Fourth edition and MS. |
| 6. it | <i>is changed into</i> itt |
| 15. And David Riccio | „ Lord David |
| 18. i' th' chaire | „ in the cheare |
| 19. Although it | „ And tho itt |
| 20. And though | „ Altho |
| 23. And I | „ I |
| 25. queene shee | „ queene |
| 25. slaine | „ was slaine |
| 29. wroth | „ wrothe |
| 36. betraye | „ betray |
| 44. All underneath | „ Underneath his |
| 45. we | „ wee |
| 61. hee | „ he |
| 62. favour | „ favor |

while in lines 31–32 the manuscript
“for death of the queenes Chamberlaine,
the King himselfe he shall dye,”

which Percy altered in his first edition to
That for the death of the chamberlaine,
How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye,
he changed back in the fourth to,
For the death of the queenes chamber-
laine,

The king himselfe, how he shall die.”

I write *he* changed back, for Mr. David Laing says that a friend of Percy's and his assured him that Percy himself edited the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, and that with great care, though he let his nephew, in the Advertisement to that edition, take the responsibility of it off his own episcopal shoulders, supposed to be burdened with “more important” matters. It is, indeed, evident that the many changes made in the text of the fourth edition must have been carefully considered by Percy, for they are changes of lines sometimes as well as of words.
—F.]

Bishoppe & Browne.¹

See Introduction to *King James & Brown*, vol. i. p. 135.

This piece is printed in the *Reliques*. "The original copy," says Percy, "(preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, 'A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the King's Chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.' At the end is subjoined the name of the author 'W. Elderton.' 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter folio."

It is the work of the professional ballad-writer who could "rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted"; and it is well-executed work of its sort. The image is fairly well shaped; but there is scarcely a spark of Heaven's fire in it—no breath of life breathed into its nostrils.

It was written, no doubt, rather to give information than entertainment. At a time when there were no newspapers circulating through the country, the ballad was an ordinary vehicle of news. "Marry, they say that the running stationers of London, I mean such as use to sing ballads, and those that cry malignant pamphlets, &c." (*Knaves are honest men, or More Knaves yet*, apud Collier's Book of Roxburghe Ballads.)

¹ N.B. This Copy is very imperfect. See Page 58 & 59 [of MS.]. Stanza the last in that Page [vol. i. p. 141, l. 108 9 ff. post], where the subject of this ballad is alluded to.—P. The title in the *Re-*

liques, vol. ii. p. 204, first edition, is the "King of Scots and Andrew Browne." The version there printed contains 15 stanzas, while the present one has only 10, and two of these are incomplete. F.

How sad
that subjects
can't be
true!

IESUS god ! what¹ greeffe is this
 that Princes subiects cannot be true !
but still the devill &² some of his
4 doth play his part, as plaine is in shew.³

In Scotland

in Scottland dwelles a bony king,
 as proper a youth as any can bee ;
hee is giuen to euery happy⁴ thing
8 that can be in a Prince to see.⁵

King
James's
nurse heard
that he was
to be
poisoned.

on whitsonyde, as itt befell,
 a possett was made to give the King ;
& that his Ladye Nurse heard tell
12 that itt was made a poysoned thing.
shee cryed, & called pittouslye,
“helpe ! or else the King must dye ! ”

Browne
sprang
forward,

& Browne being⁶ an Englishman,
16 he did heare⁷ that Ladys pityous crye ;
but with his sword he besturred him then ;
 forth att the dore he thought to flee,
but euery dore was made full fast ;
20 forth of a window hee llope at last.⁸

leapt out of
a window,

met the
Bishop with
the

he mett the Bishopp att the dore,
 & with the possett in his hand.
the sight of Browne made the Bishopp agast ;

¹ Out alas ! what a.—*Rel.*

² hath.—*Rel.*

³ Will play their parts, whatsoever
ensue ;

Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed kinge ?

Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho,

—*Rel.*

The collation after this is not com-
plete.—F.

⁴ The y is made over an A in the MS.

—F.

⁵ *Rel.* adds :—

Yet that unluckie countrie still
Hath people given to craftie will,
Alas for woe, &c.

⁶ One Browne that was.—*Rel.*

⁷ And hard.—*Rel.*

⁸ MS. at last llope hee.—F. Out of a
window he got at last.—*Rel.*

24 he bade him soe boldleye stay & stand.
with him were 2 that ran awaye
for feare lest browne shold make a fray.

“Bishopp,” said Browne, “what haest thou there?”
28 “nothing at all, my ffreinde,¹” Quoth hee,
“but a posett to make the King good cheere.”
“is itt soe ? ” sayd Browne, “that will I see ;
before thou goe any further inn,
32 of this posett thou shalt begin.”

poisoned
posset.

“Browne,” said the Bishopp, “I know thee well ;
thou art a yong man both pore & bare ;
& liuings² of³ thee I shall bestowe ;
36 goe thou thy way, & take noe care.”
“noe ! ” said Browne, “that shall not bee !
Ile not be a traitor for all christentye !
for be itt for wayle,⁴ or for woe be itt,
40 drinke thou off this sorrowfull posett.”

rejected his
bribes to be
quiet,

and made

the Bishopp dranke ; then by & by
his belly burst, & he fell downe :
a iust reward for his traitorye.
44 “marry, this was a posett indeed ! ” sayd Browne.
he searched the Bishopp, & found they Kayes
to goe to the King when he did please.

the Bishop
drink the
posset.
The Bishop
burst and
died.

& when the Kinge heard tell of this,
48 he meekelye fell downe on his knee,
& thanked god that he did misse
then of this false trecherye ;
& then he did perceiue & know
52 that his clergye wold haue him betraide [so.⁵]

King James
thanked
God,

¹ The last e is made over an s in the
M. - F.
² Only half the s in the MS. - F.
³ a. - F.
⁴ . . . sorrow unless it be corruptly

written for weal, welfare, good : written
by the Scots weil, wele.—P.

⁵ Rel. inserts another stanza here,
and adds four after the next. - F.

rewarded
the barch,

and knighted 56 Browne.

he called the narsse befor his grace,
& gaue vnto her 20^{lye} pounds [a yeere.]
doughtye Browne, [i'] the like case,
he dubbd him *Knight* with gallant cheere,
bestowed vpon him linings great
[For dooing such a manly feat.]

ffins.

¹ Last line cut away in the MS.; supplied here from the *Rel.*, which adds: As he did shewe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made &c.

and then four more stanzas about a fresh attempt to make away with the King.—F.

[page 274]

Childe Waters.¹

THIS ballad was printed in the *Reliques* from the Folio, with a few "corrections." These amount to the insertion of six new lines, and numerous minor changes. The copy is indeed somewhat mutilated, and needed a little patching to make it presentable to the general reader.

"Several traditional versions," says Professor Child in his *English and Scotch Ballads*, "have since been printed, of which we give *Burd Ellen* from Jamieson's, and in the Appendix *Lady Margaret* from Kinloch's Collection. Jamieson also furnishes a fragment, and Buchan² (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 30) a complete copy of another version of *Burd Ellen*; and Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, 193) makes up an edition from all the copies, which we mention here because he has taken some lines from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch."

The love and fidelity of a woman are here tried to the utmost limit. Worse sufferings than are even mentioned in the *Nut-brown Maid*, and in that feeble reflection of it, *A Jigge*, are here verily endured. Certainly "Burd Ellen" is the better, more expressive title for the ballad. She is the one centre of interest in it—the one living glory and delight. Child Waters appears but to introduce her—to "bring her out"—to furnish her with an opportunity for displaying her splendid trust and adherence. He must be regarded so, or he is intolerable. This part he performs excellently. He brings Ellen's faithfulness into glorious

¹ A Tryal of female Affection not unlike the Nut-brown Maid. Shewing how child Waters made his M^r undergo many Hardships, & afterwards married her. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.

² This Buchan (whom I once endeavoured to assist in his poverty by procuring purchasers for his books) was a most daring forger: scarcely anything that he has published can be trusted to as genuine.—A. Dyce.

relief. Let this and kindred ballads, then, be accepted as statements for the light doubting talk men sometimes hold about women.

Be it true or wrong
 These men among
 On women do complaine
 Affermynge this
 How that it is
 A labour spent in vaine
 To love them wele
 For never a dele
 They love a man agayne.
 For lete a man
 Do what he can
 Ther favour to attayne
 Yet yf a newe
 To them pursue
 Ther furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nougnt
 And from her thought
 He is a bannished man.

I say not nay
 But that all day
 It is both writ & sayde
 That woman's fayth
 Is as who sayth
 All utterly decay'd.

This and kindred ballads show how, in spite of many sad scandals, in spite of suspicions and sneers, the heart of men still nursed and cherished a precious fond belief in the truth of women. Much frivolity there might be,¹ much hypocrisy, much falseness; but ever here and there was one to be found —one who, through good report and through evil, through all extreme distresses and neglects and cruelties, would never withdraw her trust from him to whom once she had given it—would never falsify the vows she had once uttered—would never fail from her true-love's side—*una de multis face nuptiali*

¹ See the ballad in the metre of the beginning, Notbrowne Mayd in Mr. Skeat's Preface to *Partenay*, p. ii, (E. E. T. Soc. 1866)

masteres anne,
 I am your man.—F.

digna. Such an one is Ellen in this ballad. She illustrates how “many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” She cares nothing for gold and fee; had rather have one kiss of her love’s mouth or one twinkling of his eye than “Cheshire and Lancashire both”; will lay aside her woman’s dress, sacrifice her long yellow locks, endure strange hardships—running barefoot through the broom and struggling through the water—invoke generous blessings on the head of her supposed rival, obey the most trying orders, that she may accompany and please the master of her heart. Her love never hesitates. When, after much ill usage, she gives birth to a child in the stable whither she has gone in the early morning to feed the Child’s horse, she lets no murmur against the author of her miseries escape her.

She said, “Lullaby, my own dear child,
Lullaby, dear child dear!
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier.”

In the end her trust wins its reward.

“Peace now,” he said, “good fair Ellen,
And be of good cheer, I thee pray;
And the bridal and the churching both
They shall be upon one day.”

CHILDE: watters in his stable stode,
& stroaket his milke white steede:
to him came a flaire young Ladye
as ere did ware¹ womans wee[de²;]

saies, “christ you saue, good Chyld waters!”
saies, “christ you saue and see!
my girdle of gold which was too longe
is now to short ffor mee;

To Childe
Waters

comes fair
Ellen.

says.

¹ ware. P. ² for ware.—*lit.*

¹ weed. P.

"I am with
child by
you."

" & all is with one¹ chyld of yours,
I ffeeble sturre att my side.

12 my gowne of greene, it is to strayght ;
before it was to wide."

"If so,

take
Cheshire and
Lancashire, 16

"if the child be mine,² faire Ellen," he sayd,
" be mine, as you tell mee,
take³ you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
take them your owne to bee.

and make
the child
your heir."

20 "if the child be mine, faire Ellen," he said,
" be mine, as you doe sweare,
take you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
& make *that* child your heyre."

"I'd rather
have a kiss

shee saies, " I had rather haue one kisse,
child waters, of thy mouth,
then I wold haue Cheshire & lancashire both,
that lyes⁴ by north & south.

and a look
from you,
than your
countess."

28 " & I had rather haue a twinkling,
Child waters, of *your* eye,⁵
then I wold haue Cheshire & Lancashire both,
to take them mine oun to bee ! "

He says
he must take
the fairest
lady north
with him.

Ellen asks
to be his
footpage.

32 "to-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
soe ffarr into⁶ the North countrye ;
the ffairest Lady *that* I can ffind,
Ellen, must goo with mee."⁷
" & euer I pray you, Child watters,
your ffootpage let me bee ! "

¹ a.—P.

² Only one stroke for the *m*.—F. ⁵ be
mine.—P.

³ Then take.—*Rel.*

⁴ lyo.—P.

⁵ thine ee.—*Rel.*

⁶ far into.—P.

⁷ The *Reliques* inserts:
Though I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me go with thee.—F.
Tho' I am not that fayre Lady,
Yet let me go with thee.—P.

| | | |
|----|--|---|
| | "if you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,
as you doe tell itt mee,
then you must cutt your gownne of greene
an inche aboue your knee ; | He agrees.
if she'll cut
her gown |
| 40 | "soe must you doe your yellow lockes,
another inch ¹ aboue your eye ;
you must tell noe man what is my name ;
my ffootpage then you shall bee." | and hair. |
| 44 | all this ² long day Child waters rode,
shee ran bare floote ³ by his side ;
yett was he neuer soe curteous a Knight,
to say, "Ellen, will you ryde ?" | She runs
barefoot by
his side |
| 48 | but all this day Child waters rode,
shee ran ⁴ barfloote thorow the broome !
yett he was ⁵ neuer soe curteous a Knight
as to say, "put on your shoone." | all day thro'
the broom. |
| 52 | "ride softlye," shee said, ⁶ "Child watters ;
why doe you ryde soe fast ?
the child, which is no mans but yours, ⁷
my bodye itt will burst." ⁸ | Ride softly,
she says. |
| 56 | he sayes, ⁹ "sees thou yonder ¹⁰ water, Ellen,
that flowes from banke to brim ?" | |
| | "I trust to god, Child waters," shee said, ¹¹
"you will neuer ¹² see mee swime." | |
| 60 | but when shee came to the waters side,
shee sayled to the Chinne :
"except the ¹³ Lord of heauen be my speed,
now must I ¹⁴ learne to swime." | No makes
her |

' an inch.—P.

* Show all the *Rel.* and omit 'show' in the next line - F.

in the all the long day (Ch. W. rule).

— See all the long day! H. W. Hale.
Kao-oo-P'

' was he.—P.

* time.—P.

* Her myth.—

"I trust in

—Red. " you

" but the.—P

"For I must."

• Ω.—P.

• **Termat.** —

" yond.—

Child Water

-P. 84.-

— Rev. and

swim thro'
the water.

64 the salt waters bare vp Ellens¹ clothes ;
 our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne ;
 & Child waters was a woe man,² good Lord,³
 to ssee faire Ellen swime.

He shows
her

& when shee ouer the water was,
 68 Shee then came to his knee : [page 275]

a hall.
The fairest
girl there is
his bride,

he said, " come hither, ffaire Ellen,
 loo yonder what I see !

his para-
mour.

Ellen
wishes him
and his bride
God speed.

" seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
 72 of redd gold shine the yates⁴ ;
 theres 24 ffayre ladyes,⁵
 the ffairest is my wordlye make.⁶

" Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
 76 of redd gold shineth the tower ;
 there is⁷ 24 ffaire Ladyes,⁸
 the fairest is my paramoure."

" I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
 80 that of redd gold shineth the yates.⁹
 god giue¹⁰ good then of your selfe,
 & of your wordlye make¹¹ !

" I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
 84 that of redd gold shineth the tower.
 god giue¹² good then of your selfe
 and of your paramoure ! "

¹ her.—*Rel.*

² i. e. a woeful man.—P.

³ Ch. W. was a woe man good Lord.

—P.

⁴ shines [the] gate.—P.

⁵ Of twenty four fayre ladyes there.

—*Rel.* of.—P.

⁶ mate : so the rhyme seems to require,
 but Make signifies also a Mate, match, or
 equal, a familiar companion. from A.-S.

maca, gemaca, par, socius, conjux. Vid.
Jun. Gloss. Sax. Voc.—P. *Rel.* omits
 'wordlye.'—F.

⁷ There are there.—P.

⁸ *Rel.* adds 'there.'—F.

⁹ yate.—P.

¹⁰ [insert] you.—P.

¹¹ worthy mate.—P.

¹² [insert] you.—P.

there were 24 Ladyes,¹

88 were² playing at the ball;
 & Ellen was³ the fairest Ladye,⁴
 must bring his steed to the stall.

She stables
his steed,

there were 24 faire Ladyes⁵

92 was⁶ playing att the Cheese;
 & Ellen shee was⁷ the fairest Ladye,⁸
 must bring his horase to grasse.

and takes it
to grasse.

& then bespake Child waters sister,

96 &⁹ these were the words said shee;
 "you haue the prettyest footpage, brother,
 that euer I saw¹⁰ with mine eye,

His sister

says that
his footpage

"but that his belly it is soe bigg,

100 his girdle goes¹¹ wonderous hye;
 & euer I pray you, Child waters,
 let him goe into the Chamber with mee.¹²"

may go to
her room
with her.

12 "it is more meete for a litle ffootpage

104 that has run through mosse and mire,
 to take his supper vpon his knee
 & sitt downe¹⁴ by the kitchin fyre,
 then to goe into the chamber with any Ladye
 108 that weares soe [rich] attyre.¹⁵"

Childe
Waters says
the page had

better sup
by the
kitchen fire.

¹ were playing follows and is crossed out.—P. There were 24 faire Ladies there P. There twenty four ladyes were Rd.

² A.—Rd. A.—P.

³ that was. Qu.—P.

⁴ the fairest ladye there.—Rd.

⁵ P. has written there at the end.

⁶ Rd. omits 'were.'

⁷ P.

⁸ that was. Qu.—P.

⁹ the fairest ladye there.—Rd.

¹⁰ Rd. omits &. P.

¹¹ I did see.—P. I did see.—Rd.

¹² is.—P.

¹³ in my chamber lie.—P.

¹⁴ Percy turns the last two lines into another stanza, and prefixes it to the first four:—

It is not fit for a little foot page
 That has run through mosse and
 myre.

To lye in the chamber of any lady
 That weares soe riche attyre.

¹⁵ And lye.—Rd.

¹⁶ rich attym. Qu.—P.

- He sends but when thé had supped euery one,
 to bedd they tooke they ¹ way ;
 Ellen he sayd, “ come hither, my litle footpage,
 112 hearken what I doe say !
- * to hire a
prostitute
for him
- and carry
her up to
him.
- Ellen “ & goe thy downe into ² yonder towne,
 116 & low into the street ;
 the fairest Ladye *that* thou can find,
 hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
 & take her vp in thine armes ²
 for filing ⁴ of her feete.”
- Ellen Ellen is gone into the towne,
 120 & low into the streeete :
 hires the
woman
- and carries
her up,
- 124 the fairest Ladye *that* shee cold find,
 shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,
 & tooke her in her armes ²
 for filing of her feete.
- and asks to
lie at his
bed-foot.
- At daybreak “ I pray you now, good Child waters,
 128 *that* I may creepe in att your bedds feete ; ⁵
 for there is noe place about this house
 where I may say ⁶ a sleepe.”
- Childe
Waters
orders Ellen
to feed his
steed.
- 132 7 this, & itt droue now affterward ⁸
 till itt was neere the day :
 he sayd, “ rise vp, my litle ffoote page,
 & glie my steed corne & hay ;
 & soe doe thou ⁹ the good blacke oates,
 that he may carry me the ¹⁰ better away.”

¹ their.—P. they — the.—F.² theo into.—P. thee downe into.—*Rcl.*³ twaine.—*Rcl.*⁴ i. e. for fear of defling.—P.⁵ Let me lie at your feet.—P. Let
me lye at your feete.—*Rcl.*⁶ Vide Liffe & Death. Pag. 384,
lin. 36; pag. 390, lin. 453 [of MS.]—P.
say = essay, try.—F.⁷ In the *Reliques* a stanza is made of
the next two lines :—

He gave her leave, and faire Ellen

Down at his beds feet laye :

This done the nighte drove on a pace,

And when it was neare the daye.—F.

⁸ This done, the night drove on apace.

—P.

⁹ And give him nowe.—*Rcl.*¹⁰ To carry mee.—*Rcl.*

- And vp then rose¹ faire Ellen, [page 276]
 136 & gaue² his steed corne & hay,
 & soe shee did on³ the good blacke oates,
 that he might carry him the better⁴ away.
 She does it,
- shee layned⁵ her backe to the Manger side,
 140 & greiuouslye did groane;⁶
 & that beheard his mother deere,
 and⁷ heard her make her moane.
 but groans,
 for her pains
 come on.
 Childe
 Waters's
 mother
- shee said, "rise vp, thou Child waters!"
 144 I thinkē thou art a⁸ cursed man;
 for yonder is a ghost in thy⁹ stable
 that greiuoualye doth groane,
 or else some woman laboures of¹⁰ child,
 148 shee is soe woe begone!¹¹
 tells him to
 get up,
- there's a
 ghost in his
 stable,
 or a woman
 in labour.
- but vp then rose Child waters,¹¹
 & did on his shirt of silke;
 then he put on his¹² other clothes
 152 on his body as white as milke.
 He dresses,
- & when he came to the stable dore,
 full still that hee did¹³ stand,
 that hee might heare now faire Ellen,
 156 how shee made her monand¹⁴:
 goes to the
 stable,
- and hears
 Ellen
- shee said, "lullabye, my¹⁵ owne deere child!
 lullabye, deere child, deere!
 I wold thy father were a king,
 160 thy mother layd on a beere!
 sing to her
 child:
- would that
 his father
 were a king,
 she dead!
- ¹ [insert] the.—P. ² to give.—P.
² *Rel.* omits on.—P.
³ to carry him th' bet.—P.
⁴ leanned.—P.
⁵ The *Reliques* inserts and alters thus:
 She leanned her back to the manger side
 And there shew made her moane,
 And that beheard his mother deare,
 Shew heard her 'woeful war;
 Shew sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
 And into thy stable gor.—P.
- ⁶ she.—P.
⁷ the a.—P.
⁸ the.—P.
⁹ with.—*Rel.*
¹⁰ 'soon' is written at the end by P.
¹¹ F.
¹² and so he did his.—P.
¹³ ther' did he.—P.
¹⁴ monand, is moaning, i.e. moan. Lyc.
¹⁵ —P.
¹⁶ mine.—*Rel.*

Childe
Waters
promises
to marry
her.

"peace now," he said, "good faire Ellen !
& be of good cheere, I thee pray ;
& the Bridall, & the churching both,
164 they ¹ shall bee vpon one day."²

ffins.

¹ *Rel.* omits they.—F.

² In the admiration bestowed on fair Ellen, Enid, and patient Grisild, it is doubtful whether disgust and indignation at their friends' conduct have been suf-

ficiently expressed or felt. Anything more deliberately brutal, I find it hard to conceive. "Cursed man" is surely an epithet well deserved here.—F.

Perhaps the most poetical and finest version of this poem is to be found in Bürger's melodious German ballad, entitled *Graf Walter*, which he professes to have made *nach dem Alt-englischen*, and which follows Percy's edition pretty closely. He has made it into a very pleasing poem, having paraphrased it after his own fashion with great artistic skill.

Bürger concludes thus :

"Sammt deinem Vater schroibe Gott
Dich in sein Segensbuch !
Werd' ihm und dir ein Purpurkleid,
Und mir ein Leichtentuch!"

"O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,
Süss, süsse Maid, halt ein !
Mein Busen ist ja nicht von Eis,
Und nicht von Marmelstein.

"O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,
Süss, süsse Maid, halt ein !
Es soll ja Tauf' und Hochzeit nun
In einer Stunde sein."

He has also translated "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, and "The Child of Elle" as *Die Entführung*.—Skeat.

Bessie : off Bednall :¹

THERE are copies of this ballad in the Roxburgh and the Bagford collections, and in the Collection of Old Ballads. It is printed in the *Reliques* chiefly from the Folio MS. "compared with two ancient printed copia." It appears in numberless recent collections, as Professor Child's, Mr. Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The Folio copy, differing slightly from the current ones, is here printed faithfully for the first time; for the editor of the *Reliques* seems to have thought that to him too, as to painters and poets,

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit equa potestas,

and freely used his license in the case of this ballad. He was offended by the "absurdities and inconsistencies" of the old version, "which so remarkably prevailed" in that part of the song where the Beggar discovers himself. These were, we suppose, that a Montfort should be spoken of as serving in the wars,

When first our King his fame did advance
And sought for his title in delicate France,

and then that the blinded soldier, when at last he got back to his country, should resign himself to a beggar's life instead of at once declaring himself and appealing to the royal bounty, if he was possessed of no estate to support him. There seemed no hope of curing such grievous deformities as these; so the whole limb was lopped off, and a new one substituted, manufactured by Robert Dodsley, author of *The Economy of Human Life*. Eight new stanzas were substituted. "By the alteration of a

¹ In the printed collection of Old Ballads, 1726. Vol. 2, p. 202, N. 35.—P.

few lines," says Percy, "the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history." Let those who think it profitable or possible to bring about such a reconciliation be thankful. The copy as now at last reproduced gives one stanza (vv. 228-32) not found in the ordinary versions.

The ballad was certainly not written later than Queen Elizabeth's reign; for, as Percy points out, *Mary Ambree* was sung to the tune of it. One reason for which Percy attributes it to that reign seems odd—because the "Queen's Arms" are mentioned in v. 23!

It was an extremely popular ballad, and no wonder. "This very house," writes Pepys in his Diary, June 25, 1663, of Sir W. Rider's place at Bethnal Green, "was built by the blind Beggar of Bednal Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it." (*apud* Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the tune is given.) The story is pretty, and is told unaffectedly. Each part has its own surprise: the one revealing the wealth, the other the high birth of the Beggar. These *dénouements* are not supremely noble; but they are such as please the crowd. Such sudden reverses are always delightful. But what a bathos it would seem if, in the ballad of King Cophetua, the Beggar-maid should turn out to be a disguised Princess, or the village maiden, whom the Lord of Burleigh in Mr. Tennyson's poem leads home, a Lady of title! The present ballad is not satisfied to represent Bessie as "pleasant and bright," "of favours most fair," "courteous." It crowns her with vulgarer honours—showers riches on her, and proves her of high lineage.

Regium certe genus et penates
Mæret iniquos.
Crede non illam tibi de scelestis
Plobe dilectam.

IT was a blind beggar that long lost his sight,
he had a faire daughter both pleasant & bright,
& many a gallant braue sutor had shee,
4 for none was soe comelye as pretty Bessye.

A blind
beggar had
a fair
daughter.

And tho shee was of flavor most faire,
yett seeing shee was but a beggars heyre,
of ancyent houskeepers despised was shee,
8 whose sonnes came as sutors to prettye Bessye.

House-
holders
despised her,

Wherfore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
“good fflather & mother, let me goe away
to seeke out my fortune, whero euer itt be.”
12 this sute then they granted to pretty Bessye.

so she

Then Bessye that was of bewtye soe bright,
they cladd in gray russett, & late in the night
with teares shee lamented her destinye ;
16 soe sadd & soe heauy was pretty Bessye.

left her
parents,

Shee went till shee came to Stratford the bow,
then knew shee not whither nor which way to goe ;
ffrom fflather & mother alone parted shee,
20 who sighed & sobbed for pretty Bessye.

walkt to
Stratford,

Shee kept on her Journey till it was day,
& went vnto Rumsford along the hyo way,
& att the Queenes armes entertained was shee,
24 soe faire & welsavourde was pretty Bessye.

stopt at the
Queen's
Arms,
Rumsford,

Shee had not beene there a month to an End,
but Master & Mistress, and all, were her ffrend ;
& every braue gallant that once did her see,
28 was straight-way in loue with pretty Bessye.

and all the
gallants fell
in loue with
her.

Great gifts they did giue her of siluer & gold,
& in their songs daylye her loue was extold ;
her bewtye was blessed in every degree,
32 soe faire & soe comlye was pretty Bessye.

sang of her
beauty,

and did her bidding.

Four suitors sue her :

1. a rich London Merchant,

2. a Gentleman,

3. a Knight,

4. the Land-lady's son, who will die for her.

The Knight will make her a lady ;

the Gentleman will clothe her in velvet ;

the Merchant will give her jewels.

Bessy refers them to her father.

The young men of Rumford in her had their Ioy,
shec showed herseffe curteous, & neuer to coye ;
and att her commandement wold they [ever] bee,
36 soe flayre and soe comly was pretty Bessye.

flowre sutors att once thé vnto her did goe, [page 277]
thé craved her flavor, but still shee sayd noe ;
“ I wold not wish gentlemen marry with mee : ”
40 yett euer thé honored pretty Bessye.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
was there the ffirst sutor, & proper with-all ;
the 2^d a gentleman of good degree,
44 who wooed & sued ffor pretty Bessye ;

The 3^d of them was a gallant young Knight,
& he came vnto her disguised in the night ;
her Mistress owne sonne the 4. man must bee,
48 who swore he wold dye ffor pretty Bessye.

“ And if thou wilt wedd with me,” quoth the Knight,
“ Ile make thee a Ladye with Ioy [and] delight ;
my hart is intralled by thy bewtye !
52 then grant me thy flavor, my pretty Bessye ! ”

The gentleman sayd, “ marry with mee ;
in silke & in veluett my bessye shalbee ;
my hart lyes distressed; O helpe me ! ” quoth hee,
56 “ & grant me thy Loue, thou pretty Bessye ! ”

“ Let me bee thy husband ! ” the Merchant cold say,
“ thou shalt liue in London both gallant & gay ;
my shippes shall bring home rych Lewells for thee ;
60 & I will ffor euer loue pretty Bessye.”

Then Bessye shee sighed, & thus shee did say,
“ my ffather & mother I meane to obey ;
ffirst gett their good will, & be ffaithfull to me,
64 & you shall enioye your prottye Bessye.”

To euery one this answer shee made,
wherfore vnto her they loyfullye sayd,
"this thing to ffulfill wee doe all agree ;

Who is he ?

68 & where dwells thy ffather, my pretty Bessye ? "

" My ffather," shee said, " is soone to be seene ;
he is the blind beggar of Bednall greene,
that daylye sits beggynge ffor charitey ;

The Blind
Beggar of
Bednall
Greene,

72 he is the good ffather of pretty Bessye ;

" his markes & his tokens are knownen ffull well,
he alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell ;
a silly blind man, god knoweth, is hee,
yett hee is the good ffather of pretty Bessye."

led by a dog
with a bell.

" Nay then," quoth the Merchant, " thou art not for
mee ! "

The
Merchant,

" nor," quoth the Inholder, " my Wiffe thou shalt bee ! "

Inholder,

" I lothe," sayd the gentleman, " a beggars degree ;

and Gentle-

so therfore, ffarwell, my pretty Bessye ! "

man cry off.

" Why then," quoth the knight, " hap better or worse,
I way not true loue by the waight of my pursse,

But the
Knight says

& bewtye is bewtye in every degree,

84 then welcome to me, my pretty Bessye !

he'll have
Bessy.

" With thee to thy ffather florsh will I goe."

" nay soft," quoth his kinsman, " itt must not be soe ;
a beggars daughter noe Ladye shalbe ;

His kinsman
says No :

88 therfore take thy due [leuae] of pretty Bessye."

But soone after this, by breake of the day,
the knight ffrom Rumfford stole Bessye away.

but he
carries off
Bessy.

the younge men of Rumfford, as thicke as might bee,

The Rum-
ford men

92 rode affter to fletch againe pretty Bessye ;

As swift as they winde to ryd they were seene
vntill they came to Bednall greene ;

overtake
him ;

& as the knight lighted most curteonslye,

96 the flought against him for pretty Bessye ;

but he is
rescued.

But rescewe speedilye came on the plaine,
or else the young knight ffor his loue had beene slaine.
this fray being ended, then straight he did see

100 his kinsman came rayling against pretty Bessye.

The Blind
Beggar

Then spake the blind Beggar, "althoe I be poore,
yett rayle not against my child at my dore ;
thoe shee be not decked in veluett & pearle,

104 yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle ;

offers to
give his girl
as much
gold as the
Knight's
kin will.

" And then if my gold may better her birthe,
& equall the gold you lay on the earth,
then neyther rayle, nor grudge you to see
108 the blind beggars daughter a Lady to bee.

[page 278]

" Butt ffirst I will heare, & hauit well Knownen,
the gold that you drop shall all be your owne."

Agreed.

with that they replied, "contented wee bee."

112 "then here is," quoth the Beggar, "ffor pretty Bessye."

The Beggar
lays down
angels
against the
Knight's

With that an angell he dropped on the ground,
& dropped in angells 500^l
& oftentimes itt was proued most plaine,

116 ffor the gentlemans one the beggar dropt twayne,

till the
latter's store
is gone,

Soe that the place wherin the did sitt,
with gold was couered euery whitt.

the gentleman hauing dropped all his store,
120 said, " Beggar, hold ! for wee hauie noe more.

and then
gives 100*l.*
more.

" Thou hast ffulfilled thy promise arright."
" then marry," quoth hee, " my girle to this Knight;
& heere," quoth hee, " Ile throw you downe
124 a 100^l more to buy her a gowne."

The gentleman that all this treasure had seene,
admired the beggar of Bednall greene,
& those that were her sutors before,
128 their fflesh for verry anger they tore.

Then was faire Besye mached to the knight,
& made a Ladye in others despite ;
a flairer Ladye was never scene
132 then the Beggars daughter of Bednall gree[ne].

So fair Besy
is made a
Lady,

But of their sumptuous marriage & feaste,
& what braue Lords & Knights thither we[r]e prest,
the 2^d fift shall sett to sight,
136 with marueilous pleasure & wished delight.

and I'll
tell you all
about the
Marriage in
Fift II.

[Part II.]

140 { Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
that late was betrothed vnto a younge Knight,
all the discourse ther-of you did see :
but now comes the wedding of pretty Bes[sye]. The wedding

2^d parte { within a gallant pallace most braue,
adorned with all the cost tho cold haue,
this wedding was kept most sumptuously,
144 & all ffor the creditt of pretty Besye.

is held in
a palace,

All kind of daintyes & delicates sweete
was brought ffor the banquett, as it most mee[t],
Partridge, plouer, & venison most ffree,
148 against the braue wedding of pretty Besye.

and a grand
banquet is
made.

This marryage through England was sp[r]ead by Nobles and
repor[t], gentles come
soe that a great number thereto did resort
of nobles & gentles in every degree ;
152 & all was ffor the flame of pretty Besye.

Nobles and
gentles come
to it.

To church then went this gallant younge knight ;
his bride ffollowed, an angell most bright,
with troopes of Ladyes, tho like were never seeno
156 as went with Sweet Besye of Bednall greene.

Ladies
follow
Besy to
church.

After the
marriage,
comes the
feast,

This marriage being solemnized then
with musicke perfourmed by the skillfullest men,
the Nobles & gentles sate downe at *that tyde*,
160 each one beholding the beautifull bryde.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
to talke & to reason a number begunn
of the blind Beggars daughter most bright,
164 & what with his daughter he gau to the Knight.

and then
the Beggar
is asked
for.

Then spake the Nobles, "most marueill haue wee,
this Iolly blind beggar wee cannott here see."
"my Lord," said the Bride, "my father is soe base,
168 he is loth by his presence these states¹ to disgrace;

Bessy's
beauty puts
away his
basenesse.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe'
before her ffacio heere, were a flattering thing."
"wee thinke thy flathers basenesse," quoth they,
172 "might by thy bewtyc be cleane put awaye."

So the
Beggar
comes in

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
but in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cote,
a velluett capp and a fether had hee,
176 & now a Musityan fforsooth hee wold bee;

with a lute,

And being led in, ffor catching of harme [page 273]
he had a daintye Lute vnder his arme,
saies, "please you to heare any Musicke of mee ?
180 Ile sing you [a] song of pretty Bessye."

and sings a
song of

With *that* his lute he twanged straight-way,
& there begann most sweetlye to play,
& after a lesson was playd 2 or 3 :
184 he strayned on this song most delicatelye:

¹ Nobles.—F.

"A Beggars daughter did dwell on [a] greene,
who for her faire might well be a queene;
a blithe bonny Lasse, & daintye, was shee,
188 & many a one called her pretty Beasy."

**the Beggar's
daughter.**

" Her ffather hee had noe goods nor noe Lande,
but begd¹ for a penny all day with his hand[s];
yett to her marriage hee gaue thousands 3:
192 & still he hath somewatt for pretty Bessye;

whose father
gave her
3,000..

" And if any one her birth doe disdaine,
her fflather is ready with might & with maine
to proove shoe is come of a Noble degree;
196 therfore neuer flout att pretty Bessye."

and can
prove she's
of noble
birth.

With that the Lords & the companye round
with harty Laughter were like to sound.
att last said the Lords, "full well wee may see,
200 the Bride & the Beggar is behouldings to thee."

The Lord laugh.

With that the Bride all blushing did rise
with the salt water within her faire eyes :
" O pardon my fflather, graue Nobles," quoth shee,
204 " that thorrow blind affection thus doteth on mee."

Bessy begs
them to
excuse her
father's
praise of her.

" If this be thy ffather," the ² noble[s] did say,
" well may he be proud of this happy day ;
yett by his countenaunce well may wee see,
209 his birth & his fortune did never agree ;

The Lord's Book

"And therfor, blind man, I pray thee bewray,
& looke that the truth thou to vs doe say,
thy birth & thy parentage, what itt may bee,
212 euen for the lone thou bearest to pretty Bessye."

the Blind
Beggar to
confess who
he really is.

The *g* is made over a *d* in the MS. —F.

He tells them.

"Then give me leaue, you Gengells¹ eche one,
a song more to sing, then will I goe on ;
& if that itt may not winn good report,

216 then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

With King Henry.

"When ffirst our King his ffame did Advance,
& foughft for his title in delicate ffrance,
in many a place many perills past hee :

220 then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

went to France young Mountford.

"And then in those warres went over to fight
many a braue duke, a Lord, & a Knight,
& with them younge Mountford, his courage most free :
but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

At Blois he was wounded.

"Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day,
where many braue ffrenchmen vpon the ground Lay ;
amonge them Lay Mountford for compayne :
but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

lost both his eyes, and nearly his life, but for a young woman

"But there did younge Mountford, by blow on the face,

loose both his eyes in a very short space ;
& alsoe his liffe had beeene gone with his sight,

232 had not a younge woman come forth in the night

who saved him.

"Amongst the slaine men, as fancy did moue,
to search & to seeke for her owne true loue ;
& seeing young Mountford there gasping to bee,

236 shee saued his liffe through charitye.

Together they begged ;

"And then all our vittalls, in Beggars attire [page 200]
att hands of good people wee then did require.

came to Bednall Greene,

att last into England, as now it is seene,
240 wee came, & remained att Bednall greene ;

¹ Gentles.—F.

" And thus wee haue liued in ffortunes despite,
tho¹ poore, yett contented w^t humble delight ;
& in my young² yeeres, a comfort to bee,
244 god sent mee my daughter, pretty Bessye.

and begot
Pretty
Bessy.

" And thus, noble Lords, my song I doo end,
hoping the same noe man doth offend ;
full 40 winters thus I haue beene,
248 a silly blind beggar of Bednall greene."

That's the
Beggar's
tale.

Now when the compayne euerye one
did heare the strange tale in the song he had show[n],
they were all amazed, as well thē might bee,
252 both at the blind beggar & pretty Bessye.

The Lords
wonder.

with that he did the fayre bride imbrace,
saying, " thou art come of an honourable race ;
thy fathur likewise of a highe degree,
256 & thou art well worthy a lady to bee ! "

The Beggar
embraces
Bessy,

Thus was the feast ended with Ioy & delight ;
a br[il] degrome [blissful] was the young knight,
who liued in Ioy & felicity
260 with his ffaire Ladye, pretty Bessye.

and she and
her Knight
live happily.

flins.

¹ MS. the.—F.

² ? old.—F.

Hugh : Spencer :¹

[His great achievements on an Embassy to France.—P.]

THIS piece is now printed from the Folio for the first time. It is no very considerable addition to English literature. It gives, with average dulness, a ridiculously bragging account of the achievements of one Sir Hugh Spencer at the court of France, whither he was dispatched as ambassador—a truly Philistine piece, such as might have been told at Gath or published at Askalon. There does not seem to be any historical ground for it. Not even the most triumphant English history of England contains any account of the terrifying a French king into promises of peace by the prowess of an English ambassador, as here happens when Spencer, with four others, manages to kill “about two or three score” of the King’s guards (p. 295, l. 134), after having slain “13 or 14 score on a previous occasion (p. 294, l. 122). The piece is, indeed, nothing better than a tissue of coarse English braggadocio. An English “old hackney” outvalues any one of a French knight’s war-steeds. An English staff is as stout as three French spears bound together. And as for an English man, why he is good for a French host. What a vulgar Philistine was this ballad-monger!

THE: Court is kept att leene London,
& cuermore shall be itt;

The King
tella Sir H.
Spencer 4 the King sent for a bold Embassador,
& Sir Hugh Spencer that he hight.

¹ The subject of this Ballad seems to be all-together fabulous.—P.

- “ come hither, Spencer,” saith our Kinge,
 “ & come thou hither vnto mee,
 I must make thee an Embassadour
 s betweene the King of ffrance & mee. to go to the
King of
France,
- “ thou must commend me to the King of ffrance,
 & tell him thus & now ffrom mee,
 ‘ I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land,
 12 or open warr kept still must bee.’ and ask him
whether he's
for peace or
war.
- “ thoust haue thy shipp at thy comande,
 thoust neither want for gold nor ffee,
 thoust haue a 100 armed men
 16 all att thy bidding ffor to bee.”
- they¹ wind itt serued, & they sayled,
 & towards ffrance thus they be gone ;
 they¹ wind did bring them safe to shore,
 20 & safolye Landed euery one. Spencer and
his men
land in
France.
- the ffrenchmen lay on the castle wall²
 the English souldiers to be-hold :
 “ you are welcome, traitors, out of England ;
 24 the heads of you are bought and sold !” The French
count on
their heads.
- with that speake proud Spencer,
 “ my leuge, soe itt may not bee !
 I am sent an Embassador
 28 from our English King to yee. Spencer says
he
comes from
the English
King
- “ the King of England greetes you well,
 & hath sent this word by mee ;
 he wold know whether there shold be peace in your
 Land,
 32 or open warres kept still must bee.” to ask
whether it's
to be peace
or war.

¹ the.—P. ² There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS.—P.

War. wars
the French
King;

“ Comend me to the English Kinge,
& tell this now ffrom mee ;
There shall neuer peace be kept in my Land [page 261]
36 while open warres kept there may bee.”

and his
Queen

with that came downe the Queene of ffrance,
and an angry woman then was shee ;
saies, “ itt had beene as ffitt now for a King
40 to be in his chamber with his ladye,
then to be pleading with traitors out of England
kneeling low vpon their knee.”

Spencer

But then bespake him proud Spencer,
44 for noe man else durst speake but hee :
“ you haue not wiped your mouth, Madam,
calls her a
liar.
since I heard you tell a lye.”

She dares
him to fight
her knight.

“ O hold thy toungue, Spencer ! ” shee said,
48 “ I doe not come to plead with thee ;
darest thou ryde a course of warr
with a knight that I shall put to thee ? ”

Spencer says
he has

“ but euer alacke ! ” then Spencer sayd,
52 “ I thinke I haue deserued gods cursse ;
ffor I haue not any armour heere,
nor yett I haue noe Iusting horsse.”

The Queen
tells him he's
too spindle-
shanked,

“ thy shankes,” quoth shee, “ beneath the knee
56 are verry small abone the shinne
ffor to doe any such honourable deeds
as the Englishmen say thou has done.

and too
small-
thighed

“ thy shankes beene small aboue thy shoone,
60 & soe the beene aboue thy knee ;
thou art to slender euery way,
for a
jouster.
any good Iuster ffor to bee.”

"but euer slacke," said Spencer then,
 64 "for one steed of the English countrye !"
 with that bespake & one french knight,
 "this day thoust hane the Choyce of 3 :"

A French
knight offers
him one of
three steeds :

the first steed he fletched out,
 68 I-wis he was milke white.
 the ffirst ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,¹
 his backe did from his belly type.²

1. a white
 (whose back
breaks?),

the 2^d steed that he fletcht out,
 72 I-wis³ that hee was verry Browne ;
 the 2^d ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,
 that horasse & man and all fell downne.

2. a brown
 (who
tumbles
down),

the 3^r steed that hee fletched out,
 76 I-wis that he was verry blacke ;
 the 3^r foote Spencer into the stirropp sett,
 he leaped on to the geldings backe.

 "but euer slacke," said Spencer then,
 80 "for one good steed of the English countrye !
 goe fletch me hither my old hacneye
 that I brought with me hither beyond the sea."

3. a black
 which
Spencer
jumps on,

but soon
calls for his
old English
hack,

but when his hackney there was brought,
 84 Spencer a merry man there was hee ;
 saies, "with the grace of god & St. George of England,
 the ffieild this day shall goe with mee !

 "I haue not florgotten," Spencer sayd,
 88 "since there was ffieild foughten att walsingam,
 when the horasse did heare the trumpetts sound,
 he did beare ore both horasse & man."

and hopes to
win the
fight with
him.

¹ There is a curl between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F.
²? MS. type, with the *I* crossed at top, no doubt for *tyde*, quickly, or Sc. *tyde* to snatch, draw suddenly. Du. *tyden*

to draw, goe.—F.

³ As the *I-wis* is followed by *that*, it may mean here 'I know,' and not be the adverb 'certainly.'—F.

- The joust begins;
- the day was sett, & together they mett
with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drumes strikeng loud & hye.
- Spencer breaks his French spear on his opponent;
the ffirst race that spencer run,
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;
he [hit] the knight vpon his brest,
but his speare itt burst, & wold touch noe more.
- asks for an English one,
“ but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,
“ for one staffe of the English countrie !
without youle bind me 3 together,” [page 222]
quoth hee, “ theyle be to weake ffor mee.”
- with that bespake him the ffrench Knight,
sayes, “ bind him together the whole 30^{yr},
for I haue more strenght in my to hands
then is in all Spencers bodye.”
- and bets the Frenchman five to four he'll beat him.
“ but proue att parting,” spencer sayes,
“ ffrench Knight, here I tell itt thee,
for I will lay thee 5 to 4
the bigger man I proue to bee.”
- So they joust again,
but the day was sett, & together they mett
with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drummes strikeing loud & hye.
- and Spencer the 2^d race that Spencer run,
I-wis heo ridd itt in much pride,
& he hitt the Knight vpon the brest,
& draue him ore his horsse beside.
- unhorses the French knight,
but he run thorow the ffrench campe ;
such a race was neuer run beffore ;
he killed of King Charles his men
att hand of 13 or 14 score.
- kills about 280 men,

- but he came backe againe to the K[ing]
 124 & kneeled him downe vpon his knee,
 saia, "a knight I haue slaine, & a steed I haue woone,
 the best that is in this countrye."
and tells
King
Charles of
it.
- " but nay, by my faith," said the King,
 128 " Spencer, see itt shall not bee ;
 He hane that traitors head of thine
 to enter plea att my Lollye."
Charles says
he'll have
his head.
- but Spencer looket him once about ;
 132 he had true bretheren left but 4 :
 he killed ther of¹ the Kings gard
 about 2 or 3 score.
Spencer
and his men
kill fifty of
the King's
Guard.
- " but hold thy hands," the King doth say,
 136 " Spencer ! now I doe pray thee ;
 & I will goe into little England,
 vnto that cruell Kinge with thee."
Charles
prays him
to stop,

and offers
to go to
England.
- " Nay, by my faith," Spencer sayd,
 140 " my legee, for see itt shall not bee ;
 for on² you sett³ ffoot on English ground,
 you shall be hanged vpon a tree."
Spencer
refuses this.
- " why then, commend [me] to that English Kinge,
 144 & tell him thus now ffrom mee,
 that there shall never be open warres kept in my Land
 whilst peace kept that there may bee."
 flins.
Then
Charles
promises
peace.

¹ MS. therof.—F. ² on = an, if.—F. ³ ? MS. scitt or settt.—F.

Kinge : Adler :¹

THIS Adler may be the same with that one who appears in the ballad of *King Estmere*. As that ballad narrates the marriage of the elder brother Estmere, and how the younger Adler assisted to bring it about, so here the younger brother's wooing and winning are described, and how Estmere promoted them. Perhaps the lost second line made mention of Estmere. There seems to be an error in the eleventh verse: Estmere there should be Ardine. Both brothers are somewhat fastidious in their con-nubial tastes. "I know not," says Estmere in the ballad dedicated to him in the *Reliques*,

"I know not that ladye in any lande
That is able to marry with mee."

And here Adler insists on a wife silk-soft, milk-white, lithe and lissome.

In this ballad the comic element predominates. The narrative is humorous, and so is the narration. The piece reads like a nursery tale, as Mr. Furnivall suggests in the note.

King Adler

describes the wife he wants.

KINGE: Adler, as hee in his window Lay,

[unto a stranger knight he did say,]

" I wold my lands they were as broada

4 as the red rose is in my garden :

there were not that woman this day aline,

I kept to bee my wedded wiffe,

without thó² were as white as any milke

8 or as soft as any silke,

¹ Poor stuff.—P. No doubt meant for a nursery tale.—F.

² she.—F.

- & they royll rich wine ran downe her brest bone,
& lord ! shee were & a leath¹ maiden."
- " but Estmere our King has a daughter soe younge ;
12 god Lord ! shees as soft as any silke,
& as white as any milke,
the royll rich wine runes downe her brest bone,
& lord ! shee is a leath maiden."
- 16 " but will you goe vnto King Ardine,
& will that faire Lady that shee wilbe mine ? "
Hee tooke the flood, & the winde was good, (page 263)
vntill hee came vnto that Kings hall.
- 20 he grett them well both great & small :
" Kinge Adler hath sent me hither to thee,
& wills thy fayre daughter, shee will his bee."
he sayes, " if King Adler will my daughter winne,
24 of another manner he must begin :
ifaith he shall bring Lords to the Mold,
100 Shippes of good red gold,
100 Shippes of Ladyes on the moure,
28 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,
100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
100 Shippes of new dubbd knights.
yett he shall doe that is more pine,
32 he shall take the salt sea & turne itt to red wine ;
when hee has done all these deeds,
then my faire daughter shalbe his ;
but I haue sett her on such a pinn,²
36 King Adler shall her never winne."
he tooke the flood, & they wind was good,
& never stayd in noe stead
vntill he came to Kinge Adlers hall.
- 40 he greeted them well both great & small,

A stranger
says his
king has the
daughter to
suit Adler.

" Will you
go and ask
for her, for
me ? "
The man
goes and
asks.

King
Estmere or
Ardine

recounts
what ship-
loads of
things Adler
must first
bring him.

and then
turn the sea
to red wine.

Adler's
messenger
returns

¹ *Leath*, soft, supple, limber, pliant, Denbighshire, in Halliwell's Gloss humour,' as in 'Each sett on a mery pun.' *Fryar & Boye*, l. 484, *Lo. and Hum. Lutbe*. — F.

² ? high point, station, or 'fancy.'

and gives
him

King
Estmere's
message :
the ship-
loads he's to
bring him,

and then
turn the sea
into wine.

Adler says

they must
dress him as
a woman,
and take him
to the
Prince's
court to
board with
her ladies.

His
messenger
takes him,

and tells
Estmere he
has brought
a lady to
board among
his ladies.

- saies " I haue beene att yonder Kings place
to speake with his daughter fayre of face ;
he sayes, if you will his daughter winne,
44 of another manner you must begin :
you must bring lords to the mold,
100 Shippes of good redd gold,
100 Shippes of Ladyes of the moure,
48 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,
100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
100 Shippes of new dubbd knights ;
& yett you must doe *that* is more pine,
52 take the salt sea & turne it to red wine ;
but he hath sett her on such a pinne
that you can her neuer winne."
" some thing you must doe for mee,
56 I tell you all in veretye ;
in Ladyes [clothes¹] will yee mee bowne,
& bring mee to *that* Ladyes towne,
& boaird me there one yeere or tow
60 amongst those Ladyes for to² goe,
& board³ me there yeeres 2 or 3 :
amongst those faire Ladyes for to bee."
he tooke the flood, & the wind was good,
64 & he neuer stayd nor stoode
vntill he came to *that* Ladyes hall :
he greeted them well both great & small,
sayes, " heere I haue brought a fayre Ladye ;
68 from her owne ffrcinds shee is comen to bee ;
I must board her a yeere or tow
amongst your Ladyes for to goe."
these Ladyes sate all on a rowe ;
72 some began to cut silke, some for to sowe ;

¹ clothes, qu.—P.

² a *K*, seemingly marked out, stands between *to* and *goe*.—F.

³ Mr. Gee, in his *Vocabulary of 1 Words*, gives *board* v.n. *lodge*, as early as 1390 A.D.—F.

- the Kings daughter sayes, "your fflingers are too great,
or else your eyes beene out of seat,—
I tell you full soone anon,—
76 to sowe silke or Lay gold on." The Princess tells Adler his fingers are too big.
- but ere the 12 moneth was come & gone
he wan the farrest Ladye of euerye one.
tho cast the lot, & one by one,
80 & all the Ladyes euerye one One night they cast lots for bedfellows,
- they cast it ouer 2 or 3:
King Adler ffell with the Kings daughter to lye. [page 284]
- but when they were in bedd Laid,
84 these words vnto her then heo said ; and Adler wins the Princess.
- saias, "Lady, were that man this day aliuie
that you wold be his wedded wiffe,
& were that man soe highlye borne
88 that you wold be his hend leman?" He asks her whom she'd like to marry.
- "there is noe man this day aliuie
I kept to be his wedded wiffe,
without itt were King Adler, hee,
92 the noblest Knight in Christentye. " King Adler."
- my father hath sett me on such a pinne,
King Adler must me neuer winne."
"but, Ladye, how & ² soe betyde
96 King Adler were in your bed hidd ? " Suppose he were in your bed,
- wold you not call them all att a stowre,
none of the Ladyes within your bower ?
nor wold you not call them all at a call,
100 none of the Lords in your fathers hall ? would you wake up your ladies
- nor wold you not call them all by-deene,
your fflather the King, nor your mother the queene ?
but soe quickly you wold gett you bowne,
104 to goe with King Adler out of the towne ?" and the King and Queen, or else with Adler ?"
- sais shee, "if itt wold soe betyde
King Adler were in my bed hidd,

¹ MS. pime.—F.² an. if.—F.

- 107 108
- I wold not call them all in stowre,
none of the Ladys in my bower ;
nor I wold not call them all att a call,
none of the Lords in my fathers hall ;
nor I wold not call them all by-deenee,
- 112
- my father the King, nor my mother the Queene ;
but soe quicklye I wold gett me bowne
to goe with King Adler out of the towne.”
“but turne thee, Ladye, hither to mee ! ”
- 116
- for I am the K[ing] that speakes to thee ! ”
“alacke ! King Adler ! I shall catch cold,
for I can neuer tread on the mold,
but vpon rich cloth of gold
- 120
- that is 5 thousand fold.”
- 124
- “peace, faire Lady ! youst catch noe harme,¹
for I will carry you vnder mine arme.”
he tooke the fflood, & the winde was good,
& he neuer stinted nor stood
- 128
- vntill he came to his owne hall ;
he greeted them well both great & small.
god send vs all to be well, & none to be woe,
vntill they wine their true loue soe !

ffins.

¹ harme in MS.—F.

Down the left margin of this p. 284 of the MS. is written :

*my sweet brother sweet Cous Edward
Revell Book Elizabeth Revell.*

And in the same hand are written on the right of verse 3 of “Boy and Mantle” *the sam and f kenerey.—F.*

Boy and Mantle.¹

This ballad was printed by Professor Child as the first in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, under the title of "The Boy and the Mantle," with the following Introduction :—

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bikez, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautaillé*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bikez tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown anti-

¹ This seems to have furnished the lib. 4. Cant. 2. St. 25 seq. lib. 5. Hint of Florimel's Girdle to Spenser. Cant. 5.—P.

quity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed. i. 297). In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlvi. 102, sq., xlvi. 31, sq.,) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlein, thought to have been borrowed from the *Pereeval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns, *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing “bowrd,” which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*.¹ The forms of the tale of the mantle are not so numerous. The *fabliau* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3rd ed. i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns' *Beiträge*. Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the *insignia of Ancient Britain*, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are

¹ Child's *Ballads*, i. 17–27, from MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 59–62.

endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful;¹ in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest* is the original (according to Schmidt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695),—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of colour the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of Bandello, (Part First,) on the translation of which in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in *Horn and Rimmild* (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection [ed. Child], the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volkslieder der Deutschen*, i. 132,) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind: the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover

¹ So also in the well-told story of *The Wright's Chaste Wife* (E. E. T. Soc. 1885) a garland is the test:

Hase here thys garlond of roses ryche,
In alle thys lond ys none yt lyche;
For ytt wylle euer be newe
(Wote thou wiste wrydwytyn fable,)
Alle the whyls thy wyfe ys stablis

The chaplett wolle hold hewe;
And yf thy wyfe vns putry,
Or tolle my man to lye her by,
Then wolle yt change hewe;
And by the garlond hon may see,
Fekylle or fals yf jat ech be,
Or silys yf ech be trewe.

l. 63-66.—F.

would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rinnill*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers v. 11-31,*) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek novels and the romances of chivalry." See DUNLOP, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; LEGRAND, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 149, sq., 161; SCHMIDT, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; WOLF, *Ueber die Lais*, 174-177; and, above all, GRAESSE's *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

The Boy and the Mantle was [said to be] "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

A boy comes
to Carlisle

IN the third day of May,
to Carleile did come
a kind courteous child

4 that cold much of wisdome.

- a kirtle & a Mantle
 this Child had vpon,
 with brauches ¹ and ringes,
 8 full richelye bedone. richly
dressed and
jewelled.
- he had a sute of silke
 about his middle drawne ;
 without he cold ² of curtesye,
 12 he thought itt much shame.
- " god speed thee, King Arthur,
 sitting att thy meate!
 & the goodlye Queene Guenener!
 16 I canott her fforgett. He greets
Arthur
and
Guenevere, .
- " I tell you Lords in this hall,
 I hett you all heate,³ [page 385]
 except you be the more surer
 20 is you for to dread."
- he plucked out of his potewer,⁴ and pulls
out of his
bag
 & longer wold not dwell,
 he pulled forth a pretty mantle a mantle
 24 betweene 2 nut-shells.
- " haue thou here King Arthure,
 haue thou heere of mee ;
 glie itt to thy comely queene
 28 shapen as itt is alreadye ; which he
telle Arthur
to give to
Guenevere.
- " itt shall never become that wiffe
 that hath once done amisse."
 then every Knight in the Kings court
 32 began to care for his wiffe.⁵

¹ Brauches.—P. ? MS. branches. F. *Six Degree.*]—P. potewer.—*R. l.* The first syllable must be *potewer*, carry.—F. ² heest, qu. P. heede. —*R. l.* hete, ³ began to care for his.—P. ? care in potewer.—F.
⁴ See pag. 382, ver. 98 [potewere in

Guenevere
takes it.

forth came dame Gueneuer ;
to the mantle shee her biled¹ :
the Ladye shee was new fangle,²
but yett shee was affrayd.

It tears in
two,

when shee had taken the Mantle,
shee stooode as she had beene madd :
it was from the top to the toe
as sheeres had itt shread.³

and changes
colour.

one while was itt gaule,⁴
another while was itt greene,
another while was itt wadded,—
ill itt did her beseeme,—

Arthur
thinks she is
not true.

another while was it blacke
& bore the worst hue.
“by my troth,” quoth King Arthur,
“I thinke thou be not true.”

Guenevere

shee threw downe the mantle
that bright was of blee.⁵
fast with a rudd⁶ redd
to her chamber can shee flee ;

curses the
mantle-
maker

shee curst the weauer & the walker⁷
that clothe that had wrought,
& bade a vengeance on his crowne
that hither hath itt brought ;

and the
child,

“I had rather be in a wood
vnder a greene tree,
then in King Arthurs court
shamed for to bee.”

and says
she'd rather
be in a wood
than
shamed.

Query the *le* in the MS.—F. hied.

—Rel.

² *new fangle* is fond of a new thing,
catching at novelties, ab. A.-S. *fangan*,
apprehendere, capere, corripere, hinc
fang, Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

¹ i.e. divided.—P.

⁴ *gule, qu.*—P. red.—F.

⁵ colour, complexion, *bleat*—ide

Saxon.—P.

⁶ Complexion.—P.

⁷ Fuller, Jun.—P. A.-S. *wælewe*.—]

Kay called forth his ladye,
 & bade her come neere;
 saica, " madam, & thou be guiltye,
 64 I pray thee hold thee there."

Kay calls
forth his
wife.

forth came his Ladye
 shortlye & anon;
 boldy to the Mantle
 68 then is shee gone.

She tries the
mantle,

when she had tane the Mantle
 & cast it her about,
 then was shee bare
 72 all aboue the Buttockes.¹

but is leaves
her buttocks
bare.

then every Knight
 that was in the Kings court
 talked, laug[h]ed, & showted,
 76 full oft att that sport.

shee threw downe the mantle
 that bright was of blee :
 fiaſt with a red rudd
 80 to her chamber can shee flee.

She runs off
with a red
face.

forth came an old Knight
 patterning² ore a creede,
 & he preferred to this litle boy
 84 20 markes to his meede,
 & all the time of the Christmasse
 willingnglye to feede ;
 for why this Mantle might
 88 due his wiffe some need.

An old
knight offers
the boy a
reward

To try it on
his wife.

¹ Before all the roat — *Rol.*

² patter, id est murmur humil bus
 e sonus hyperitarum iuster, cursum
 pale pectus fundere. — Junius. They

say in Shropshire to *patter*, i.e. to make
 a noise, as when one rules the feet
 against the ground, & scratches.—¹.

She takes it,

and has only
a tassel and
thread on
her.

When shee had tane the mantle
of cloth *that was made*,
shee had no more left on her
92 but a tassell & a threed.
then euery Knight in the Kings court
bade “ euill might shee speed.”

[page]

She rushes
off shamed.

shee threw downe the Mantle
96 *that bright was of blee*,
& fast with a redd rudd
to her chamber can shee flee.

Craddock
tells his wife
to try

100 Craddocke called forth his Ladye,
& bade her come in ;
saith, “ winne this mantle, Ladye,
with a litle dinne :

and win the
mantle.

104 “ winne this mantle, Ladye,
& it shalbe thine
if thou neuer did amisse
since thou wast mine.”

She comes,

108 forth came Craddockes Ladye
shortlye & anon,
but boldlye to the Mantle
then is shee gone.

puts it on;

it begins to
crinkle up.

112 when shee had tane the mantle
& cast itt her about,
vpp att her great toe
itt began to crinkle ¹ & crowt ;
shee said “ bowe downe, Mantle,
116 & shame me not for nought ;

¹ to crinkle, to go in & out, to run in —P. *Crout*, a variant of *crowd*, to close together.—F. flexures; from *krinckelen* *Belg.* Johnson.

- "once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlie,
when I kist Craddockes mouth
120 Vnder a greene tree,
when I kist Craddockes mouth
before he marryed mee."
She confesses
that she
kissed
Craddock
before he
married her.
- when shee had her shreeuen,¹
124 & her sines shee had tolde,
the mantle stooode about her
right as shee wold,
The mantle
uncrinkles.
clothes her,
- seemelye of coulour,
128 glittering like gold.
then euery Knight in Arthurs court
did her behold.
and glitters
like gold.
- then spake dame Gueneuer
132 to Arthur our King,
"she hath tane yonder mantle,
not with wright² but with wronge !
Guenevere
maligns
Craddock's
wife,
- "see you not yonder woman
136 that maketh her selfe soe cleare ?
I haue seene tane out of her bedd
of men fuetecene,
says she has
seen fifteen
men taken
out of her
bed.
- "Preists, Clarkes, & wedded men
140 from her by-deene !
yett shee taketh the mantle
& maketh her-selfe cleane !"
•
- then spake the litle boy
144 that kept the mantle in hold ;
sayes " King ! Chasten thy wiffe !
of her words shee is to bold.
The Boy
tells Arthur
to restrain
his wife,

¹ c. confess : shrive, fateri, confi-
Hinc shrovetide. Jun.—P.

² right.—P.
³ cleane.—P.

who is a
whore,

and has
cuckolded
him.

The Boy sees
a boar;

runs out, cuts
off its head.

brings it
in,

and says no
cuckold
can cut it.

Some
knights

throw their
knives
away;

others try,
but can't cut
it.

Craddock

cuts up the
head.

148 “shee is a bitch & a witch,
& a whore bold !

King, in thine owne hall
thou art a Cuchold !”

152 A little boy¹ stooode
looking ouer a dore ;
he was ware of a wyld bore²
wold hane werryed a man.

156 he pulld forth a wood kniffe ;
fast thither that he ran ;
he brought in the bores head,
& quitted him like a man.

160 he brought in the bores head,
and was wonderous bold :
He said, “there was never a Cucholds³ kniffe
carue itt that cold.”

164 some rubbed their k[n]ines
vpon a whetstone ;
some threw them vnder the table,
& said they had none.

168 King Arthus & the Child
stood looking them vpon⁴ ;
all their k[n]ines edges
turned backe againe.

172 Craddocke had a litle kniue
of Iron & of steele ;
he birtled⁴ the bores head

¹ The little boy.—P.

² And there as he was looking
He was ware of a wyld Bore.
Qu.—P.

³ upon them, Qu.—P.

⁴ birtled, or britled.—P. A.S.
tian, to divide into fragments, distz
—F.

wonderous weele,
 that every Knight in the Kings court
 176 had a morsell.

the little boy had a horne
 of red gold that ronge ;
 he said, "there was noe Cuckolde
 180 shall drinke of my horne,
 but he shold itt sheede
 Either behind or besorne."

The Boy
 says no
 cuckold can
 drink out of
 his horn
 without
 spilling.

some shedd on their shoulder,
 184 & some ¹ on their knee ;
 he that cold not hitt his mouth
 put it in his eye ;
 & he that was a Cuckold,
 188 euery man might him see.

Many try,

Craddocke wan the horne
 & the bores head ;
 his ladye wan the mantle
 192 vnto her meede.
 Euerye such a louely Ladye,
 God send her well to spedde !

but
 Craddock
 alone can
 do it.

ffins.

God blesse
 ladies like
 Craddock's
 wife!

¹ gone in the MS.—F.

[“When as I doe record,” printed in Lo. and Hum. Songn.,
 p. 63-9, follows here in the MS.]

White rose & red:¹

[Page 288 of MS.]

THIS is but a pedestrian composition, being nothing more than a passage of a dull and not very accurate history of England turned into yet duller and as inaccurate verse. It was written, or perhaps was revised and added to, after 1619, as the Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, is spoken of as dead and gone (v. 198), and she died in that year. The principal hero is Henry VII., who is pronounced a paragon of virtue, and *inter alia* a most faithful and affectionate husband. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has been the poetaster's motto; or rather *De Tudore mortuo nil nisi optimum*. The piece may have had its use in aiding and abetting the memories of the common people. Books were not yet so cheap and plentiful but that artificial memory-helps were welcome. The ballad form was in extreme requisition and popularity for all manners of subjects in the first half of the seventeenth century. Everything was be-balladed.

In the wars
of the Roses

WHEN yorke & Lancaster made warre
within this ffamous Land,
the liues of all our Noble men

4 did in great danger stand.

many
kings were
left heirless,

7 Kings in bloodye ffeilde
ffor Englands crowne did ffight,
& yett their heyres were, all but twaine,
8 of liffe bercaued quite.

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Written or recast in James I.'s time: Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 206, N. xv.—P. see lines 78, 149.—F.

ther 30000 Englishmen
were in one battell slaine ;
yett all that English blood cold not
one settled peace obtaine.

and 30,000
lives

secured no
peace.

12 father[s] killed their owne deare sonne,
the sonnes the ffathers slew,
& kinamen fflought against their King,
16 & none ech other knew.

att Longht, by Heneryes Lawfull claime,¹
these wasting warres had end,
for Englands peace he did restore,
20 & did the same defend.

Det Henry
VII.

24 for tyrant Richard named the 3⁴,
the breeder of this woe,
by him was slaine nere Leister towne,
as chronicles doe shoe.

new Richard
III.

all feare of warr was then Exiled,
which Joyed ech Englishman ;
& dayes of long desired peace
28 within this Land began.

and brought
peace

to the land.

he ruled this kingdome by true loue,
to gaine his subiects lives ;
then men liued quietly att home
32 with their children & their wiues.

King Henery tooke such princely care
our further peace to frame,
tooke ffaire Elizabeth to wiffe,²
36 that gallant yorkshire dame.

Henry

married

The stroke of the *m* is wanting in the MS.—F. ¹ See *Lady Beaufort* in vol. iii.—F.
VOL. II. Y

4 Edwardes daughter, blest of god,
to scape king Edwards¹ spight,
was thus made Englands peereles Queene,
40 & Heneryes hertes delight.

York's
heiress;

this Henery, ffirst of Tunders name
& last of Lancaster,
with Yorkes right heyre a true lones knott
44 did knitt & make fast there.

the White
Rose bedded
with the
Red;

renowned yorke, the white rose gaue ;
braue Lancaster the redd ;
by wedlocke both inoyned were
48 to lye in one princely bed.

and they are
a badge in
the Royal
Arms.

these roses grew, & buded fayre,
& with soe good a grace,
that Kings of Engl[a]nd in their armes²
52 affords a worthy place.

May they
flourish
still!

& flourish may these roses still,
that all they world may tell !
the owners of these princely flowers
56 in vertue to Exell !

The King's
Guard wear

To glorifye these roses more,
king henerye & his Queene
did place their pictures in red gold,
60 most gorgeous to be seene.

[page 2]

the Kings owne guard doe weare them now
vpon their backe & brest,
where loue & loyaltye remaines,
64 & euermore may rest.

¹ That is, Richard's.—Adams.

² The Red and White Rosos never were, strictly speaking, in the Royal Arms, but were and are a badge with them.—G. E. Adams, *Rouge D*

- the red rose on the backe is placed,
theron a crowne of gold ;
the wh[i]te rose on the brest as rich,
68 and castlye¹ to behold,
the Red Rose
on their
backs,
- bedecket with siluer studdes,
& coates of scarlett & redd,
a blushing hew, which Englands fame
72 this many yeeres hath spredd.
the White
on their
breasts,
- this Tudor & Plantaginett
these honors ffirst devised
to welcome home a settled peace
76 by vs soe dearlye prized :
in honour of
peace so
prized
- which peace now maintained is
by Iames our gracyous Kinge ;
ffor peace brings plentye to this Land,
80 with many a blessed thing.
(which
James
preserves).
- to speake of Heneryes praise againe :
his princley liberall hand
gave giufts & graces many wayes
84 vnto this flamous Land.
Henry gave
liberally,
- wherfore the Lord him blessing sent
for to encrease his store,
for that he left more welthe to vs
88 then any King before.
and the Lord
blest him,
- the ffirst blessing was to his Queene,
a giuft aboue the rest,
which brought him sonnes & daughters faire
92 to make his Kingdome blest.
with sons
and
daughters
- the royll blood, which was att Ebbe,
soe encreased by this Queene,
that Englands heyre vnto this day
96 doth flourish fresh & greene.
(whose line
continues
now).

¹ castlye.—F.

His heir,
Arthur
prince of
Wales,
sailed to
Spain

the first blossome of this seed
was Arthur, Prince of wales,
whose vertue to the Spanish court
100 quite ore the Ocean sayles,

and married
Ferdinande's
daughter
Katherine,

where fferdinando, King of Spayne,
his daughter Katherine gane
ffor wife vnto this English Prince
104 a thing which god wold hause.

but died
young,
(April 1502.)

yett Arthur, in his loftye youth
& blooming time of age,
resigned vp his sweetest liffe
108 to deathes impervyall rage.

to England's
grief.

who dying thus, noe lsue left,—
the sweet of natures Ioy,—
did compasse England round with greeffe,
112 & Spaine wth sadd annoye.

But Henry
VII. had
another boy,

Henry VIII.,

yett Henery, to increase his Ioy,
a Henery of his name,
in ffollowing time 8 Henery called,¹
116 a king of worthy flame;

who
conquered
French
towns,

he Conquered Bullein with his sword,
& many townes of ffrance ;
his kinglye manhood & his fortitude
120 did Englands flame advance.

put down
Papistry,

then Popish Abbyes he supprest,
& Pappistrie put downe,
& bound their Land by Parlaiment
124 vnto his royll crowne.

¹ The *d* is made over an *l* in the MS.—F.

he had 3 Children by 3 Queenes,
all Princes raigning here,
Edward, Marry, & Elizabeth,
128 A Queene beloued most deere.

and has
three
children,
who all
reigned,

[page 230]

yett these 3 branches bare noe fruite;
noe such blessing god did send;
wherby the King by Tudors name
132 in England here hath end.

but left no
issue.

Plantaginett ffirst Tudor was
named Elizabeth;
Ellizabeth Last Tudor was,
136 the greatest Queene on Earth.

The first and
last Tudors
were
Elizabeths.

This Tudor & Plantaginett,
by yeelding vnto death,
haue made steward now the gretes[t] King
140 that is now vpon the earth.

A Stewart
now reigns.

to speake of the 7 Henery I must,
whose grace gaue free consent
to haue his daughters marryed both
144 to kings of his descent.

Henry VII.

married his
eldest
daughter to

his Eldest daughter Margarett
was made great Scottlands Queene,
as wise, as faire, as vertuous,
148 as euer¹ was Ladye seene.

the King of
Scotland,

of this faire Queene our royll King
by Lineall course descended,
which weareth now the Imperiall crowne,
152 which god now still defendeth.

and James
is her
descendant.

¹ Only one stroke for the u in the MS. F

Henry's
second
daughter
first
married the
King of
France,

156 his second daughter, Marye called,
 as Princeleye by degree,
 was by her ffather worthy thought
 the Queene of ffrance to bee;

and then the
Duke of
Suffolk.

160 & after to the Duke of Suffolle
 was made a Noble wiffe;
 & in this ffamous English court
 shee led a virtuous liffe.

Henry VII.
and his
Queen
rejoiced;

164 thus Henery & his lonely Queene
 reioced to see that day,
 to hane their Children thus advancet
 to honors euery way,

168 which purchased pleasure & content
 with many a yeeres delight,
 till sad mischance by cruell death
 procured them both a spighte.

but the
Queen

172 this worthy Queene, this gracyous dame,
 this mother meeke and mild,
 to add more number to their Ioyes,
 againe proued bigg with child;

proved with
child,

176 wheratt the King reioced much,
 & against *that* carefull hower
 he lodged his deere & louelyc Queene
 in Londons stately Tower.

went to the
Tower of
London,

180 which Tower proued flatall once
 to Princes of degree;
 itt proued flatall to this Queene,
 for therin died shee,

184 in Child bed [she] lost he[r] sweet liffe,
 her liffe estemed soo deere,
 which had becene Englands Louely Queene
 many a happy yeere.

and died
there

in childbed.

therfore the King was grecued sore,
 & many monthes did mourne,
 & wept & sighet, & said " like her
 188 he cold not ffind out one;

Henry
mourned,

" nor none he wold in flancy chuse
 to make his wedded wiffe,
 but a widdower he wold remaine
 192 the remnant of his liffe."

and vowed
 to remain a
 widower.

his latter dayes he spent in peace
 & quietnesse of mind.
 like King & Queene as these 2 were,
 196 the world can hardlye ffind !

Two like
 these can
 scarce be
 found.

yett such a King as now wee haue,
 & such a Queene wee had,
 who hath heauenly powers from aboue,
 200 & giusta¹ as the 2 hadd.

God save our Prince, & King & Land,
 & send them long to raigine !
 in health, in welth, in quietnesse,
 204 amongst vs to remaine ! ffins.

God bires
 our King
 and land !

¹ ? ghosts, spirits; or miswritten for giusta.—F.

Bell my Wiffe.¹

THE Folio version of this song is here printed in its integrity for the first time; for in the copy given in the *Reliques*, “the corruptions” “are removed by the assistance of the Scottish edition”—that in Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Our readers will not be sorry to see these “corruptions.” They give, indeed, a somewhat different turn to the piece. Whereas in the ordinary version, the temptation against which the good man is warned is vaguely “pride,” it takes in the Folio MS. a more definite shape. He is tempted to abandon his agricultural life and turn courtier. He vows :

I'll go find the court within,
I'll no longer lend nor borrow,
I'll go find the court within,
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

Bell, his wife, rejoins :

—good husband, follow my counsel now :
Forsake the court and follow the plough.
Man, take thy old coat about thee.

This definiteness inclines us to believe that this version is older than the current one. The poem naturally grew vaguer as it grew generally popular.

That it enjoyed an extensive popularity is shown by the appearance of one of its verses in *Othello*, and the delight with

¹ This Song is in Ramsay’s Tea-table Miscellany, p. 105, [1753]. The printed copy is much better than this, if it has not had some modern Improvements.

This seems to have been strip’d of its Scottisms by some English hand: which is observable of some other in this Collection.—P.

which Cassio hears Iago troll it out. “‘Fore God, an excellent song,” says the lieutenant of “And let the canakin clink, clink;” and of “King Stephen was a worthy peer,” “Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.”

The dialect in which it is written, and the general character of the piece—its scenery, its economy, its canniness—clearly imply a northern origin. As to the time at which it was written, all that can be said is, that it clearly reflects an age of social disturbance and alteration—an age growing “so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.” The piece is something more than a mere humorous domestic altercation as to the replenishing of a husband’s wardrobe. It is, in fact, a controversy between the Spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism. The man is anxious to better himself, no longer content to tend cows and drive the plough; his neighbours are rising and advancing around him; the clown is not now distinguishable from the gentleman. The old arrangements have had their day. Metaphorically, the old scarlet cloak, which some four-and-forty years ago was so satisfactory, and kept out so well the wind and rain, is now but a “sorry clout,” looks right mean and shabby among the spruce black, green, yellow, blue garments that flaunt around it, and must certainly be cast off for something new and fashionable. In answer to all these grumblings, the other reminds him how well their old life has suited them, how their employments (though humble) have been sufficient for their needs, how they have lived and loved together for many a long year and been blessed with many children and the happiness of seeing them grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, how Royalty had contented itself with the smallest of tailor’s bills and yet thought that excessive, and, generally, how pride undermines a country. Her advice is, that he should not disquiet himself with efforts to rise

in the world, but should rest content with the state wherein he is. The goodman, weary of controversy, lets his wife's counsel prevail. He sees, in the version now given (the ordinary form of the last verse is much less striking), what his wife cannot see—that is, how times have altered; but he consents to acquiesce in his present position—*θῆσσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσσαι*—

O Bell my wife! why dost thou flyte?
 Now is now, and then was then;
 We will live now obedient life,
 Thou the woman and I the man.
 It's not for a man with a woman to threap
 Unless he first gives over the plea.
 We will live now as we began,
 And I'll have mine old cloake about me.

As to the author, nothing is known. Undoubtedly he was one who had noted the signs of his times. He would seem to have sympathised with those who regarded the social changes transpiring as dangerous and to be deprecated. To us he is a mere voice crying.

It freezes
hard,

and the
cattle are
likely to die.

My wife
Bell says
"Get up and
save the
cow's life.
Put your old
cloak on."

"THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
 & ffrost itt ffreeseth on euery hill,
 & Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold
 that all our cattell are like to spill.
 Bell¹ my wiffe, shce² loues noe strife,
 she sayd vnto my quietlyc,³
 'rise vp, & sauc Cow crumbockes liffe !
 man ! put thine old cloake about thee ! '

[page 291]

⁴"Steady,
wife. My
cloak's very
old,

"O Bell my wiffe ! why dost thou flyte⁴ ?
 thou kens my cloake is verry thin ;

¹ Then [Bell].—P.

² who.—P.

³ to me right hastily.—P.

⁴ This stanza not in print:—and yet

seems necessary to support the dialogue.

—P.

⁵ A.-S. *fitan*, to strive, quarrel.—E.

- itt is soe sore ouer worne,
 12 a cricke¹ theron cannott runn :
 Ille goo ffind the court within,
 Ille noe longer lend nor borrow ;
 Ille goo ffind the court² within,
 16 for Ille haue a new cloake about me."

I shall get a
new one."

" Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 shee has alwayes beeene good to the pale,
 shee has helpt vs to butter & cheese, I trow,
 20 & other things shee will not fayle ;
 for I wold be loth to see her pine ;
 therfore, good husband, ffollow my councell now,
 forsake the court & follow the plough ;
 24 man ! take thine old coate about thee !"

" The cow's
a good cow,

don't let he
die ;

put your
old coat on."

³ " My cloake itt was a verry good cloake,
 it hath beeene alwayes good to the weare,
 itt hath cost mee many a groat,
 28 I have had itt this 44 yeere ;
 sometime itt was of the cloth in graine,⁴
 itt is now but a sigh⁵ clout, as you may see ;
 It will neither hold out windre nor raine ;
 32 & Ille haue a new kloake⁶ about mee."

" I've had my
cloak forty-
four years,

and mean to
get a new
one."

" It is 44 yecres agoe
 since the one of vs the other did ken,
 & wee haue had betwixt vs both,
 36 children either nine or ten ;

" Yes, we've
been
together
forty-four
years,

¹ Cricke, most probably an old word
for a house. Jamieson. Compare the
description of Avarice in Langlande's
Vision of Piers Ploughman, Passus V.
l. 107-113, p. 38, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat:
Leane cum Countysse . . .
In A toore Takert of twelve Wynter Agoe.
But us a lous coate lepe, I con hit not
I like.

Heo scholde wandre on þat walk, hit
was so þredbare.—P.

² Only half the s in the MS.—P.

³ This Stanza is very different from
that in print.—P.

⁴ Fr. *Cramoisie*: m. crimson colour.
Set on cramoisi. An Asse in graine.
Cotgrave.—P.

⁵ ? sorry, miserable.—P.

⁶ ? a c made over the first & in the
MS.—P.

and brought
ten children
up.

Don't be
proud ; put
your old
cloak on."

40

wee haue brought them vp to women & men
in the feare of god I trow they bee ;
& why wilt thou thy selfe misken ?
man ! take thine old cloake about thee ! "

" Old times
are old ; all
people dress
fine now,

44

" O Bell my wiffe ! why doest thou flyte ?
now is nowe, & then was then ;
seeke all the world now throughout,
thou kens not Clownes from gentlemen ;
they are cladd in blacke, greene, yellow, & bleu,¹
soe ffarr aboue their owne degree ;
once in my liffe Ile take a vew,²
ffor Ile haue a new cloake about mee."

and I'll have
a new cloake
too."

48

" King Harry was a verry good K[ing ;]
I trow his hose cost but a Crowne ;
he thought them 12⁴ ouer to deere,

52

therfore he called the taylor Clowne.
he was King & wore the Crowne,
& thouse but of a low degree ;
itts pride that puttis this cumtrye downe ;

Don't be
proud ; put
your old
cloak on."

56

man ! put thye old Cloake about thee !

" Well, it's
no good

60

³ " O Bell my wiffe ! why dost thou flyte ?
now is now, & then was then ;
wee will liue now obedyent liffe,

for a man to
dispute with
his wife.

I will put my
old cloak
on."

thou the woman, & I the man.

itts not fför a man with a woman to threape⁴
vnlesse he ffirst give ouer the play ;

wee will liue noue⁵ as wee began,

and Ile haue mine old Cloake about me."

ffins.

¹ Some letter marked out following the
^b in the MS.—F.

²? MS. *tew*, a rope (or line) : Nares.
I'll give myself some rope, license.—F.

³ Different from the print : as indeed

is almost every Line of the whola.—F
⁴ A.-S. *þreasian*, to threape, repre-

afflict. Bosworth.—F.

⁵? MS. 'none' for 'on'.—F. But
'now'; compare l. 58, 59.—H.

I live where : I loue :

The affected, strained style of this piece tells pretty clearly to what period it belongs. "True conceit be still my feeding," says the lover; so evidently says this author too. His is the "ostentandi artem."

WITH my hart my loue was nested¹

(page 202)

I was happy
with my
love, and
then was
torn from
her.

into the sonne of happynesse ;
from my loue my liffe was rested²
into a world of heaniness ;
O lett my loue my liffe remaine,⁴
since I loue not where I wold.⁵

Darksome distance doth devyde vs,
ffarr from thee I must remaine ;
dismall planetts still doth⁶ guide vs,
fearing wee shold meete againe ;
but froward ffortuno once remoued,⁷
12 then will I liue where I wold.⁸

We are apart
now.

but Fortune
may change,
and join us.

If I send them, doe not suspect mee ;
but if I come, then am I seene ;
O let thy wisdome⁹ soe direct mee
16 that I may blind Argus eyen !
for my true hart shall never remou[e,]
tho I liue not where I loue.

Do not
suspect me,

though I am
away from
you.

¹ Read nested, to rhyme with rested.
² Rest.
In a summe of happiness.—P.
rested.—P.
O let me soon from life remove.—P.

³ Since I live not where I love.—P.
Since I live not where I would
faine.—H.
⁴ do.—P.
⁵ love.—P.
⁶ remove.—P.
⁷ MS. wisdone.—F.

What griefe
have I
suffered! 20 Sweete! what greeffe haue I sustained
in the accomplishing my desires!¹
my affections are not fained,
tho my wish be nere the nere.²
if wishes wold substantiall proue,
then wold I liue where I loue.

With
bleeding
heart, I pray
to be with
thee again. 28 True³ conceit be still my feeding,
& the fflood being soe³ conceipted,
whilst my hart for thee lyes bleeding,
sunne & heauens to be intreated;
perhaps my orisons then may moue,
that I may liue where I loue.

When
heaven
grants this, 32 Loue & ffaction still agreeing,
by the consent of heauens electyon,
where wee both may haue our being,
vnderneath the heauens protectyon,
& smiling att our sorrowes past,
wee shall enioye⁴ our wishe att Last.

ffins.

¹ To accomplish my desire.—P.the *tente* only marked out, then fo-² nigher.—P.

cepted.—F.

³ After this is written *contented*, with⁴ may enjoy.—P.

Doune : Andrew :¹

THIS touching ballad is unhappily somewhat imperfect in parts ; and we have not met with any copy elsewhere, with which it might be collated.

The story would be too painful and disgusting to read, but for the extreme gentleness of the poor sadly abused lady. This, while it aggravates our loathing of the monster whose prey she became, and makes her wrongs the more hideous, yet renders the tale tolerable. That gleam of light reconciles our eyes to the Stygian darkness. Otherwise it would be too horrible. We could not endure even to read of such a fiend as he who appears in it.

This atrocious ruffian is apparently a Scotchman (so his name seems to imply, and vv. 69, 92), who concludes a moonlight meeting with a fond, weak, credulous woman by deliberately robbing her, not only of her father's gold which she had fetched at his request, but of every article of dress she had on, in spite of her piteous pleadings, and this with brutal declarations that the spoil is intended for his own lady who dwells in a far country, till at last remains to her only such covering as nature gave—her long flowing hair. Then he gives the poor wretched creature the choice of dying there and then on his sword's point, or going home as she was. She goes home, to be greeted by her father's curse, and die of a broken heart at his door. The story is too frightful to be told as a reality ; it is told as a dream.

¹ Showing his disloyalty to an Earl's daughter. This Song in some Places is imperfect.—P.

AS : I was cast in my ffirst sleepe,
 a dreadfull draught¹ in my mind I drew ;
 ffor I was dreamed of one² yong man,
 some men called him yonge Andrew.

I dreamt of
young
Andrew.

A lady tells
him she's
loved him
long.

the moone shone bright, & itt cast a fayre light ;
 sayes shee, " welcome, my honey, my hart, & m.
 sweete !
 for I haue loued thee this 7 long yeere,

8 & our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete."

He kisses
her.

then he tooke her in his armes²,

& k[i]ssed her both checke & chin ;

& 2^o or 3^o he pleased this may³

12 before they tow did part in twinn ;

She reminds
him of his
promise to
marry her.

saics, " now, good Sir, you haue had your will,
 you can demand no more of mee ;

Good Sir, Remember what you said before,⁴

16 & goe to the church & marry mee."

He says he'll
do it
if she brings
him her
father's
gold.

" ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold ;

[Till I am got to my own country⁵]

goe home & fett⁶ thy fathers redd gold,

20 & Ilc goe to the church & marry thee."

She gets her

father's gold
and jewels,

and takes
them to
young
Andrew.

this Ladyc is gone to her ffathers hall,
 & well she knew where his red gold Lay,

7 and counted fforth 5 hundred pound

24 besides all other luells & chaincs,

& brought itt all to younge Andrew ;

itt was well counted vpon his knce.

then he tooke her by the Lillye white hand,

28 & led her vp to one⁸ hill soe hye ;

¹ sketch, picture.—F.

² a.—P.

³ maid.—P.

⁴ you swore.—P.

⁵ Percy's line.—F.

⁶ fet. Vid. fol. 514. Note.—P.

⁷ sho.—P.

⁸ a.—P.

shee had vpon¹ a gowne of blacke veluett ;—
 a pittyfull sight after yee shall see ;—
 “put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,” he sayes,
 32 “for noe foote further thoust gang with mee.”

He makes
her take off

but then shee put of her gowne of veluett²
 33 ³with many a salt teare from her eye,
 And in a kirtle of fyne⁴ breading silke [page 230]
 34 shee stood befoore young Andrews eye.

her velvet
gown.

saien, “o put off⁵ thy kirtle of silke ;
 for some & all shall goe with mee :
 & to my owne Lady I must itt beare,
 40 who⁶ I must needs loue better then thee.”

then shee put of her kirtle of silke
 41 with⁷ many a salt teare still ffrom her eye ; her silken
 in a peticoate of scarlett redd kirtle.
 44 shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
 45 her scarlett

saien, “o put off⁸ thy peticoate ;
 for some & all of itt shall goe with mee ;
 & to my owne Lady I will itt beare,
 46 which dwells soe flarr in a strange countrey.”

but then shee put of her peticoate
 47 with many a salt teare still from her eye ; petticoat,
 & in a smocke of braue white silke her white
 52 shee stood before young Andrews eye. silk smock

saien, “o put off⁹ thy smocke of silke ;
 for some & all shall goe with mee ;
 vnto my owne Ladye I will it beare,
 56 that dwells soe flarr in a strange countrey.”

¹ ep bracketed for omission by P. braided.— F.
² velvet gown.— P. ⁴ Put off, put off.— P.
³ while many . . . ran.— P. ⁵ whom.— P.
⁴ a fyne kirtle.— P. ⁶ while . . . ran from.— P.

(though she
prays to keep
it.)

60 says,¹ “ o remember, young Andrew !
once of a woman you were borne ;
& ffor that birth *that* Marye bore,
I pray you let my smocke be vpon ! ”

“ yes, fayre Ladye, I know itt well ;
once of a woman I was borne ;
yett ffor noe birth *that* Mary bore,
thy smocke shall not be left here vpon.”

and her head
dresse.

64 but then shee put of her head geere ffine ;
shee hadd billaments ² worth a 100ⁿ ;
the hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head,³
couered her bodye downe to the ground.

Then he askes
her whether

she'll die on
his sword or
go naked
home.

72 then he pulled forth a scottish brand,
& held itt there in his owne right hand ;⁴
saies, “ whether wilt thou dye vpon my swor
point, Ladye,
or thou wilt ⁵ goe naked home againe ? ”

She chooses

“ my liffe is sweet, then Sir,” said shee,
“ therfore I pray you leane mee with mine ;
before I wold dye on your swords point,

walking
naked home,

76 I had rather goe naked home againe.

but warns
young
Andrew that
her father
will hang
him if he
catches him,

80 “ my ffather,” shee says, “ is a right good Erle
as any remaines in his countrye ;
if euer he doe your body take,
your sure to fflower a gallow tree ;

and her
brother will
take his life.

“ & I hane 7 brethren,” shee says,⁶
“ & they are all hardy men & bold ;
giff euer the doe your body take,
you must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.”

¹ she sayes.—P.

² habilliments, dress, cloaths.—P.

³ but . . . upon her head.—P.

⁴ And there he held it forth amain
—P.

⁵ wilt thou.—P.

⁶ And seven brethren I have she say

—P.

- "if your fflather be a right good Erle
as any remaines in his owne countrye,
tush ! he shall neuer my body take,
88 Ille gang soe ffaste ouer ¹ the sea !
- Young Andrew says
he'll
sell from her
father,
- " if you haue 7 brethren," he sayes,
" if they be neuer soe hardy or bold ;
tush ! they shall neuer my body take ;
92 Ille gang soe ffaste into the scottish mold ! "
- and take
refuge in
Scotland
from her
brothers.
- Now this Ladye is gone to her fathers hall
when euery body their rest did take ;
but the Erle which was her fflather [dear] ²
96 lay waken for his deere daughters sake.
- The lady
goes home,
- " but who is *that*," her fflather can say,³
" *that* soe priuilye knowes *that* pinn ⁴ ? "
" its Hellen, your owne deere daughter, fflather ⁵ !
100 I pray you rise and lett me in."
- her father
hears her,
- " noe, by my hood ⁷ ! " quoth her fflather then,
" my [house] thoust ⁸ neuer come within,
without I had my red gold againe."
- but won't let
her in till
she brings
back his
gold.
- 104 " nay, your gold is gone, fflather ! " said shee.⁹
" then naked thou came into this world,
and naked thou shalt returne againe."
- She says it's
gone.
- " nay ! god fforgane his death, fflather ! " shee sayes,
108 " & soe I hope you will doe mee."
" away, away, thou cursed woman !
112 I pray god an ill death thou may dye!" (page 234)
- He curses
her.

¹ hence o're. — P.⁶ O no, O no, I will not rise.—P.² dear. — P.⁷ Root.—P.³ to say. — P.⁸ my House thou.—P.⁴ pinn. Compare vol. i. p. 249, l. 38.⁹ O jardon, pardon me, she says.

Ie thirked vpou a pinn. — P.

For all your red gold it is tawn. — P.

⁵ here. — P.

shee stood soe long quacking on the ground

Her heart
bursts, and
she falls
dead.

112 till¹ her hart itt burst² in three,
& then shee ffeil dead downe in a swoond;

& this was the end of this bonny Ladye.

In the
morning her
father

116 i the morning when her ffather gott³ vpp,
a pittyfull sight there he might see⁴ ;
his owne deere daughter was dead⁵ without⁶ Clothes.
they teares they trickeled fast ffrom his eye;

He curses
his love of
gold,

120 sais, "fye of gold, and ffyre of ffee ! ?
for I sett soe much by my red gold
that now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!"

and fades as
a flower in
frost.

124 but after⁸ this time he neere dought⁹ good day,
but as¹⁰ flowers doth fade in the ffrost,
soe he did wast & weare away.

As to young
Andrew,

128 but let vs leaue talking of this Ladye,
& talke some more of young Andrew,¹¹
ffor ffalſe he was to this bonny Ladye ;
more pitty that itt had¹² not beene true.

he hadn't
gone half a
mile into
Wales

132 he was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,¹³
or halfe a mile into the hart of wales,
but there they caught him by such a braue wyle
that hee must come to tell noe more tales.

¹ until.—P.

² truly. —P.

³ rose.—P.

⁴ might he see.—P.

⁵ there lay dead.—P.

⁶ any follows in the MS., and is crossed out.—F.

⁷ O fy O fy now on my gold

O fy on gold & fy on fee.—P.

⁸ Thus having lost his daughter fair,
He after &c.—P.

⁹ dought—A.-S. *dugan*, valere, hine
dohlig Sax. i. e. doughty, fortis, strenus.
Gloss. ad G. Doug^a—P.

¹⁰ [insert] the.—P.

¹¹ And once more tell of young An-
drew.—P.

¹² he had.—P.

¹³ He scarce was from this Lady gone,
or

As he did from this Lady go

And thro' the forest past his way

A furious wolf did him beset

And there this perjured knight

did slay.—P.

And tow'rd the woods had gang'd

away.—P.

full soone a wolfe did of him smell,
 & shee came roaring like a beare,
 & gaping like a fleend of hell ;

before a
wolf
attacked
him,

- 36 soo they ffought together like 2 Lyons [there],¹
 & fire betweene them 2 glashet out;
 the raught eche other such a great rappe,
 that there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott. killed him.
- 40 but ² now young Andrew he is dead ;
 but he was never buryed vnder mold ;
 for ther as the wolfe devoured him,
 there ³ lyes all this great erles gold.

and eat him
up.

ffins.

Perry has added *ther*, and marked
line as part of the verse above.—F.

¹ And.—P.
² And ther o &c.—P.

Perry has marked in red ink brackets,
omission, the following words or parts
here:

as, l. 142.
 u. of ouer, l. 141.
 father, l. 107.
 lat, l. 97.
 de-ri, l. 96.
 in of int, l. 92.
 with, l. 74

point, Ladye, l. 71.
 this bony wench, l. 67.
 vp of vpon, l. 64, 60, 29.

In line 8 he marks *cold never* to be
transposed to *never cold*. In other poems
I have not noticed these red ink marks.
They would have swelled the notes too
much, and there are plenty of Percy's
alterations already.

A : Jigge :¹

"A JIG," says Nares, "meant anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad. Thus when Polonius objects to the Player's speech, Hamlet sarcastically observes,

He's for a *jigg* or a tale of bawdry or he sleeps.—(Haml. ii. 2.)

He does not mean a dance (which then players did not undertake), but ludicrous dialogue or a ballad. . . . In the Harleian collection of old ballads are many under the title of *jigs*; as 'A Northern Jige, called Daintie, come thou to me,' 'A merry new Jigge or the pleasant Wooing between Kit and Pegge,' &c. So in the *Fatal Contract* by Hemmings,

We'll hear your *jigg*:
How is your ballad titled?—(Act iv. sc. 4.)

Thus :

A small matter! you'll find it worth Meg of Westminster, although it be but a bare *jig*.—(Hog hath lost, &c. O. Pl. vi. 385.)

It appears that this *jig* was a ballad."

The following specimen of the Jig Dialogical is a sort of vulgar reproduction of the *Nut-Brown Maid*. The mode and circumstances of life depicted in the original ballad had passed out of date; the old order had given place to a new. A new audience—new chronologically, new socially—demanded a new version—a "people's edition," so to speak. The lover who here tests his mistress is no knight, but a common soldier; the mistress is no highborn lady, but a common woman. And these personal changes are characteristic of the others which the old ballad has undergone, to take its present shape. No such transmutations

¹ Pepys, iv. 42. A Poetical Dialogue between a Soldier & his Mistress, not unlike the Nut-brown Maid.—P.

re likely to be, from a literary point of view, successful. This one is not. But the beauty of the original is too great to be altogether destroyed, however rude the hands that handle it. Something of the charm of the *Nut-Brown Maid* lingers around his *Jig*.

Other handlers of the old ballad turned it to a religious sense. See the *New Nutbroune Mayd upon the Passion of Christ* in Mr. Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry of England.

"MARGRETT, my sweetest margett ! I must goe ! Margaret,
most dere to mee that never¹ may be soe ; I must leave
as fortune willea, I cannott itt deny." you.

4 "then know thy loue, thy Margarett, shee must dye." "Then I'll
die."

"Not ffor the gold that euer Cræsus hadd,
wold I once² see thy sweetest lookees soe fade ; Not for the
nor³ ffor all that my eyes did euer⁴ see,
wold I once part thy sweetest loue from mee ; world would
I make you
and,

8

"The King comands, & I must to the warrea."
"theres⁵ others more enow to end those cares."
"but I am one appointed ffor to goe,
12 & I dare not ffor my liffe once say noe,"

but I must
to the war.

16 "O marry mee, & you may stay att home !
ffull 39 weekes you know that I am gone.⁶"
"theres time enough ; another ffather take ;
heele loue thee well, & not thy child forsake."

"Marry me
and stay at
home!"

Get another
father for
your child.

20 "And haue I doted ouer thy sweetest fface ?
& dost infring the things I haue in chase,
thy ffaithe, I meane ? but I will wend with thee."
24 "itt is to flar ffor Pegg to goe with mee."

"No, I love
you

and will go
with you.

¹ i.e. never hereafter.—H.
² There is a mark like an ∞ undotted
over the c.—F.
³ i.e. yet — F.

⁴ Only half the word in the MS.—F.
⁵ There's.—P.
⁶ i.e. with Child.—P.

- I'll carry
your sword,
- clean your
horse,
- wait on you,
- love your
wench,
- are you sleep
with her,
- and leave
you before
my own
baby
comes." "You mustn't
go with me.
- "Then I'll
die, loving
you still." "No, I'll stop
with you,
- "I will goe with thee, my loue, both night and day,
& I will beare thy sword like lakyney; Lead the way!"¹
"but wee must ryde, & will you ffollow then
24 amongst a troope of vs that's² armed men?"
- "Ile beare thy Lance, & grinde thy stirropp too,
Ile rub thy horsse, & more then that Ile doo."
"but Margretts fflingars, they be all to ffine
28 to stand & waite when shee shall see mee dine,"
- "Ile see you dine, & wayte still att your backe,
Ile giue you wine or any thing you Lacke."
"but youle repine when you shall see mee haue
32 a dainty wench that is both ffine & brane."
- "Ile love thy wench, my sweetest loue, I vow, [page 28]
Ile watch the time when shee may pleasure you!"
"but you will greeue to see vs lye in bedd;
36 & you must watch still in anothers steede."
- "Ile watch my loue to see you take your rest;
& when you sleepe, then shall I thinke me blest."
"the time will come, deliuering you must bee;
40 then in the campe you will discreditt mee."
- "Ile goe ffrom thee beffor that time shalbee;
when all his well, my loue againe Ile see."
"all will not serue, ffor Margarett may not goe;
44 then doe resolute, my loue, what else to doe."
- "Must I not goe? why then, sweete loue, adew!
needs must I dye, but yet in dying trew!"
"ah! stay³ my loue! I loue my Margarett well,
48 & heere I vow⁴ with Margarett still to dwell!"

¹ along the way.—P.
² all.—P.

³ Ah! stay.—P.
⁴ vow.—P.

" Give me thy hand ! thy Margarett lies againe ! "

"heeres ! my hand ! He never breed thee paine !
I kiss my lorne in token that is see : and never
pain you.

I kiss my love in token that is soe;

' here is.—P.

and praying for a while, but at last shown futile and fatal—
of strange partings and yet stranger meetings.

Fall true it is, by god in heaven,
That men meet at most steven.

Three old themes these : but in the hands of this romance-writer
make juvenescent.

Such an union between mother and son as that which occurs in *Eslamore* is a very favourite arrangement with the old romance-writers. It immediately precedes and generally brings about the *drayvápios*. Thus the extremest alarm and horror immediately introduce the extremest delight. Fear and joy are brought into the closest juxtaposition. The romance-writer could conceive of no more terrible disturbance and overthrow of the order of nature than that fearful conversion of a mother into a wife, a son into a husband—that ruin of the most beautiful of the domestic relations. Though bold enough to describe it as possible, and, indeed, imminent, he never dares to let it actually come to pass. He never lets the ghastly shade become a living thing. The Greek poets too regarded this same connection as the culminating horror. In their eyes, too, conflicts between father and son, love other than pious between son and mother, appeared the most frightful of all possible frightfulnesses. But they went further than the old romance-writers. They were not content with the apprehension ; they did not shrink from the act. What in the romances is only threatened, is in the Greek legend perpetrated. Hideous possibilities become there yet more hideous realities. Eve in the one case only fingers the apple ; in the other she plucks and eats it. Medieval feeling was the more delicate and sensitive in this respect. Its poet ever averts the horrible catastrophe. As the storm is on the point of bursting, and the nymphs with wild frantic faces stand ready to “ shriek on the mountain,” suddenly the sky clears, there are pious embracings, the domestic sanctities are preserved and ratified.

[Part I.]

[Eglamore loved Christabell, and undertook three Deeds of Arms to win her.]

1

- IESUS : christ, heauen king!
grant vs all his deere blessinge,
& builde vs [in]¹ his bower²!
Christ, bless
us,
- ¶ & give them [ioye]³ that will heare
of Elders that before vs were,
that liued in great honor.⁴
and give
joy to those
that love old
heroes!
- I will tell you of a Knight
that was both⁵ hardye & wight,
& stiffe in euerye stower;
I'll tell you
of a hardy
knight
- ¶ & wher any deeds of armes were,
hee wan the prize with sheeld & speare,
who always
won the
prize.
- ¶ & euer he was the flower.

2

- In Artoys the Knight was borne,
& his ffather him beforne ;
listen ; I will you say.⁶
He was born
in Artoys,
- Sir Prinsamoure the Erle hight ;
& Eglamore the hight [the] Knight⁷
that curteous was alway ;
his name
was
Eglamore;
- ¶ he was for a man⁸ verament,
20 with the Erle was he bent,⁹
to none he wold say nay.¹⁰
he was a
man,
and never
refused a
fight.

in. T. in.—P. buidle, shelter, as
fol. 27, l. 11.—F.
louren. P.
ye. T. joye. P.
ffather. P.
hardy. P. hardy. T.
For y marks to come after this :
for that he was a man full bolde
& th the Erle was he holde
a housable nyght & day.

Thornton MS. has

To dedes of armes he ys wente,
Wyth the Erle of Artas he ys lente,
He faylyth hym not nyght nor daye.
⁷ Sir Eglamore than hyght the knyght.
—P. Syr Egylamowre men calle the
knyt. T.
⁸ And for he was a man.—P.
⁹ lente. P. he ys lente. T.
¹⁰ To no man he wold.—P. T. has:
Whyllie the erle had him in holde,
Of dedes of armes he was bolde,
For no man seyde he nay.—F.

and prevailing for a while, but at last shown futile and fatal—
of strange partings and yet stranger meetings.

Full true it is, by god in heaven,
That men meet at unset steven.

Thrice old themes these ; but in the hands of this romance-writer
made juvenescent.

Such an union between mother and son as that which occurs in *Eglamore* is a very favourite arrangement with the old romance-writers. It immediately precedes and generally brings about the *ἀναγνώσις*. Thus the extremest alarm and horror immediately introduce the extremest delight. Fear and joy are brought into the closest juxtaposition. The romance-writer could conceive of no more terrible disturbance and overthrow of the order of nature than that fearful conversion of a mother into a wife, a son into a husband—that ruin of the most beautiful of the domestic relations. Though bold enough to describe it as possible, and, indeed, imminent, he never dares to let it actually come to pass. He never lets the ghastly shade become a living thing. The Greek poets too regarded this same connection as the culminating horror. In their eyes, too, conflicts between father and son, love other than pious between son and mother, appeared the most frightful of all possible frightfulnesses. But they went further than the old romance-writers. They were not content with the apprehension ; they did not shrink from the act. What in the romances is only threatened, is in the Greek legend perpetrated. Hideous possibilities become there yet more hideous realities. Eve in the one case only fingers the apple ; in the other she plucks and eats it. Medieval feeling was the more delicate and sensitive in this respect. Its poet ever averts the horrible catastrophe. As the storm is on the point of bursting, and the nymphs with wild frantic faces stand ready to “ shriek on the mountain,” suddenly the sky clears, there are pious embracings, the domestic sanctities are preserved and ratified.

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[Now Eglamore loved Christabell, and undertook three Deeds of Arms to win her.]

1

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us,

- 4 & builde vs [in]¹ his bower² !
- 4 & gine them [ioye]³ that will heare
of Elders that before vs were,
that lined in great honor.⁴

and give
joy to those
that love old
heroes !

- I will tell you of a Knight
8 *that was both⁵ hardye & wight,*
& stiffe in euery stower;
& wher any deeds of armes were,
hee wan the prize with sheeld & spear;

I'll tell you
of a hardy
knight

who always
won the
prize.

- 12 & euer he was the flower.

2

In Artoys the Knight was borne,
& his fathur him besorne ;
listen ; I will you say.⁶

He was born
in Artoys,

- 10 Sir Prinsamoure the Erle hight ;
& Eglamore the hight [the] Knight⁷
that curteous was alway ;
& he was for a man⁸ verament,
20 with the Erle was he bent,⁹
to none he wold say nay.¹⁰

his name
was
Eglamore ;

he was a
man,
and never
refused a
Right.

T. in.—P. Fumble, shelter, as
v. 1. 27, l. 11. F
P.
I. joye. P.
P.
P. hardy T.
For y marks to come after this :
For that he was a man full bold,
With the Erle was he holde
In holde le nyght & day.
Thornton MS. has

To dedes of armes he ys wente,
Wyth the Erle of Arta he ys lente,
He faylyth hym not nyght nor daye,
Sir Eglamore than hyght the knyght,
P. Syr Egyllamowre men calle the
knyght. T.
And for he was a man.—P.
lente. P. he ys lente. T.
To no man he wold.—P. T. has.
Whylle the erle had him in holde,
Of dedes of armes he was holde,
For no man seyde he nay.—F.

The Earl of
Artoys
has a lovely
daughter,

Christabell,

Eglamore
loves her,

and she
loves him.

Strange
lords come
to woo her.

A tourney is
held,

and
Eglamore
unhorses all
her suitors.

He opens his
heart to his
chamber-
lain,

the Erle had noe Child but one,
a maiden as white as whalles bone,¹

24 *that his right heyre shold bee;*

Christabell was the Ladyes name ;
a flairer maid then shee was ane
 was none ² in christentye.

28 Christabell soe well her bore ;

the Erle loued nothing more
 then his daughter ffree ;

soe did *that* gentle knight

32 *that* was soe full of might ;
 it was the more pitty.

3

the knight was both hardy & snell,
& knew the ladye loued him well.

36 listen a while & dwell :

Lords came ffrom many a Land
her to hause, I vnderstand,
 with force ffold ³ and ffell.

40 Sir Prinsamoure then did crye
strong Iusting & turnamentrye ⁴

 for the loue of Christabell.

what man *that* did her craue,

44 such stroakes Eglamore him gaue,
 that downe right he ffell.

4

to his chamberlaine ⁵ then gan he saw,⁶
“ ffrom thee I cann hyde nought away,”

48 (where they did together rest ⁷;) ;

“ ffaire ffrand, nought to laine,

my councell thou wold not saine ;

On thee is all my trust.”

[p]

¹ ivory.—F. as faire.—T.

² not.—P. Ther was none soche.—T. See squier, st. 9. l. 111 below.—F

³ ferse folke.—T.

⁴ Syr Egylamowre he dud to crye

Of dedes of armys utterly.—T.

⁵ squyer, (with a'tered line)

⁶ say.—P.

⁷ rest.—P. *Rell* altered into

the MS.—F.

- 52 "Master," hee said, "per ma fay,
what-soeuer you to me say,
I shall itt neuer out cast."
"the Erles daughter, soe god me saue,
56 the loue of her but *that* I hane,
my liffe itt may not Last."

and says he
shall die
unless he
can win
Christabell's
love.

5

- "Master," said the young man ffree,
"you haue told me your priuyte ;
60 I will giue you answere
to this tale : I vnderstand
you are a knight of litle Land,
& much wold haue more ;
64 If I shold to *that* Ladye goe
& show your hart & loue,
shee lightlye wold let me fare ;
the man *that* heweth ouer hye,
68 some chipp falleth on his eye ;
thus doth it euer fare.

The cham-
berlain

answers

that
Egglamore is
too poor,

the lady
wouldn't
listen to
him ;

those
bewing too
high get
chips in
their eye.

6

- "remember Master, of one thing,
that shee wold hane both Erie & King,
72 & many a bold Barron alsoe ;
the Ladye will haue none of those,
but in her maidenhead hold ;²
ffor wist her ffather, by heauen King,
76 *that* you were sett on such a thinge,
right deere itt shold be bought.
trow yee shee wold King flornake,
& such a simple knight take,
80 but if you haue loued her of old ? "

But yet she
refuses her
rich suitor.

and that
must be for
Egglamore's
love.

My thane unto-thanks on thy
I
est wylle who art have of them,
But in godesnes her budyth so.

The which y trowe ys for thy love
and no mo. T.
T. also transposes the next two
triplets.—F.

7

the knight answerd ffull mild :
 “ euer since I was a Child
 thou hast beene loued of¹ mee.
 84 in any iusting or any stower,
 saw you me haue any dishonor
 in battell where I haue bee ? ”

Moreover,

“ Nay, Master, att all rights
 88 you are one of the best knights
 in all Christentye ;
 in deeds of armes, by god alive,
 thy body is worth other 5.”
 92 “ gramercy, Sir,” sayd hee :

in deeds of
arms
Eglamore is
worth any
five other
knights.

8

Eglamore sighed, & said noe more,
 but to his Chamber gan hee ffare,
 that richelye was wrought.

and prayes
God

96 to god his hands he held vp soone,
 “ Lord ! ” he said, “ grant me a boone
 as thou on roode me bought !
 the Erles daughter, flaire & ffree,
 100 that shee may my wiffe bee,
 ffor shee is most in my thought ;
 that I may wed her to my wiffe,
 & in Ioy to lead our liffe ;²
 104 from care then were I brought.”

to give him
Christabell
as his wife.

9

Next day he

on the morrow that maiden small
 cate with her ffather in the hall,
 that was soe faire & bright.

doesn't go
to dine in
Hall.
Christabell
asks where
he is.

108 all the knights were at meate saue hee ;
 the Ladye said, “ for gods pittyte !
 where is Sir Eglamore my Knight ? ”

¹ lente wyth.—T.² and sethen reches in my life.—T.

his squier answerd with heauye cheere,
 112 "he is sick, & dead ffull noere,
 he prayeth you of a sight ;
 he is now cast in such a care,
 but if he mends not of his fare
 116 he liueth not to night."

"He is
nearly dead,
and prays to
see you."

10

the Erle vnto his daughter spake,
 " damsell," he said, " for god sake
 listen vnto mee !
 120 after me, doe as I thee hend ;
 to his chamber see thou wend,
 ffor hee was courteous & ffree ;
 full trulye with his intent,
 124 with Iusting & in Turnament,
 he said vs neuer nay ;
 if any deeds of armes were,
 he wan the prize with turnay ² cleere ;
 128 our worshippe for euer and aye."

The Earl
charges
Christabell

to go and see
Eglamore,

[page 297] who never
refused a
tourney,

and always
won the
prize.

11

then after meate that Ladie gent
 did after her fathers comandement,³
 shee busked her to wend.
 132 forth shee went withouten more,
 for nothing wold shee spare,
 but went there as hee Lay.⁴
 " Master," said the squier, " be of good cheere,
 136 heere cometh the Erles daughter deere,
 some words to you to say."

After Hall,

Christabell

gore to
Eglamore.

¹ After meate do ye as hymde. T. See "After meat," &c. II. l. 129. But "after" may mean, by my direction, see l. 1. though I do not know how head in the case A tell, bid.—Y.

² journey.—T.

³ Only half the first s in the MS.—F.
⁴ T. puts in three lines in which Christabell asks the squire how Eglamore is.—F.

12

and saks
how he ia.

"Dying for
love of you."

"I'm very
sorry to
grieve you."

"Then be
my wife."

- 140 & then said that Ladye bright,
 " how fareth Sir Eglamore my Knight,
 that is a man right ffaire ? "
 144 " forsoothe, Ladye, as you may see,
 with woe I am bound for the loue of yee,
 in longing & in care."
 148 " Sir," shee said, " by gods pitty,
 if you be agrreeued¹ ffor mee,
 itt wold greeue me full sore !"
 " damsell, if I might turne to liffe,
 148 I wold hauue you to my wiffe,
 if itt your will were."

13

" You're a
noble
knight,

and manful
in fight.

Ask my
father,

and if he
agrees,

I will."

- 152 " Sir," shee said, " soe mote I thee,
 you are a Noble Knight and ffree,
 & come of gentle blood ;
 a manfull man you are in ffieild
 to win the gree with speare & sheeld
 nobly by the roode ;
 156 Sir, att my ffather read you witt,²
 & see what hee will say to itt ;
 or if his will bee good,
 & if that hee be att assent,
 160 as I am true Ladie & gent,
 my will it shalbe good."

14

Eglamore is
in blisse,

- the Knight desired noe other³ blisse
 when he had gotten his grantesse,⁴
 164 but made royall⁵ cheere ;
 he comanded a Squier to goe

¹ The *rr* is much like *u* in the MS.—F.

² T. makes the lady take the 'Ask
Papa' on herself, and when they are
agreed, she'll not fail Eglamore.—F.

³ kepte no more.—T.

⁴ geton graunt of thyſ.—T.

⁵ hur fulle gode.—T.

- to ffeitch gold, a 100¹ or towne,
 & gine the² Maidens cleere.
 168 Sir Eglamore said, "soe haue I blisse !
 to your marriage I gine you this,
 ffor yee neuer come heere yore."
 the Lady then thanked & kissted the Knight ;
 172 shee tooke her leane anon-right,
 "farwell, my true sonne deacre."³
- and gives
Christabell's
maidens
100.

Christabell
kisses him,

15

- then homeward shee tooke the way.⁴
 "welcome!" sayd the Erle, "in flay,
 176 tell mee how haue yee doone.
 say, my daughter as white as any flower,
 how ffaresh my knight Sir Eglamore ?"
 & shee answered him soone:
 180 "fforsooth, to mee he hartilye sware
 he was amended of his care,
 good comfort hath hee tane ;
 he told me & my maidens hende,
 184 that hee vnto the riuier wold wend
 with hounds & hawkes right."
- goes back to
her father,

and tells him
Sir
Eglamore is
quite well,

and is going
out
hawking.

16

- the Erle said, "soo Mote I thee,
 with him will I ryde that sight to see,
 188 to make my hart more light."⁵
 on the morrow, when itt was day,
 Sir Eglamore tooke the way
 to the riuier ffull right.
 192 the Erle made him redye there,
 & both rode to they riuier
- Next day
Eglamore

and the Earl
hawk

¹ And take an hundred pownd.—T.² her.—T.³ And sayde 'Farewell my fere.'—T.⁴ Crystabell hath takyn her way.

—T.

⁵ For comforte of that knyght.—T.

and are
pleasant
together.

- to see some faire flight.
all they day they made good cheere :
196 a wrath began, as you may heare,
long ere itt was night.¹

But coming
home,
Eglamore
asks if the
Earl will
hear him.
"Certainly,
I like to
hear you :
you're the
best knight
in the land."
"When will
your
daughter be
betrothed ?"

- 17
as they rode homeward in the way,
Sir Eglamore to the Erle gan say,
200 " My lord, will you now ² heare ? " [p
" all ready, Eglamore ; in ffay,
whatsoever you to me say,
to me itt is ffull deere ;
204 ffor why, the doughtyest art thou
that dwelleth in this Land now,
for to beare sheeld & speare.³"
" my Lord," he said, " of charitye,
208 Christabell your daughter ffree,
when shall shee hause a feere ? "

" I know no
one whom
she would
have."

" Give her
to me."

" I will, and
all Artois
too, if you'll
do ³ deeds of
arms for
her."

" Thank
you !

- 18
the Erle said, " soe god me sane,
I know noe man *that* shee wold haue,
212 my daughter faire and cleere."
" now, good Lord, I you pray,
for I haue serued you many a day,
to give me her withouten nay."
216 the Erle said, " by gods paine,
if thou her winne as I shall saine,
by deeds of armes three,
then shalt thou haue my daughter deere,
220 & all Artois ffarr & neere."
" gramercy, Sir ! " said hee.

¹ long ere night it were.—P.

² ye me.—T.

³ Awntur ferre or neere.—T.

19

Sir Eglamore [sware¹], "soe mote I thee,
att my iourney² flaine wold I be!"

let me go to
work at
once."

- 224 right soone he made him yare.
the Erle said, "here by west
dwelleth a Gyant in a fforrest,—
fowler neuer saw I ere ;—
228 therin be trees flaire &³ long,
3 harts⁴ ran them⁵ amonge,
the fairest that on ffoot gone.
Sir, might yee bring one away,
232 then durst I boldly say
that yee had beene there."

The Earl
sets
Eglamore
his first
feat :
to go to a
giant's
forest,
and fetch
him one of
three harts
running
about there.

20

- "fforsooth," said Eglamore then,
"if that heo be a Christyan man,
236 I shall him neuer florsake."
the Erle said in good cheere,
"with him shalst thou flight in feere ;
his name is Sir Marroccke."
240 the Knight thought on Christabell ;
he swore by him that harrowed hell,
him wold he neuer florsake.
"Sir, kepe well my Lady & my Land!"
244 thereto the Erle held vp his hand,
& trothes they did strike.

Eglamore
undertakes
to fetch the
hart,

and fight
the giant
Marrocke.

He commits
Christabell
to her
father's care.

21

then afterwards, as I you say,
Sir Eglamore tooke the way

¹ The knyght sweryd. — T.
² The o looks like a in the MS. — F.
³ Cysur trees there growe owte. — T.
⁴ The A is like an I in the MS. — F.
⁵ Gyante hertys there walke. — T.
• I. has for this stanza :

Be Jhesu swere the knyght than,
"Yf he be ony Crystyn-man,
Y schalle hym never forsake.
Hobbe wll my lady and my londe."
"ye," seyle the erle, "here myn hondle!"
llys trouwthe to hym be stike.

- 248 to that Ladye soe ffree :
 tells her he
 has under-
 taken threes
 deeds of
 arms for
 her.
 Christabell
 hopes God
 will help
 him.
- “ damsell,” hee said to her anon,
 “ffor your Loue I hauue vndertane
 deeds of Armes three.”
- 252 “good Sir,” shee said, “be merry & glad ;
 ffor a worsse Iourney you neuer had
 in noe christyan countrye.
 if god grant ffrom his grace
 256 that wee ² may ffrom that Iourney apace,
 god grant it may be soe ³ !

22

- She gives
 him a grey-
 bound
 that'll pull
 down any
 stag,
 and a sword
 that'll cut
 any helm in
 two.
- “ Sir, if you be on hunting flound,
 I shall you giue a good greyhound
 that is dun as a doe ;
 for as I am a true gentle woman,
 there was neuer deere that he att ⁴ ran
 that might scape him ffroe :
 260 alsoe a sword I giue thee,
 that was ffround in the sea ⁵ ;
 of such I know noe moe.
 if you haue happ to keepe itt weeble,
 264 there is no helme of Iron nor steele
 but itt wold carue in 2.

[Part II.⁶]

[How Eglamore kills the giant Marrocke and a big Boar.]

23

- Eglamore
 bids Christa-
 bell good-
 bye,
- Eglamore kissed that Lady gent ;
 he tooke his leaue, & fforth hee went.

¹ T. has for the next five lines :

For an hardere fyt never ye had,
 Be God, in no cuntrie !

Or that yurney be over passyd,
 For my love ye schalle sey fulle ofte
 alias !

And so schalle y for thee.

² ye.—P.

³ so bee.—P.

⁴ beste that on fote.—T.

⁵ Seynt Poulo fondे hyt in the
 see.—T.

⁶ Part I. would end better with
 28, l. 341, where the Thornton
 ends its “furste fyt.”—F.

272 his way now hath hee tane ;

The hye streetes held he west
till he came to the fforrest;

[page 299] rides to the
forest,

276
2¹ Parte.

farrer saw he never none,
with trees of Cypresse lying out.

the wood was walled round abowt
with strong walles of stone ;

fforthe he rade, as I vnderstand,
till he came to a gate that he fland,
& therin is he gone.

280

enters it by
a gate,

24

his horne he blew in that tyde ;

blows his
horn,

harts start vpp on evry side,

284 & a noble deere ¹ ffull prest ;

the hounds att the deere gan bay.

and his
hounds bay
at the deer.
The giant
Marrocks

with that heard the Gyant where he lay ;

itt lett him of his rest ;

288 "methinketh, by hounds that I heare,

that there is one hunting ² my deare ;

it were better that he cease ³ !

by him that wore the crowne of thorne,

swears it'
be the worst
blowing the
man ever
made,

292 in a worse time he never blew a horne,

ne dearer bought a messe ⁴ !"

25

Marrocke the Gyant tooke the way

thorrow the fforrest were itt Lay ;

296 to the gate he sett his backe.

and goes to
his gate.

Sir Eglamore hath done to dead,

¹ Twyty does not use the word *deer* in speaking of the Hert. Now wyl we take of the hert, and speke we of his yere that is to say, the fyrist yere he was a calfe, the secunde yere a brokete, the third yere a spayre, the viij. yere a wylde hert, the ix. yere a grete stagg, the xij. yere a hert at the fyrist herd; but that he lode not in judgement of hundersse, for

the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alway we calle of the fyrist herd tyll that he be of x. of the lasee. *Heliq. Astig.* i. 151.—F.

² Yondur is a thefe to stede.—T.

³ He were welle bettur to be at the see.—T.

⁴ Neynur hys bowe bende in no manys fee.—T.

Eglamore
kills a stane,
cure his hand
off.

and asks
Marrake to
let him pass.

Marrake

writes at
him

and says he'll
keep him
there.

Eglamore
hits the
giant in the
eye, and
blinds him.

but he
fights on for
two days and
more;

then
Eglamore
kills him,

slaine a hart, & smitten off his head;
the prize¹ he blew ffull shrill;

- 300 & when he came where the gyant was,
“good Sir,” he sayd, “lett me passe,
if that itt be your will.”
“nay, traitor! thou art tane!
304 my principall² hart thou hast slaine!
thou shalt itt like ffull ill.”

26

the Gyant att the chase³,
a great clubb vp hee takes,

- 308 that villanous was and great⁴;
such a stroke hee him gaue
that into the earth went his staffe,
a ffoote on euery side.

- 312 “traitor!” he said, “what doest thou here
in my fforrest to slay my deere?
here shalt thou now abyde.”

- Eglamore his sword out drew,
316 & in his sight made such a shew,⁵
& made him blind that tyde.

27

how-be-itt he lost his sight,
he ffought with Sir Eglamore that Knight

- 320 2 dayes & some deale more;
till the 3^d.⁶ day att prime
Sir Eglamore waited his time,
& to the hart him bare.

¹ And whan the hert is take, ye shal
blowe iiiij. motys . . . and the hed shal be
brouht hom to the lord, and the skyn
. . . Than blow at the dore of halle
the prye . . . And whan the buk is
i-take, ye shal blowe prye, and reward
your houndes of the paunch and the
lowellis. Twety, in *Reliq. Ant.* i. 153.
Fr. *Prise a taking . . . also, the death or*

fall of a hunted beast. Cotgrave.

² chefe.—T.

³ to the knyght ys gon.—T.

⁴ mekylle and fulle unweelde.—

⁵ And to the geant he gafe a
—T. *Sough*, a stroke or blow. J
son.—F.

⁶ Tylle on the todur.—T.

324 through gods might, & his kniffe,
there the Gyant lost his liffe;

ffast he began to rore.

and he
roars.

ffor certaine sooth, as I you say,
when he was meaten¹ there he Lay
he was 15 foote² & more.

He measures
ffrom feet.

28³

through the might of god, & his kniffe,
thus hath the Gyant Lost his liffe;

332 he may thanke god of his boone !
the Gyants head with him hee bare
the right way as hee found there,
till hee came to the castle of stone.

Eglamore
takes the
giant's head

336 all the whole court came him againe ;
“such a head,” they gan saine,
“saw they neuer none.”

before the Erle he itt bare,
340 “my Lord,” he said, “I haue beene there,
in witnessse of you all⁴ !”

to the Earl
of Artoys,
and says he
has been to
the giant.

29

the Erle said, “sith itt is done,

The Earl
sets him his
second deed
of arme:

Another lourney there shall come soone,— [page 200]
344 buske thee & make thee yare,—
to Sattin, that⁵ countrye,
ffor therin may noe man bee

to go to
Sattin

for doubt⁶ of a bore ;
348 his tuskes are a yard⁷ long ;
what flesh that they doe come among,
itt couereth⁸ neuer more ;

and kill a
big boar
there,

¹ meated, measured.—F.

² xl fute.—T.

³ Mr. Halliwell makes two stanzas of
the rhyme-lines varying.—F.

⁴ See Note, l. 339, compare l. 233.

⁵ F. satis (in italics):

*Make we mery, so have we bys,
Thys ye the furste sytt of thyse.*

That we have understande.—F.

⁶ In Sydon, in that ryche.—T.

⁷ fear. F. dredle.—T.

⁸ fote. T

⁹ recovers.—F.

which kills
everything
it gets hold
of.

both man & beast itt slayeth,
352 all that euer hee ouer-taketh,
& giueth them wounds sore."

30

Eglamore
starts again,
journeys

fourteen
days over
land and sea,

and then
comes on
traces of
the boar,

dead men all
about.

Sir Eglamore wold not gaine-say,
he tooke his leaue & went his way,
356 to his Iourney went hee.
towards Sattin, I vnderstand,
a ffortnight he went on Land,
& alsoe soe long on sea.
360 itt ffell againe in the enen tyde,
in the fforrest he did ryde
wheras the bore shold bee ;
& tydings of the bore soone hee ffound ;
364 by him men Lay dead on many a Land,
that pittyte itt was to see.

31

Next
morning

he hears the
boar's cry,

and sees it
come from
the sea.

Sir Eglamore that Knight awoke,²
& priuilye lay vnder an oke ;
368 till morrow the sun shone bright,
in the fforrest ffast did hee lye ;
of the bore he hard a crye,³
& neerer he gan gone right.
372 ffaire helmes he ffound in fere
that men of armes had lefft there,
that the bore had slaine.
Eglamore to the cliffe went hee,
376 he saw the bore come from the sea,
his morne draught⁴ had he tane.

¹ The Lawnd in woodes. *Saltus nemorum.* Baret. *Saltus*, woodland pasture.—F.

² The last words of these lines are interchanged. T. has :

Syr Egylamowre restyd hym undur
oke;
Tyll on the morowe that he can wak
³ on the see he harde a sowe.—T.
⁴ morne drynke.—T.

32

the bore saw where the Knight stood,
his tuskes he whetted as he were¹ wood,
380 to him he drew that tyde.
Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe,
with a speare he rode him to
as ffaist as he might ryde.
384 all if hee² rode neuer soe ffaist,
the good speare assunder brast,
it wold not in the hyde.
that bore did him woe enoughe,
388 his good horsee vnder him he slough ;
on floote then must hee byde.

The boar

comes
towards
him ;
Eglamore
rides at it,but breaks
his spear,and the
boar kills
his horse.

33

Eglamore saw no boote that tyde,
but to an oake he sett his side
392 amongst the trees great ;
his good sword he drew out then,
& smote vpon³ the wild swine
2 dayes & some deale more ;
396 till the 3^d day att noone
Eglamore thought his liffe was doone
for flightting with that bore ;
then Eglamore with Egar mood
400 smote of the bores head ;
his tuskes he smote of thore.

He puts his
side to an
oak,cuts at the
boar two
days,till he's
nearly dead,but then
kills it.

34

* the King of Sattin on hunting fare
with 15 armed men & more ;

The King of
Sattin

¹ The first e is made over an & in the
- F
- Gif be. T.
- ryghyth with. - T.
- three dayes and more. T.
- The Thornton version makes Egy'la-

mowre only break off the boar's tusks in
the preceding stanza, omits lines 2, 6, 7,
of this, and has here:
He thankyd God that ylke stownde,
And gaf the bore bys dethys wound,
The boke of Rome thus can tellle.—F.

hears the
boar yell,

and sends a
squire to see
who's in
danger.

The squire

sees Eglamore
fighting the
boar.

He tells the
King the
boar is
slain
by a knight

with a blue
shield

and black
spurs.

- 404 the bore loud hard he yell ;
he camanded a squier to fflare,
“ some man is in his perill there !
I trow to long wee dwell.”
- 408 no longer wold the squier tarry,
but rode fast thither, by S^t Marye,
he was thereto ffull snell ¹ ;
vp to the cliffe rode hee thore ;
- 412 Sir Eglamore ffought ffast with the bore ¹ ;
with stroakes feirce & ffell.

35

- the squier stood & beheld them ²,
hee went againe and told soe,
“ fforsooth the bore is slaine.”
- 416 “ Lord ! S^t Mary ! how may this bee ? ”
“ a Knight is yonder certaintye
that was the bores bane ;
- 420 “ of gold he beareth a seemly sight,
in a ffeild of azure an armed Knight,
to battell as hee shold gone ;
& on the crest vpon the head is
- 424 a Ladye made in her likenesse ;
his spures are sable eche one.”

36

The King

finds
Eglamore
lying down,

- the King said, “ soe mote I thee,
those rich armers I will see : ”
- 428 & thither hee tooke the way.
by *that* time Sir Eglamore
had ouercome the sharp stoure,
& ouerthawrt the bore Lay.²
- 432 the King said, “ god rest with thee ! ”
“ my Lord,” said Eglamore, “ welcome be

¹ query MS. siell.—F.

² And to resto hym down he lay.—T.

- of peace now I thee pray !
 I haue soe floughten with the bore
 436 that certainlye I may noe more ;
 this is the 3^d day."

exhausted ;

37

- they all said anon-right,
 " great sinn itt were with thee to ffight,
 440 or to doe thee any teene ;
 manfully thou hast slaine this bore
 that hath done hurt sore,
 & many a mans death hath beene ;
 444 thou hast manfully vnder sheeld
 slaine this bore in the feild,
 that all wee haue seene !
 this haue I wist, the sooth to say,
 448 he hath slaine 40¹ on a day
 of my armed knights keene !²

praises him
for killing
the boarthat had
slain so
many
knights;

38

- meat & drinke they him brought,
 rich wine they spared nought,
 452 & white clothes they spread.
 the King said, " soe mote I theo,
 I will dine for loue of thee ;
 thou hast been hard bestead."
 456 " forsooth," then Sir Eglamore saies,
 " I haue flought these 4 dayes,³
 and not a foote him fliedl."
 then said the King, " I pray theo
 460 all night to dwell with mee,
 & rest thee on a bedd."

provides him
meat and
wine ;dines with
him,and asks
him home to
sleep.

¹ Sixty. - T.
² With armful men and cleane.—T.
³ The three days have grown to four.
 I haue

" Ye," he seyde, " pernafay.
 Now hyt ys the fyrete day
 That evyr oon fote y fliedl." — F.

39

& after meate, the soothe to say,
the King Sir Eglamore did pray
“of what country hee was.”

464

“my name,” he said, “is Sir Eglamore¹:
I dwell alsoe with Sir Prinsamoure,
that Erle is of artoye.”

468

then Lords to the King drew,
“this is heo that Sir Marrocke slew,
the gyants brother Mamasse.²

and the
King tells
him of a

“Sir,” said the King, “I pray thee

472

these 3 dayes to dwell with mee,
from mee thou shalt not passe;

40

“there dwelleth a Gyant here beside ;
my daughter that is of micklē pride,
he wold haue me ffroe;

476

I dare to no place goe out
but men of armes be me about,
for dread of my foe.³

480

the bore thou hast slaine here,
that hath liued here this 15 yeere⁴
christen men for to sloe,

and is
Marrocke's
brother.

Now is he gone with sorrow enough [page
to [berye⁶] his brother that thou slough’d
[that evyrmore be hym woo ! ?]

41

No one can
cut up the
boar

to break⁸ the bore they went ffull tye ;
there was noe kniffe that wold him bitte,⁹

¹ He said “My name is Syr Awntour.”
—T.

² Yondur ys he that Arrok slowee,
The yeaunty brodur Maras.—T.

³ Fulle soldome have y thus sene soo.
—T.

⁴ He hath fedd hym xv yere.—T.

⁵ There are two pages 301 in th
and no page 302.—F.

⁶ berye.—T.

⁷ From the Thornton MS.—F.

⁸ splatt.—T.

⁹ Query MS.; it may be *kitt*
byte.—T.

495 *soc hard of hyde was hee.*

"Sir Eglamore,¹ thou him slounghe;
I trow thy sword² be good enough;
haue done, I pray thee."³

492 Eglamore to the bore gan gone,
& clane him by the ridge⁴ bone,

but Eglamore,

that ioy itt was to see;

"Lordings," he said, "great & small,⁵
give me the head, & take you all;
for why, *that is my ffee.*"

who claims
only his
head.

42

the King said, "soc god me saue!

the head thou shalt haue;

500 thou haest itt boughnt full deere!"⁶
all the countreye was faine,
for the wild⁷ bore was slaine,
they made ffull royll cheere.

The people
rejoice at the
boar's
death.

504 the Queene said, "god send⁸ vs from shame!
ffor when the Gyant cometh home,
new tyding⁹ shall be here."

43

against even the King did dight

509 a bath ffior *that gentle Knight,*

¹ Syr Awntour, seyde the kyng.—T.

² knyfe.—T.

³ Gif that thy wylle bee. — T.

⁴ A. *As.* *Arcey, racy, the back.* — F.

⁵ Lord. seyde the knyght, y dud hym

— T.

⁶ After cartys can they sende;
Agyen none home with that they
w. nle.

The exre was them new. — T.

⁷ wkyld. — T.

⁸ wkyld. — T.

⁹ gote we sone. — T., and it adds. p. 142.

¹⁰ *I. b.* y^e strange and stowte,

¹¹ therof y have makyllle doute.

That he wylle do us gracie done or we
Lave done.

XLV.

Syr Egylamore, that noblyle knyft,
Was sett with the kynges doghtyr
bryght.

For that he scholde be blythe.
The maydenys name was Organata
so fre;

Sche preyeth hym of gode chere to bee,
And besechyd hym so many a sythe.

Aftur mete sche can hym tellie
How that grant wokle them quelle:

The knyght began to lagh anone;
"Damyelle," he seyde, "so mote y thee,
And he come whylle y hero bee,

Y schalle hym assay sone!"

Eglamore
lies in a
bath all
night.

that was of Erbes¹ good.
Sir Eglamore therin Lay
till itt was light of the day,
512 that men to Mattins² yode.

[Part III.³]

[How Eglamore kills another Giant, and a Dragon near Rome, and
begets a Boy on Christabell.]

Next
morning
the Giant
comes,

and demands
the King's
daughter
Arnada.

516
3^d Part.

By the time he had heard masse,
the Gyant to this place come was,
& cryed as hee were wood ;
“ Sir King,” he said, “ send vnto mee
Arnada⁴ thy daughter ffree,
or I shall⁵ spill thy blood.”

Eglamore

520

44
Sir Eglamore anon-right⁶
in good armour he him dight,
& vpon the walles he yode⁷ ;

tells a squire
to show the
Giant the
boar's head.

524

he camanded a squier to beare
the bores head vpon a speare,
that the Gyant might itt⁸ see.

The Giant

& when he looked on the head,
“ alas ! ” he said,⁹ “ art thou dead ?
my trust was all in thee ! ”

swears he'll
avenge its
death,

528

now by the Law that I live in,¹⁰
my little speckled hoglin,¹¹
deare bought shall thy death bee ! ”

¹ Sibes.—P. The MS. is indistinct, and the Bishop explains it. See the way to prepare a bath in Russel's Boke of Nurture, *Babees Boke &c.* E. E. Text Soc. 1868, p. 182–5.

² mete.—T.

³ T. ends its *seconde fytt* with stanza 52, l. 611 below.—F.

⁴ Organata.—T.

⁵ thou schalt.—T.

⁶ that nobyle knyght.—T.

⁷ for ‘ yode he.’—F. wendyth h

⁸ Maras myght hym.—T.

⁹ my bore.—T.

¹⁰ leve ynne.—T.

¹¹ spote hoglyn.—T. Fr. cock shote or shete pigge, a prettie l —Cotgrave.

45

- the Gyant on the walls doneg ;
 532 att euery stroke fyer out spongē ;
 for nothing wold he spare.
 towards the castle gan he crye,
 “ false traitor ! thou shalt dye ”
 536 for slaying of my bore !
 your strong walles I doe² downe ding,
 & with my hands I shall the hange³
 ere that I ffurther passe.⁴ ”
 540 but through the grace of god almighty,
 the Gyant had his ffull of fight,
 & thereto some deale more.⁵

and
threatens to
kill Eglamore.46⁶

- Sir Eglamore was not agast ;
 544 on might-ffull god was all his trust,
 & on his sword soe good.
 to Eglamore said the King then,
 “ best is to arme vs euery man ;
 548 this theefe, I hold him woode.”

Eglamore
trusts in
God and his
good sword,47⁶

- Sir Eglamore sware by the roode,
 “ I shall him assay if hee were wood ;
 mickle is gods might ! ”
 552 he rode a course to say his steed,
 he tooke his helme & forth hee yeede ;
 All men prayed for that Knight. (page 303)

give his
steed a
gallop.

48

- Sir Eglamore into the ffeild taketh ;
 556 the Gyant see him,⁷ & to him goeth ;

takes the
field.

Thervē, trayture, ye schall abyē. ¹ T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of
 —T. ² hynge. T. ³ These, p. 144, 5, and alters the arrange-
 fare qu. —P. Or that y hong fare. ⁴ T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of
 —P. ⁵ mair.—P.

⁶ T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of
 these, p. 144, 5, and alters the arrange-
 ment of the lines, &c. —F.

" welcome," he said, " my feere !
 thou art hee *that* slew¹ my bore !
that shalt thou repent ffull sore,

560 & buy itt wonderous deere ! "

and charges
the Giant,

who upsets
him and his
hornes.

Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe;
 with a speare he rode him to,

as a man of armes cleere.

564 against him the Gyant was redy bowne,
 but horsse & man he bare all downe,
that dead he was ffull nere.

49

Eglamore

attacks him
on foot,

and cuts off
the Giant's
right arm,

but he
fights on
till sun-
down,

and then
drops dead.

Sir Eglamore cold noe better read,
 568 but what time his horsse was dead,
 to his ffoote he hath him tane ;
 & then Eglamore to him gan goe ;
 the right arme he smote him froe,

572 euen by the sholder bone ;
 & tho he² had lost his hand,
 all day hee stood a ffightand
 till the ssun to rest gan goe ;

576 ³the sooth to say; withouten lye,
 he sobbed & was soe drye
 that liffe him lasteth none.

50

all *that* on the walles were,
 580 when they heard the Gyant rore,

They ring
the bells ;
King
Edward
promises
to crown
Eglamore

ffor ioy the bells the ring.
 Edmond was the Kings⁴ name,
 swore to Sir Eglamore, " by St. Iame,
 584 here shalt thou be King !

¹ Y trowe thou halpe to sle.—T.

² Thowe the lorelle.—T.

³ Then was he so wery he myȝt not
 stonde,

The blode ran so faste fro h

every honde,

That lyfe dayes hadd he nev̄
 —T.

⁴ kynges.—T.

"to-morrow thou shalt crowned bee,
& thou shalt wed my daughter ffree
with a curyous rich ringe!"

and marry
him to his
daughter.

- 588 Eglamore answered with words mild :
"god ¹ give you ioy of your child !
ffor here I may not abyde longe.²"

Eglamore
declines the
young lady,

51

- "Sir Eglamore, for thy doughtye deede
592 thou shalt not be called lewd
in noe place where thou goe!"³
then said Arnada,⁴ *that sweete thing,*
"haue here of me a gold ring
596 with a precyous stone ;
where-soe you bee on water or Land,
& this ring vpon your hand,
nothing may you slone."

though she
gives him a
charmed
ring

- 52
600 "gramercy!" sayd Eglamore ffree.
"this 15 yeeres will I abyde thee,
soe *that* you will me wed ;
this will I sweare, soe god me saue,
604 King ne Prince nor none will haue,
if they be comlye cladd!"
"damsell," he said, "by my ffay,
by *that* time I will you say
"how *that* I haue spedd."

and offers to
wait fifteen
years for
him.

- "608 he tooke the Gyants head & the bore,
& towards Artoys did he ffare,
god helpe me att neede!"⁵

He puts her
off,

and starts
towards
Artoys.

Syr.—T. ² may ye not lende.—T.
Y schalle geve the a nobylle stede,
Al so redd as ony roone;
Yn yustynge ne in turnement,
Thou schalt never soffur dethys
wound
Whyle thou syttyst hym upon.
—T.
Seyde Organata.—T.

* The knyght takyth hys leve and
farys,
Wyth the geauntys hedd and the
borys,
The weyes owre Lord wylle hym
lede.
Thys ys the seconde fytt of thys :
Make we mery, so have we blys,
For ferre have we to rede.—T.

In seven weeks Egland more reaches Artoys,

612 by that 7 weekes were comen to end,
euen att Artoys he did lend,
wheras Prinsamoure was.

is greeted by
Christabel.

the Erle therof was greatly faine
that Eglamore was come againe;
soe was both more¹ and lesse.
when Christabell as white as swan,
heard tell how Eglamore was come,
to him shee went full yare;²

whom he
knows,

the Knight kissed that Lady gent,
then into the hall hee went
 the Erle for to teene.

but her
father says,
" Devil take
you, will
nothing kill
you ?

You want
my land and
my daughter
I suppose."

624 The Erle answered, & was ffull woe
“ what devill ! may nothing thee sloe ?
forsooth, right as I weene,
thou art about, as I vnderstand,
628 for to winn Artoys & all my Land,
& alsoe my daughter cleane.”

"I do," says Eglamore.

Sir Eglamore said, "soe mote I thee,
not but if I worthy bee;

"Oh!
perhaps
you'll get
killed yet."

632 soe god give me good read ! " s
the Erle said, " such chance may ffall,
that one may come & quitt all,
be thou neuer so prest."

Eglamore
asks for
twelve weeks
rest;

636 "but good Lord, I you pray,
of 12 weekes to giue me day,

' One stroke too many in the MS. m. "Damycelle, wele, and in travelle
—F. To bryng us bothe owt of care."

² T. adds:

"Syr," sche seyde, "how haue ye
faryn?"

" Damycelle, wele, and in travelle
To brynge us bothe owt of care."

* Helpe God that us heasta. T

my weary body to rest."

12 weekes were granted then

640 by prayer of many¹ a gentleman,
& comforted him with the best.

56

Sir Eglamore after supper
went to Christabells chamber

after supper
goes to
Christabell's
chamber,

644 with torches burning bright.
the Ladye was of soe great pride,²
shee sett him on her bedside,
& said, " welcome, Sir Knight!"
648 then Eglamore did her tell
of adventures *that* him befell,
but there he dwelled all night.
" damsell," he said, " soe god me speed,
652 I hope in god you for to wedd!"
& then their trothes they plight.³

stays there
all night,
and begets a
son on her.

57

by *that* 12 weekes were come & gone,
Christabell *that* was as faire as sunn,⁴

In twelve
weeks
Christabell

656 all wan waxed her hewe.
shee said vnto her maidens ffree,
" in *that* yee know my priuitye,⁵
looke *that* yee bee trew!"
660 the Erle angerlye gan flare,
he said to Eglamore, " make thee yare
for thy Journey a-new!"
When Christabell therof heard tell,⁶

grows wan,
and begs her
maids to
keep her
secret.

The Earl
orders Eglamore off,

664 shee mourned night & day,
that all men might her rue.

and Christa-
bell mourns.

Only half the *s* is in the MS.—F.
was not for to hyde.—T.

T. adds :

So gracyously he come hur tylle,
Of poyntes of armys he schewyd
hur hys fylle,
That there they dwellyd alle nyȝt.

⁴ as whyte as fome.—T.

⁵ Sche prayed hur gentylle women so
fre,

That they would layne hur privyto.

—T.

⁶ say.—P.

58

Eglamore's
Third Deed
of Arms is to
kill a strong
Dragon near
Rome.

668

the Erle said, "there is mee told long,
beside Roome there is a dragon strong ;
forsooth as I you say,
the dragon is of such renowne
there dare noe man come neere the towne
by 5 miles and more ;¹
672 arme thee well & thither wend ;
looke that thou slay him with thy hand,
or else ² say mee nay."

59

Eglamore
takes leave

of Christa-
bell,

gives her a
gold ring.

and goes to
Rome.

Sir Eglamore to the chamber went,
676 & tooke his leaue of the Ladye gent,
white as flower on feelde ³ ;
"damsell," he said, "I haue to doone ;
I am to goe, & come againe right soone
680 through the might of Marry mild.
a gold ring I will giuo thee ;
keepe itt well for the lone of mee
if christ send me a child."
684 & then, in Romans as wee say,
to great roome he tooke his way,
to seeke the dragon wild.⁴

60

The Dragon
throws down
him and his
horse.

if he were neuer soe hardye a Knight,
688 when of the dragon he had a sight,
his hart began to be cold.⁵
anon the dragon waxed wrothe,
he smote Sir Eglamore & his steed bothe,
692 that both to ground they ffell.⁶

¹ Be xv. myle of way.—T.

² ellys thou.—T. After *nay* T. adds
six lines not in our text.—F.

³ in may.—P.

⁴ The Thornton text adds :

Tokenynges sone of hym he fon

Slayne men on every honde;

Be hunderdes he them tolde.

⁵ to folde.—T.

⁶ To the grounde so colde.—T.

Eglamore rose, & to him sett,
& on *that* frowle worme hee bett
with stroakes many and bold¹;

Eglamore
attacks the
Dragon,

[page 308]

61

- 626 the dragon shott fire with his mouth
like the devill of hell;
Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
& smote his taile halfe him firoe²;
700 then he began to yell,
& with the stumpe *that* yett was leaned
he smote Sir Eglamore on the head;
that stroake was feirce and fiell.

cuts half its
tail off,

is wounded
himself in
the head,

62

- 704 "Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
the dragons head he smote of thoe,
fforsooth as I you say,
his wings he smote of alsoe,³
708 he smote the ridge bone in 2,
& wan the field that day.
the Emperour of Roome Lay⁴ in his tower
& fast beheld Sir Eglamore,
712 & to his Knights gan say,
"doe cry in Roome, the dragons slaine !
a knigh[t] him slew with might & maine,
mansfully, by my ffay !"
716 through Roome they made a crye,
every officer in his baylyc,
"the dragon is slaine this day !"

The
Emperor
Constantine
of Rome

orders the
Dragon's
death to be
proclaimed,

63

- & then the Emperour tooke the way
720 to the place where Eglamore lay,

then goes to
Eglamore,

With byttur dynt and felle.—T.
Halfe the tonge he stroke away.—T.
The knyght seyd, "Now am y
sebente!"

Nere that wyckyd worme he went.
Hys hodd he stroke away.—T.
' stode.—T.

*beside that ffolie thing,
with all that might ride or gone.*

Sir Eglamore they haue vp tane,

brings him
to Rome,
and the
people meet
him in
procession.

- 724 & to the towne they can him bring ;
ffor ioy *that* they dragon was slaine,
they came with procession him againe,
and bells they did ringe.

- 728 the Emperour of Roome brought him soone,
Constantine, *that* was his name,
a Lord of great Longinge.

64

¹ all *that* ever saw his head,

- 732 thé said *that* Eglamore was but dead,
that Knight Sir Eglamore.

Constan-
tine's
daughter
Vyardus

the Emperour had a daughter bright,
shee vndertooke to heale the Knight,

- 736 her name was vyardus.²

heals Eglamore's head,
and saves
his life.

³ with good salnes shee healed his head
& saued him ffrom the dead,

- 740 *that* Lady of great valours :
& there within a little stond
shee made Sir Eglamore whole & sound ;

god giue her honor ! ³

¹ T. omits the next three lines.—F.

² ys Dawntowre.—T.

³— The Thornton text has for these :
Scho savys hym fro the dedd,
And with hur handys sche helyth hys
hedd
A twelmonth in hur bowre.

It then adds two stanzas of tv
(LXVII, LXVIII, p. 153-4) tellin
the Emperor had the Dragon's
fetched into Rome, and put in 'Laurens kyrke.' As to this churc
Stacions of Rome, p. 13; *Poet. Rd.*
Poems, p. 132. p. xxxv.—F.

[Part IV.]

[How Christabell's child is born, and a Griffin flies away with it.]

65

- 744 Anon word came to Artois
 how that the dragon slaine was :
 a Knight that deede had done.
 soe long at the Leeche-craft he did dwell,
I. parte *that a flaire sonne¹ had Christabell*
 as white as whales bone.²
 then the Erle made his vow,
 "daughter ! into the sea shalt thou
 in a shipp thy selfe alone !
- 748 *Thy younge sonne shall be thy fere,³*
 christendome⁴ getteth itt none here !"
 her maidens wept eche one.
- 752 *3 her mother in swoone did ffall,*
 right soe did her freinds all
 that wold her any good.
 "good Lord," she said, " I you pray,
 let some prest a gospell say,
760 *ffor doubt of fleendes in the flood.*
 ffarwell," shce said, " my maidens free !
 greet well my Lord when you him see."
 they wept as they were woode.

While Eglamore is
under the
doctor's
hands,
Christabell
has a son.

Her father
vows he'll
send her and
her brat out
to sea alone.

66

- 756 *Christabell*
 prays that a
 priest may
 say a gospel
 for them,
 and takes
 leave of her
 maidens.
- 760 *Leave wee now Sir Eglamore,*
 *And speake wee more of *that Ladie flower**
 that vnknoyn wayes yelde.⁵
- [page 369]

¹ A man-chylde. T.

² Some ancient writers imagined ivory,
nearly made from the teeth of the
whale. Halliwell's Gloss. F.

³ And that bastard that to the ys

der. T.

⁴ christening.—F.

⁵ T. inserts a stanza and a quarter
here, p. 154-5, but leaves out the mother's
swimming. F.

⁶ yede.—P.

67

- Her ship
comes to a
rock,
she lands,
finds only
birds and
beasts there,
and a griffin
carries her
boy off to a
strange
country,
- 768 the shipp drone fforth night & day
 vp to a rocke, the sooth to say,
 where wild beasts did run.¹
 shee was ffull ffaine, I vnderstand,
 shee wend shee had beene in some [known²] Land,
772 & vp then gan shee wend.
 noe manner of men ffound shee there,
 that ffoules & beasts that were there,
 ffast they fled ffrom Land.
776 there came a Griffon³ that rought her care ;
 her younge child away hee bare
 Into a countrye vnknowne.⁴

68

- the King of
Isarell's
land.
- 780 the Ladye wept, & said " alas
 that euer shee borne was !
 my child is taken me ffroe ! "
- 784 the King of Isarell on huntinge went ;
 he saw where the ffoule lent ;
 towards him gan he goe.
 a griffon, the booke saith that he hight,
 that in Isarell did light,
 that wrought that Ladye woe.
788 the ffoule smote him with his bill,
 the child cryed and liked ill ;
 the griffon then lefft him there.

69

- A Gentle-
woman picks
up the boy.
- 792 a gentlewoman to that [child⁵] gan passe,
 & lapp[t] itt in a mantle of Scarlett was,
 & with a rich pane.⁶

¹ feede.—P.² there had be a kende londe.—T.³ a grypte.—T. Fr. *griffon*, a grypte or griffon.—Cotgrave. Grysse, byrdie, *vultur*; Promptorium: see Mr. Way's note to it, p. 212-13.—F.⁴ unknowe.—P.⁵ a squyer to the chylde.—T.⁶ Pane of furre, *panne* (Palsgrave); *Panne* a skinne, fell or hide (Cotgrave); from L. *pannus*, Way. Cp. counterpane.—F.

the child was large of lim & lythe,
a girdle of gold itt was bound with,
796 with worsse cloth itt was cladd.
the King swore by the rood,
“the child is come of gentle blood,
whersoeuer that hee was tane ;
800 & for he ffroc the Griffon fstell,
they named the child degrabell,
that lost was in wilsome way.

The King

christens
him Degrabell,

70

the King wold hunt noe more *that tyde*,
804 but with the child homeward gan ryde,
that ffrom the Griffon was hent.
“Madam,” he said to his Queene,
“full oft I haue a hunting beeno ;
808 this day god hath me lent.”
of *that Child* he was blythe ;
after nurses shee went believe ;
the child was louelye gent.
812 leaue wee now of this chylde,
& talke wee of his mother mild,
to what Land god her sent.

and takes
him home to
his wife,who gets
nurses for
him.Meantime,
Christabell

71

all *that* night on the rocke shee lay ;
816 a wind rose vpon the ¹ day,
& ffrom the Land her drineth.
in *that* shipp was neither mast nor ore,
but every stremme vpon other
820 *that* flast vpon her drineth.
& as the great booke of Roome saies,
shee was without meate 5 dayes
among the great cliffes.²

leaves her
rock.is driven
about the
sea,spends five
days.¹ ageynys. T² MS. cliffes. F.

- 824 by *that* 5 dayes were gone,
god sent her succour soone ;
in *cegip¹* shee arriued.

and then
reaches
Egypt.

The King

sends a
squire to her.

Christabell
cannot speak
to the squire,

who goes
back to the
King,

and tells
him what a
lovely
foreign
woman he
has seen.

- 828 the *King* of *Aegipt¹* lay in his tower,
& saw the *Ladye* as white as flower
that came right neere the Land ;
he comanded a Squire ffree
to ‘ Looke what in *that* shipp might bee
832 *that* is vpon the sand.’
the Squier went thither ffull tite,
on the shipbord he did smite,
a Ladye vp then gan stand ;
836 Shee might not speake to him a word, [page]
but lay & looked ouer the bord,
& made signes with her hand.²

72

- 840 the squier wist not what shee ment ;
againe to the *King* he went,
& kneeled on his knee :
“ Lord, in the shipp nothing is,
sauing one in a womans Likenesse
844 *that* fast looked on mee.
but on³ shee be of fflesh & bone,
a ffairer saw I neuer none,
sae my Ladye soe ffree !⁴
848 shee maketh signes with her hand ;
shee seemeth of some ffarr Land ;
vnknownen shee is to mee.⁵

73

¹ The MS. may be either *CE* or *AE* in this and other cases.—F.

² The Thornton text adds :
Make we mery for Goddys est ;
Thys ys the thrydd sytte of oure geste,

That dar y take an hande.—F.

³ an, if.—F.

⁴ But hyt were Mary free.—T.

⁵ Beyonde the Grckys sea.—T.

74

- Sir Marmaduke¹ highte the King,²
 852 he went to see that sweet thing,
 he went a good pace.
 to the Ladye he said in same,
 “speake, woman, on gods name ! ”
 856 against him shee rose.
 the Lady that was soe meeks & milde,
 shee had bewept sore her child,
 that almost gone shee was.³
 860 home to the court they her Ledd,
 with good meates they her ffeid ;⁴
 with good will shee itt taketh.⁵

King Mar-
madukegoes to
Christabell,
speaks to
her,takes her
home to
Court,
feeds her
well,

75

- “ Now, good damsell,” said the King,
 864 “ where were you borne, my sweet thing ?
 yee are soe bright of blee.”
 “ Lord, in Artois borne I was ;
 Sir Prinsamoure my fathur was,
 868 that Lord is of that Countrye ;
 I and my maidens went to play
 by an arme of the sea ;
 locund wee were and lollye :
 872 they wind was lithe, a bote there stood,
 I and my squier in yode,
 but vncchristened was hee.

and asks her
who she is.Christabell
tells him,

and says she

got into a
boat with
her boy,

Marmaduke seems to have been from maluke —Pencil note.
 Be there swere that gentylle kyng.
 T. doesn't give "The kyng of Egypt" a name.—F.
¹ She was wexyn alle horse.—T.
² Dylcyne metys they hur badd.—T.
³ sche them tase.—T.

76

- “ on land I lefft my maidens all,
 876 my younge squier on sleepe gan fiall,
 my mantle al on him I threw ;

wrapped him
in her
mantle,

and a griffin
flew away
with him.

"All right,
you shall be
my niece
then."

and Christa-
bell stays in
Egypt.

- 880 a griffon there came *that rought me care,*
my younge squier away hee bare,
southeast with him hee drew."
- 884 "damsell," he said, "be of good cheere,
thou art my brothers daughter deere."
for Ioy of him shee lounge;
& there shee did still dwell
*till time *that better beffell,**
with ioy and mirth enoughe.¹

[Part V.]

[How Eglamore comes back to Artois, and goes to the Holy Land for fifteen years; and how Christabell marries her own son.]

77

As soon as
Eglamore
recovers,

he leaves
home,

to go home
to Christa-
bell.

He reaches
Artois,

- 888 Now is Eglamore whole & sound,
& well healed of his wound;
homeward then wold hee flare.
of the Emperour he tooke leauue I-wis,
of the daughter, & of the Empresse,
& of all the meany *that were there.*
Christabell was most in his thought:
the dragons head hee home brought,
on his speare he itt bare.
- 892 by *that 7 weekes were come to end,*
in the land of Artoys can he Lend,
wheras the Erle gan fflare.

78

and his
squire tells
him that
Christabell
is dead.

- 900 in the court was told, as I vnderstand,
how that Eglamore was come to Land
with the dragons head.

his Squier rode againe him soone,
"Sir, thus hath our Lord doone;²

904 ffaire Christabell is dead!

^{1—1} Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre, Now comyth to hym care y-nogh—
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre; ² Lo ! lorde, what the erle hath done!

- a flaire sonne shee had borne ;
¹ bothe they are now fforlornc
 through his ffalse read ;¹
- 908 In ² a shipp hee put them 2,
 & with the wind let them goe.”
 then swooned ³ he where hee stood.
- [page 308] out to sea in
 a ship.
- Eglamore
 swoons,

79

- “ alas ! ” then said the *Knight* soe ffree,
 912 “ Lord ! where may my maidens bee
 that in her chamber was ? ”
 the Squier answered him ffull soone,
 “ as soone as shee was doone,
 916 ech one their way did passee.”
- Eglamore went into the hall
 before the Squiers & knights all :
 “ & thou, Erle of Artoys !
 920 take,” he said, “ the dragons head !
 all his mine *that* here his lead !
 what dost thou in this place ? ” ⁴
- asks after
 Christabell's
 maidens,
- goes to the
 Earl of
 Artois,
 gives him
 the Dragon's
 head.
 claims all
 his goods,
 and asks him
 what he's
 doing there.

80

- great dole itt was to heere
 924 when he called Christabell his fere :
 “ what ! art thou drowned in the sea ?
 god *that* dyed on the rood bitterly,⁵
 on thy soule hau mercye,
 928 and on *that* younge child soe ffree ! ”
 the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore
 that he was ffaine to take his towre ;⁶

Eglamore
 laments over
 Christabell
 and her boy,

¹⁻¹ The erle hath hys lyfe forlorne,
 He was bothe whyte and rede.—T.
² *In* in MS.—P.
³ Swooning was the correct thing for
 knight, and on very much less provo-
 cation than this. See many instances
¹ *Seynt Graal*, &c. &c. It betokened

the possession of delicate feelings.—F.
⁴ *Alle ye myn that here ys levydd.*
 Thou syttyst in my place.—T.
⁵ *on crosse verye.*—T.
⁶ The erle rose up and toke a towre.
 —T.

and calls on
all who want
knighthood
to go with
him.

- 932 *that euermore woe him bee !*
 Eglamore said, “soe god me saue,
 all *that the order of Knight-hooде will haue,*
rise vp & goe with mee ! ”

81

He dubs
thirty-two
knights,

starts for the
Holy Land,

- they were ffull faine to do his will ;
 936 vp they rose, & came him till ;
 he gaue them order soone.
 the while *that he in hall abode,*
 940 32¹ knights he made,
 ffrom morne till itt was noone.
²those *that liuing had none,*
 he gaue them liuing to line vpon,
 ffor Christabell to pray soone.
 944 then anon, I vnderstand,
 he tooke the way to the holy Land,
 where god on the rood was done.

82

and lives
there fifteen
years,

fighting all
wrong-
livers.

His son
Degrabell
is now
grown big,

- 948 Sir Eglamore, as you heare,
 he dwelled there 15 yeere
 the heathen men amonge ;
 ffull manffullye he there him bare,
 where any deeds of armes were,
 952 against him *that liued wronge.*
 in battell or in turnament
 there might no man withstand his dent,
 but downe right he him thronge.
 956 by *that 15 yeeres were gone,*
 his sonne *that the griffon had tane,*
 was waxen both stiffe and stronge.

¹ V. and thretty.—T.

² And he that was the porest of them
alle,
He gef for Crystyabellys soule
Londys to leve upon.

A thousand, as y undurstonde,
He toke with hym, and went
the Holy Londe,
There God on cros was done.

83

- now was degrabell waxen wight ;
the King of Isarell dubbd him a Knight
and Prince with his hand.
Listen, Lords great and small,
of what manner of armes he bare,
& yee will vnderstand :
he bare in azure, a griffon of gold
richlye portrayed in the mold,
on his clawes hanging
a man child in a mantle round
& with a girdle of gold bound,
without any Leasinge.

is dubbed knight,
and these are his arms :
on a shield of
azure
a golden
griffin
carrying a
boy with a
girdle of
gold.

84

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| | the King of Isarell, hee waxed old ; | The King of
Isarell asks
Degrabell to
marry. |
| 972 | to degrabell his sonne he told,
“ I wold thou had a wiffe
while <i>that</i> I live, my some deere ;
when I am dead, thou hast noe ffeire, | |
| 976 | riches is soe rife.” ¹
a messenger stooode by the King :
“ in <i>Aegipt</i> is a sweet thing,
I know noe such on line ; | They are
told of
Christabell
in Egypt ; |
| 980 | the King, fforsooth, this oath hath sworne,
there shall none her haue <i>that</i> is borne
But he winne her by striffe.” | but he who
wins her
must fight
for her. |
| | | [page 309] |
| | the King said, “ by the rood, | |
| 984 | wee will not Lett if shee bee good ;
haue done, & buske vs swythe.”
anon-right they made them yare,
& their armour to the shipp the bare, | They make
ready, |
| 988 | to passe the watter belieue. | sail off, |

¹ When y am dedd, thou getyst no pere,
Of ryches thou art so ryfe.—T.

85

land in
Egypt,
and
announce
their coming
to the King
of Egypt.

He welcomes
them,

- by tthat 7 dayes¹ were comen to end,
in segipt Land they gan Lend,
the vncouthe costes to see.²
- 992 messengers went before to tell,
“ here cometh the King of Isarell
with a flaire Meany,
& the Prince with many a Knight,
ffor to hauue your daughter bright,
if itt your wil be.”
- 996 the King said, “ I trow I shall
find Lodging³ ffor you all ;
right welcome yee are to mee ! ”

86

leads the
King of
Isarell into
the hall,

- then trumpetta in the shipp⁴ rose,
& euery man to Land goes ;
the Knights were clothed in pall.
1004 the younge Knight of 15 yeere,
he rydeth, as yee may heere,
a floote aboue them all.
the King of Isarell on the Land,
1008 the King of AEgypt takes him by the hand
& Ledd him into the hall :
⁵ “ Sir,” said the King, “ ffor charitye,
will you lett mee your daughter see,⁵
1012 white as bone of whall ? ”

87

and lets him
see Christa-
bell.

Her son
Degrabell
desires her,

- the Lady ffir from the chamber was brought ;
with mans hands shee seemed wrought
& carued out of tree.

- 1016 her owne sonne stood & beheld :

¹ Be th[r]e wekys.—T.

² Ther forsus for to knowe swythe.

—T.

³ redy yustyng.—T.

⁴ Trumpus in the topp-castelle.

⁵ Y prey the thou gyf me a syg
Of Crystyabelle, yowre do
bryght.—T.

" well worthye him that might weld ! "
 thus to himselfe thought hee.
 the King of Isarell asked then
 1020 if that she¹ might passe the streme,
 his sonnes wiffe ffor to bee.
 " Sir," said the King, " if that you may
 meete me a stroake to-morrowe,
 1024 thine asking grant I thee."

and may
have her if
he wins her

88

Lords in hall were sett,
 & waites blew to the meate.
 they made all royll cheere ;
 1028 the 2 Kings the desse began,²
 Sir Degrabell & his mother then,
 the 2 were sibb ffull neere.
 then Knights went to sitt I-wis,
 1032 & every man to his office,
 to serue the Knights deere ;
 & after meato washed they,³
 & Clarkes grace gan say
 1036 in hall, as you may heore.

They dine,

and Degrabell
and his
mother have
the high
seat.

89

then on the morrow when day sprong
 gentlemen in their armour⁴ throng,
 Degrabell was dight ;
 1040 the King of Egypt gan him say
 in a flaire ffeeld that day
 with many a noble Knight.
 what time the great Lord might him see,
 1044 they asked, " what Lord that might bee
 with the griffon soe bright ? "

Next day

Degrabell
armes,
and the
King of
Egypt trieth
him.

¹ MS. the. Yf she. T. (with other changes) — F. (1867). F. T. has:
² had the chief seats on the daies. — F. After mete, than seyde they
³ See the operation described in *The Deus pars, clerkys canne seye.*
 2 &c. / *Cartasye* &c. (E. E. Text Soc.) to harwys. — T.

67

- Her ship
comes to a
rock,
768 vp to a rocke, the sooth to say,
 where wild beasts did run.¹
shee was ffull ffaine, I vnderstand,
shee wend shee had becne in some [known²] Land,
772 & vp then gan shee wend.
noe manner of men ffound shee there,
that ffoules & beasts that were there,
ffast they fled ffrom Land.
776 there came a Griffon³ that rought her care ;
her younge child away hee bare
 Into a countrye vnknowne.⁴

68

- the Ladye wept, & said " alas
780 that euer shee borne was !
 my child is taken me ffroe ! "
- the King of Isarell on huntinge went ;
he saw where the ffoule lent ;
784 towards him gan he goe.
a griffon, the booke saith that he hight,
land. that in Isarell did light,
 that wrought that Ladye woe.
788 the ffoule smote him with his bill,
the child cryed and liked ill ;
 the griffon then lefft him there.

69

- A Gentle-
woman picks
up the boy.
792 a gentlewoman to that [child⁵] gan passe,
& lapp[t] itt in a mantle of Scarlett was,
& with a rich pane.⁶

¹ feede.—P.² there had be a kende londe.—T.³ a grype.—T. Fr. *griffon*, a grype or griffon.—Cotgrave. Grype, byrde, *vultur*; Promptorium: see Mr. Way's note to it, p. 212-13.—F.⁴ unknowe.—P.⁵ a squyer to the chylde.—T.⁶ Pane of furre, *passe* (Palegrave); *Panne* a skinne, fall or hide (Cotgrave); from L. *panus*, Way. Op. counterpane.—F.

the child was large of lim & lythe,
 a girdle of gold itt was bound with,
 796 with worsse cloth itt was cladd.
 the King swore by the rood,
 "the child is come of gentle blood,
 whersoever that hee was tane ;
 800 & for he firoe the Griffon fell,
 they named the child degrabell,
 that lost was in wilsome way.

The King

christens
him Degrabell,

70

the King wold hunt noe more *that tyde*,
 804 but with the child homeward gan ryde,
that ffrom the Griffon was hent.
 "Madam," he said to his Queene,
 "ffull oft I haue a hunting beono ;
 808 this day god hath me lent."
 of *that Child* he was blythe ;
 after nurses shee went beline ;
the child was louelye gent.
 812 leue wee now of this chylde,
 & talke wee of his mother mild,
to what Land god her sent.

and takes
him home to
his wife,who gets
nurses for
him.Meantime,
Christabell

71

all *that night* on the rocke shee *Lay* ;
 816 a wind rose vpon the ¹ day,
& ffrom the Land her driueth.
 in *that shipp* was neither mast nor ore,
 but every stremme vpon other
 820 *that flast vpon her driueth.*
 & as the great booke of Roome saies,
 shee was without meate 5 dayes
*among the great cliffes.*²

leaves her
ruck,is driven
about the
sea.fanta five
dayes.¹ ag. yns. T.² MS. cliffes. F.

- 824 by *that* 5 dayes were gone,
god sent her succour soone ;
in *cegip*¹ shee arriued.

and then
reaches
Egypt.

72

- The King
sends a
squire to her.
- 828 the *King* of *Aegipt*¹ lay in his tower,
& saw the *Ladye* as white as flower
that came right neere the Land ;
he comanded a Squire ffree
to ' Looke what in *that* shipp might bee
that is vpon the sand.'

Christabell
cannot speak
to the squire,

- 832 the Squier went thither ffull tite,
on the shipbord he did smite,
a *Ladye* vp then gan stand ;
836 Shee might not speake to him a word, [page
but lay & looked ouer the bord,
& made signes with her hand.²

73

who goes
back to the
King,

and tells
him what a
lovely
foreign
woman he
has seen.

- 840 againe to the *King* he went,
& kneeled on his knee :
' Lord, in the shipp nothing is,
sauing one in a womans Likenesse
that fast looked on mee.
but on ³ shee be of flesh & bone,
a ffairest saw I neuer none,
sane my *Ladye* soe ffree ! ⁴
848 shee maketh signes with her hand ;
shee seemeth of some ffarr Land ;
vnknownen shee is to mee.⁵

¹ The MS. may be either *OE* or *AE* in this and other cases.—F.

² The Thornton text adds :

Make we mery for Goddys est ;
Thys ys the thrydd fytle of oure geste,

That dar y take an hande.—F.

³ an, if.—F.

⁴ But hyt were Mary free.—T.

⁵ Beyonde the Grekys see.—T.

74

Sir Marmaduke¹ hight the King,²King Mar-
maduke

853 he went to see that sweet thing,

he went a good pace.

to the Ladye he said in same,

goes to
Christabell,
speaks to
her,

“ speake, woman, on gods name ! ”

856 against him shee rose.

the Lady that was soe meeke & milde,

shee had bewept sore her child,

that almost gone shee was.³

860 home to the court they her Ledd,

takes her
home to
Court,
feeds her
well,with good meates they her fiedd ;⁴with good will shee itt taketh.⁵

75

“ Now, good damsell,” said the King,

and asks her
who she is.

864 “ where were you borne, my sweet thing ?

yee are soe bright of blee.”

“ Lord, in Artois borne I was ;

Christabell
tells him,

Sir Prinsamoure my fathter waa,

868 that Lord is of that Countrye ;

and says she

I and my maidens went to play

by an arme of the sea ;

locund wee were and Iollye :

872 they wind was lithe, a bote there stood,

got into a
boat with
her boy,

I and my squier in yode,

but vncchristened was hee.

76

“ on land I lefft my maidens all,

876 my younge squier on sleepe gan fiall,

my mantle al on him I threw ;

wrapped him
in her
mantle,¹ Marmaduke seems to have been from armaduke —Pencil note.² He therewere that gentylle kynge. T. doesn't give “ The kyng of

Egypt ” a name.—F.

³ She was wewyn alle horse.—T.⁴ Dylcyus metys they hur badd.—T.⁵ sehe them tase.—T.

and a griffin
flew away
with him.

a griffon there came that rought me care,
my younge squier away hee bare,
southeast with him hee drew."

"All right,
you shall be
my niece
then."

880 southeast with him hee drew." "damsell," he said, "be of good cheere, then art my brothers daughter deere."

and Christa-
bell stays in
Egypt.

884 ¹ & there shee did still dwell
till time *that* better befell,
with ioy and mirth enoughe.¹

Part V.

[How Eglamore comes back to Artois, and goes to the Holy Land for fifteen years; and how Christabell marries her own son.]

As soon as
Eglamore

888 & well healed of his wound ;
homeward then wold hee flare.
of the Emperour he tooke leauue I-wis,
of the daughter & of the Emperesse

he leaves
Home,

5.^a parte of the daughter, & of the Empresse,
 892 & of all the meany *that* were there.
Christabell was most in his thought:
the dragons head hee home brought,

**to go home
to Christa-
bell.**

896 by *that* 7 weekes were come to end,
in the land of Artoys can he Lend,
wheras the Erle gan flare.

He reaches
Artois,

in the land of Artoys can he Lend,
wheras the Erle gan ffare.

78

in the court was told, as I vnderstand,

900 how that Eglamore was come to Land
with the dragons head.

and his
squire tells
him that
Christabell
is dead.

his Squier rode againe him soone.

"Sir, thus hath our Lord doone : "

904 *affaire Christabell is dead!*

¹⁻¹ Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre : Now comyth to hym care y-nogh.—
² Lo ! lorde, what the erle hath done !

- a faire sonne shee had borne ;
 ' bothe they are now fforlorne
 through his ffalsc read ;¹
 908 In ² a shipp hee put them 2,
 & with the wind let them goe."
 then swooned ³ he where hee stood.
- [page 208] out to sea in
 a ship.
- Eglamore
swoons,

79

- " alas ! " then said the Knight soe ffree,
 912 " Lord ! where may my maidens bee
 that in her chamber was ? "
 the Squier answered him ffull soone,
 " as soone as shce was doone,
 916 ech one their way did passe."
 Eglamore went into the hall
 before the Squiers & knights all :
 " & thou, Erle of Artoys !
 920 take," he said, " the dragons head !
 all his mine that hero his lead !
 what dost thou in this place ? "⁴
- asks after
Christabell's
maidens,
- goes to the
Earl of
Artois,
gives him
the Dragon's
head,
claims all
his goods,
and asks him
what he's
doing there.

80

- great dole itt was to heero
 924 when he called Christabell his fero :
 " what ! art thou drowned in the sea ?
 god that dyed on the rood bitterly,⁵
 on thy soule haue mercy,
 928 and on that younge child soe ffree ! "
 the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore
 that he was ffaine to take his towre ;⁶

Eglamore
laments over
Christabell
and her boy.

The erle hath bys lyfe fforlorne,
 He was bothe whyte and rede.—T.
¹ In MS.—P.
² Swearing was the correct thing for
knight, and on very much less provoca-
tion than this. See many instances
in *Syst. Great, &c. &c.* It betokened

the possession of delicate feelings.—F.
³ Alle ys myn that here ys leyyld.
 Thou syttyst in my place.—T.
⁴ On crosse verye.—T.
⁵ The erle rose up and tooke a towre.
 —T.

and calls on
all who want
knighthood
to go with
him.

- that euermore woe him bee !*
 932 Eglamore said, “soe god me sane,
 all *that* the order of *Knight-hooe* will haue,
 rise vp & goe with mee ! ”

81

He dubs
thirty-two
knights,

starts for the
Holy Land,

- they were ffull faine to do his will ;
 936 vp they rose, & came him till ;
 he gaue them order soone.
 the while *that* he in hall abode,
 32¹ knights he made,
 940 ffrom morne till itt was noone.
²those *that* liuing had none,
 he gaue them liuing to liue vpon,
 ffor Christabell to pray soone.
 944 then anon, I vnderstand,
 he tooke the way to the holy Land,
 where god on the rood was done.

82

and lives
there fifteen
years,

fighting all
wrong-
livers.

His son
Degrabell
is now
grown big,

- Sir Eglamore, as you heare,
 948 he dwelled there 15 yeere
 the heathen men amonge ;
 ffull manfullye he there him bare,
 where any deeds of armes were,
 952 against him *that* liued wronge.
 in battell or in turnament
 there might no man withstand his dent,
 but downe right he him thronge.
 956 by *that* 15 yeeres were gone,
 his sonne *that* the griffon had tane,
 was waxen both stiffe and stronge.

¹ V. and thretty.—T.

² And he that was the porest of them
alle,
He gaf for Crystyabellys soule
Londys to leve upon.

A thousand, as y undurstonde,
He toke with hym, and west
the Holy Londe,
There God on croſ was done.

83

now was degrabell waxen wight ;

- 960 the King of Isarell dubbd him a Knight
and Prince with his hand.

is dubbed knight,

Listen, Lords great and small,
of what manner of armes he bare,

and these are
his arms :

- 964 & yee will vnderstand :

he bare in azure, a griffon of gold
richlye portrayed in the mold,
on his clawes hanginge

on a shield of
azure
a golden
griffin

- 968 a man child in a mantle round
& with a girdle of gold bound,
without any Leasinge.

carrying a
boy with a
girdle of
gold.

84

the King of Isarell, hee waxed old ;

- 972 to degrabell his sonne he told,
“ I wold thou had a wife

The King of
Isarell asks
Degrabell to
marry.

while *that* I liue, my sonne deere ;
when I am dead, thou hast noe ffre,
riches is soe riffe.”¹

- 976 a messenger stode by the King :
“ in Aegipt is a sweet thing,
I know noe such on liue :

They are
told of
Christabel
in Egypt :

- 980 the King, fforsooth, this oath hath sworne,
there shall none her haue *that* is borne

But he winne her by striffe.”

(page 309)

but he who
wins her
must fight
for her.

- 984 the King said, “ by the rood,
wee will not Lett if shee bee good ;
haue done, & buske vs swythe.”
anon-right they made them yare,
& their armour to the shipp the bare,
988 to passe the watter belue.

They make
ready.

sail off.

¹ When y am dedd, thau getyst no pere.
Of ryches thou art so ryde. — T.

85

land in
Egypt,
and
announce
their coming
to the King
of Egypt.

He welcomes
them,

- by tthat 7 dayes¹ were comen to end,
in segipt Land they gan Lend,
the vncouthe costes to see.²
- 992 messengers went before to tell,
“ here cometh the King of Isarell
with a ffaire Meany,
& the Prince with many a Knight,
996 ffor to haue your daughter bright,
if itt your wil be.”
- the King said, “ I trow I shall
find Lodging³ ffor you all ;
1000 right welcome yee are to mee ! ”

86

leads the
King of
Isarell into
the hall,

- then trumpetts in the shipp⁴ rose,
& euery man to Land goes ;
the Knights were clothed in pall.
- 1004 the younge Knight of 15 yeere,
he rydcth, as yee may heere,
a ffoste aboue them all.
- the King of Isarell on the Land,
1008 the King of Aegipt takes him by the hand
& Ledd him into the hall :
⁵ “ Sir,” said the King, “ ffor charitye,
will you lett mee your daughter see,⁵
1012 white as bone of whall ? ”

87

and lets him
see Christa-
bell.

Her son
Degrabell
desires her,

- the Lady ffrom the chamber was brought ;
with mans hands shee seemed wrought
& carued out of tree.
- 1016 her ownc sonne stood & beheld :

¹ Be th[r]e wckys.—T.

² Ther forsus for to knowe swythe.
—T.

³ redy yustynge.—T.

⁴ Trumpus in the topp-castelle.—T.

⁵ Y prey the thou gyf me a syght
Of Crystyabelle, yowre doghly
bryght.—T.

" well worthye him *that* might weld ! "
 thus to himselfe thought hee.
 the King of Isarell asked then
 1020 if that she¹ might passe the stremme,
 his sonnes wiffe ffor to bee.
 " Sir," said the King, " if *that* you may
 meete me a stroake to-morrowe,
 1024 thine asking grant I thee." and may
have her if
he wins her

88

Lords in hall were sott,
 & waites blew to the meete.
 they made all royll cheere ;
 1028 the 2 Kings the desse began,²
 Sir Degrabell & his mother then,
 the 2 were sibb ffull neere.
 then Knights went to sitt I-wis,
 1032 & euery man to his office,
 to serue the Knights deere ;
 & after meete washed they,³
 & Clarkes grace gan say
 1036 in hall, as you may heore.

They dine.

and Degrabell
and his
mother have
the high
seat.

89

then on the morrow when day spong
 gentlemen in their armour⁴ throng,
 Degrabell was dight ;
 1040 the King of Aegipt gan him say
 in a flaire ffeeld *that* day
 with many a noble Knight.
 what time the great Lord might him see,
 1044 they asked, " what Lord *that* might bee
 with the griffon soe bright ? "

Next day

Degrabell
arms,
and the
King of
Egypt tries
him.

¹ MS. the Yf she. - T. (with other 1867). F. T. has:
Changre — F. After mete, than seyde they
I had the chief seats on the daies. — F. *Dous paes, clerkye canne seye.*
² See the operation described in *The* ⁴ to harule. — T.
Life of Cunlasse &c. (E. E. Text Soc.)

"Sir, in your armes now I see
a froule that [raste] on a time ffrom mee
a child that I deere bought,¹

and tells him
how a bird
took her boy
away,

- 1076 *that in a scarlett mantle was wound,
& in a girdle of gold bound
that richely was wrought."*

in a mantle,
and with a
gold girdle
on.

- 1080 "in my fforrest the froule gan Light ;
a griffon to Land him brought."

The King of
Isarell says
the Griffin
alighted in
his land,

93

he sent a squier ffull hende,
& bade him ffor the mantle wende

- 1084 that hee was in Layd.

before him itt was brought ffull yare,
the girdle & the mantle there,
that richlye were graued.

and the boy
was brought
to him.

- 1088 "alas ! " then said that Lady ffree,
"this same the Griffon tooke ffrom mee."
in swoning downe shee braid.
"how long agoe ? " the King gan say.

Christabell
says the boy
was born,

- 1092 "Sir, 15 yeere par ma fday."
they assented to that shee said.

and it's
fifteen years
ago.

94

"fforsooth, my sonne, I am afraid
that to² sibb maryage wee haue made
1096 in the beginninge of this moone."

she tells her
son-husband
that their
marriage is
void.

"damsell, looke,—soe god me saue ! —
which of my Knights thou wilt haue."
then degrabbell answered soone,

The King
offers her
any husband
she'll choose.

- 1100 "Sir, I hold you[r] Erles good,
& soe I doe my mother, by the roode,
that I wedded before they noone ;

No, says
Degrabbell.

¹ That ~~wom~~etyme raste a chyldre fro me, ² When *to* stands for *too*, the *o* will be
A knyght fulle dere hym bight.—T. accented hereafter.—F.

the knight
must fight
for her.

1104 there shall none haue her certaintyc
but if he winne her with maisterye
as I my-selfe haue doone."

95

All the lords
agree to
do so.

1108 then euery Lord to other gan say,
"ffor her I will make delay¹
with a speare & sheeld in hand ;
who-soe may winne that Lady clere,
ffor to be his wedded ffere,
must wed her in that Land."

[Part VI.]

[How Eglamore won back his lost love Christabell, and married her.]

96

Eglamore,

1112

Sir Eglamore was homward bowne,
he hard tell of *that* great renoune,
& thither wold hee wend.²
great Lords *that* hard of *that* crye,
they rode thither hastilye,
as ffast as they might ffare.
the King of Sattin³ was there alsoe,
& other great Lords many more
that royall armes⁴ bare.

many lords,

6^d: Parte

1120

Then ringes were made in the ffeeld
that Lords might therin weld ;

and the
King of
Sattin, come
to the
tourney.

Lists are
prepared,

and all the
lords make
ready.

1124

th  busked & made them yare.
Sir Eglamore, thoe he came Last,
he was not worthy out to be cast ;
that Knight was clothed in care.

¹ For hur love we wylle turnay.—T.

² By rhyme this triplet belongs to the last stanza. It is put there in the Thornton text, which adds after it the stanza about Eglamore's arms, given, in an altered state, as st. 97 in our print

below.—F.

³ "Sydon (Cotton M.)" marked in pencil on the margin of the MS.—F. Sydone.—T.

⁴ yoly colourys.—T.

97

ffor that Christabell was put to the sea,

1128 new armes beareth hee,

I will them descriye :

he beareth in azure a shipp of gold,

full richlye portrayed on the mold, [page 311] a gold ship,

1132 full well & worthylye ;

the sea was made both grim & bold ;

a younge child of a night old,

& a woman Lying there by ;

1136 of siluer was the mast, of gold the ffano¹ ;

sayle, ropes, & cables, eche one

painted were worthylye.

Eglamore
beare as
armes, on a
blue shchild

with a child,
and a
woman lying
by it.

98

heralds of armes soone on hyc,

1140 euery Lords armes gan descriye

in that feeld soe broade.²

then Chr[i]stabell as white as flower,

she sate vpon a hye tower ;³

Christabell
sits in a high
tower :

1144 fför her that crye was made.

the younge knight of 15 yeere old

that was both doughtye & bold,

into the feeld he rode.

her son
Degrabell

1145 who-soe that Sir Degrabell did smite,

with his dint they ffell tyte,

neuer a one his stroake abode.

rides into
the field,

and falls all
who attacks
him.

99

Sir Eglamore houed⁴ & beheld

1152 how the folke in the feild downe feld

they Knights all by-deene.

Eglamore
looks on.

¹ F. — a Weather cock, which turns
as the Wind changes, and shews
what Quarter it blows. Philips.

² The three lines above are not in T.

— F.

³ Was brought to a corner of the
wall.—T.

⁴ halted, stood still. The first three
lines of this stanza are not in T.—F.

- Degrabell
asks him
why he
stands still.
"Because I
am come out
of heathen
lands."
- 1156 when Degrabell him see, he rode him till,¹
& said, "Sir, why are you soe still
amonge all these Knights keene?"
Eglamore said to him Lewis,²
"I am come out of heathenesse,
itt were sinne mee to meeete."³
- 1160 Degrabell said, "soe mote I thee!
more worshipp itt had beene to thee,
vnarmed to haue beene."

100

- Haven't you
jousting
enough?
I'll have a
turn with
you."
- They charge.
Eglamore
gives his son
a rap,
grounds
him,
- 1164 the ffather on the sonne Lough;
"hauie yee not Iusting enoughe"⁴
where euer that you bee?
that day ffall hauie I seene,
with as bigg men hauie I becene,
1168 & yett well gone my way.
& yett, fforsooth," said he then,
"I will doe as well as I can,
with you once to play."
- 1172 heard together they knights donge
with great speares sharpe and longe;
them beheld eche one.
Sir Eglamore, as itt was his happ,⁵
1176 giue his sonne such a rappe⁶
that to the ground went hee.

101

- and wins
Christabell.
- 1180 "alas!" then said that Ladye ffree,
"my sonne is dead, by gods pittyte!
the keene knight hath him slaine!"
then men said wholy on mold,
"the Knight that beares the shipp of gold
hath wonne her on the plaine."

¹ He sende a knyght anon fulle styll. ⁴ T. alters this and the next nine
—T. lines.—F.
² He seyde, Syr recreawntes.—T. ⁵ turnyd hys swerde flatt.—T.
³ tene, T., which is better.—F. ⁶ patte.—T.

102

- 1184 Heralds of armes cryed then,
“is there now any manner of man
will make his body good,
that will iust any more?
- 1188 say now while wee be here ! ”
then a while they still stoode.
Degrabell said, “ by god almighty !
methinkes *that I durst with him ffight,*
1192 if he were neuer soe wood.”
Lords together made a vow,
“fforsooth,” they said, “ best worthy art thou
to haue thy ffreelye flood ! ”
- Heralds
ask if any
one else will
fight
Eglamore.
- None
answer
- so Christa-
bell is
adjudged to
him.

103

- 1196 ffor to vnarme him Lords gan goe ;
1 clothes of gold on him they doe,
& then to meate thé wende.
Sir Eglamore then wan the gree,
1200 beside the Lady sett was hee :
shee frened him as her ffreind,
“ffor what cause *that he bore*
a shipp of gold with mast & ore.”
1204 he said with words hende,
“damsell, into the sea was done
• my Lady & my younge ² sonne ;
& there they made an ende.”
- Eglamore
is clad in
cloth of gold,
- and sits in
the chief
place with
Christabell.
She asks
him why
his arms
are a ship.
- “ Because
my lady and
son were
put to sea,
and died.”

104

- 1208 ² knowledge to him tooke shee thoë ;
“now, good Sir, tell me soe,
where they were brought to ground ? ” [page 312] Where were
they buried ?

¹⁻¹ In cortyls, sorcatys, and schorte
clothyys,
That doghtry weryn of dede.
Two kyngys the deyse began,

Syr Egylamowre and Crystyabelle
than ;
Ihesu us alle spede ! —T.
• leman and my yongest.—T.
• T. omits the next six lines.—F

"I was
away.
Her father
sent her to
sea to
drown."

What is
your name ?

"Sir Eglamore
of
Artois."

Christabell
swoons,
then
welcomes
Eglamore,

and tells
what she has
suffered.

(People
meet when
they least
expect it.)

- 1212 " while I was in fiarr countrye
her ffather put her into the sea,
with the waues to confounde."
with honest mirth & game
of him shee asked the name ;
1216 & he answered that stond,
"men call mee, where I was bore,
of Artoys Sir Eglamore,
that with a worme was wound."

105

- 1220 in swooning ffell *that Lady ffree* ;
" welcome, Sir Eglamore, to mee !
thy Loue I haue bought full deere !"
then shee sate, & told full soone
1224 how into the sea shee was doone ;
then wept both lesse and more.
1 minstrills had their gifts ffree,
wherby the might the better bcc ;
1228 to spend they wold not sparc.²
full true itt is, by god in heauen,
that men meete att vnsett steven,³
& soc itt befell there.

106

- The King of Isarell tells
how he found
Degrabell,
- 1232 the King of Isarell gan tell
how *that* hee found Sir Degrabell ;
Lordings, Listen t'en : ⁴

¹ This gentle reminder to the hearers of their duty to the singers of the Romance is repeated with some variation at the end.—F.

² For the former part of this st. 105, T. has, st. cxl. p. 174 :
There was many a robe of palle;
The chyld servyd in the halle
At the fyrste mete that day.
Prevely scho to hym speake,
" jondur ys thy fidur that the gate !"
A grete yoye hyt was to see ay

When he kuelyd downe on hys kne,
Ther was mony an herte sore,

Be God that dyed on a tree !—F.

³ unfixed time, time not appoint
Compare Chaucer, in The Knights T:
l. 666, v. ii. p. 47, ed. Morris :
It is ful fair a man to bere him evene
For al day meteth men atte unset sten
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe,
That was so neih to herken of his sa
—F.

⁴ Knyghtlys lystenyd thereto it
—T.

- Sir Eglamore kneeled on his knee,
 1236 " my Lord ! " he said, " god yeeld itt thee !
 yee haue made him a May.¹"
 the King of Isarell said, " I will the[e] giue
 halfe my kindome while I doe line,
 1240 my decre sonne as white as swan."
 " thou shalt haue my daughter Arnada,"
 the King of Sattin sayd alsoe,
 " I remember, since thou her wan."

and gives
him half his
kingdom.

The King of
Sattin
also gives
his daughter
Arnada to
Degrabell.

107

- 1244 ² Eglamore prayed the Kings 3
 att his wedding ffor to bee,
 if that they wold vouch[s]afe.
 all granted him that there were,
 1248 little, lesse, & more;
 Lord Iesus christ them haue !
 Kings, Erles, I vnde[r]stand,
 with many dukes of other Lands,
 1252 with Ioy & mirth enoughe.
 the trumpetts in the shipp blowes,
 that euery man to shipp goes,
 the winde them ouer blew.

Eglamore
invites every
one to his
wedding.

All accept,

sail off,

108

- 1256 through gods might, all his meany
 in good liking passed the sea ;
 in Artois they did arriue.
 the Erle then in the tower stoode,
 1260 he saw men passe the fflood,
 & ffast³ to his horsse gan drine.

and reach
Artois
safely.
The old Earl

an.—T. *May* generally means
n; but *mave*, *maze*, is a kinsman;
i. *mag*, a son, kinsman.—F.
shortens and alters this stanza

and part of the next.—F.
* So in printed copy, but very different
in the Cotton MS.—Pencil note in MS.

when he heard of Eglamore,
he ffell out of his tower
& broke his necke beline.
the messenger went againe to tell
of this case, how itt beffell:
with god may no man striue.

109

thus in Artois the Lords the Lent;
after the Emperour² soone the sent,
to come to that Marryage;
in all they land they mad crye,
who-see wold come to that feast worthye,
right welcome shold they bee;
Sir Eglamore to the church is gone,
degratell & Arnada they haue tane,
and his Lady bright of blee.
the King of Isarell said, "Ile giue
halfe my land while I live;
brooke well [all³] after my day."

110

with mickle mirth the feast was made,
40 dayes itt abode
amonge all the Lords hend;
and then forsooth, as I you say,
euery man tooke his way
wherin him liked to dwell.

[p]

¹ T. alters these concluding stanzas a good deal.—F.

² An Emperor was thought necessary to give the proper colour to a wedding:

Ther com tyl hir weddyng
An emperour and a kyng,
Unche byschopbz with ryng
Mo then sytene!

The mayster of hospitalle
Come over with a cardinalle,
The gret kyng of Portyngalle
With knyfthus ful kene.

Sir Degrevant, p. 232-3. Th Romances.—F.

* all. p.c.—Pencil note. T. to the line. *Brooke* is A.-S. *bro* enjoy.—F.

minstrells had good great plentyc,
that euer they better may the bee,
Minstreis
get plenty of
money.
1288 and bolder ffor to spend.
in Romans this Chronickle is.
dere Iesus! bring vs to thy blisse
that lastoth without end !
Christ bless
me all!
ffins.

I. winds up with "Amen. Here endyth syr Egyllamowre of Arta, and begyn
syr Tryamowre."—F.

"When Scourching Pharus," printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs,
pp. 70-3, follows here in the MS.]

The Emperour & the Childe.¹

THE following piece is here printed for the first time. Pet describes it as an old poem "in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press." Selecting from it "such particulars as could be adopted," he composed himself a poem on the subject of it, a poem in Two Parts, altogether some 400 lines long, beginning in this wise:

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
The holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine ! &c.

Is this style so very much worthier of the press than that of

Within the Grecian land some time did dwell
An Emperor, whose name did far excell, &c. ?

We doubt whether either piece is particularly worthy of the press. But that which suited best the taste of the eighteenth century is certainly the less worthy of the two. That century could see the mote in the eye of a preceding age, but not the beam in its own eye.

This piece is evidently of very late origin, written at a time when the period of professional ballad-makers had well set in.

The story was, in prose, extremely popular. This prose version was a translation from the French. Of the old French romance an analysis is given in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which ranks it among *Romans Historiques*:¹—

¹ The Old song of Valentine & Ursin or Ursin.

This song or Poem seems to be quite modern by the Language & versification.

N.B. This Poem only suggested the subject of that I printed on Valentine and Ursin.—P.

* Histoire des deux nobles et vaillans

Chevaliers Valentin et Orson, fils de l'Emperour de Grèce et neveux du chrétien Roi de France Pépin, contient 74 chapitres, lesquels parlent de plusieurs et diverses matières très-plaisantes récréatives. Lyon, 1495, in-folio, 1590 in-octavo, et depuis à Troyes, chez Oudot, in-quarto.

us avons annoncé dans notre avant-dernier volume que nous allions encore à parler d'un roman singulier et intéressant concernant le Roi de France, premier de la seconde race et père de Charles; c'est celui dont on vient de lire le titre. Il est bien constam-historique, quoique l'histoire y soit défigurée; que Pépin y passe dans des pays dont il n'a jamais approché, tels que Constantinople et Jérusalem, qu'on l'y fasse prisonnier d'un Roi des Indes, que les douze pairs de France; qu'on ajoute à cette prétendue vérité les circonstances les plus ridicules; qu'on suppose à Pépin fils, une sœur et deux neveux, qui n'ont jamais existé; enfin, que les commencements de l'histoire de Charlemagne que l'on trouve dans ce roman-ci soient aussi éloignés de la vérité que ce qui concerne du règne de Pépin, tout cela, cependant, se fait lire avec plaisir; nous croyons que nos lecteurs ne trouveront point trop long à être détaillé que nous allons en faire, chapitre par chapitre, rien changer à sa marche, et respectant presque également lequel qui n'est pas si gaulois que celui des autres romans de chevalerie que nous avons extraits jusqu'à présent, car celui-ci peut être placé dans la même classe: on peut aussi, si l'on veut, le compter parmi les romans d'amour, car malgré les ridiculités dont il est rempli, il a une structure très-régulière. L'histoire des deux frères qui en sont les héros y est conduite depuis l'instant de leur naissance jusqu'à leur mort; tous deux sont amoureux et épousent enfin leurs femmes. Rien ne nous prouve que ce roman soit fort ancien, n'en connaissant aucun manuscrit; et ne pouvant parler d'après-mêmes de la première édition (in-folio), qui est très-rare, nous ne savons rien dans la seconde (qui est celle de 1590) qui porte une marque d'ancienneté, non-seulement dans le style, mais même dans les détails, et nous ne croyons pas qu'on puisse en faire remonter l'origine plus haut que le règne de Charles VIII, temps où beaucoup de ce genre virent le jour, les uns étant tirés de quelques écrits plus anciens, les autres étant tout à fait nouveaux. Nous avons plus loin nos recherches et nos observations préliminaires d'Alentin et Orson, et commençons notre extrait en suppliant nos lecteurs d'avoir de l'indulgence pour la simplicité et la bonhomie avec lesquelles cet ouvrage a été composé. On y trouvera bien des curieux et des situations très-intéressantes, mêlées avec mille instances ridicules. La singularité de tout cela pourra, du moins, nous faire rire.

Le narrateur raconte, d'abord, en peu de mots, la touchante histoire d'un orphelin au grand pied, qui a fait la matière d'un roman entier,

ap. XI.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri eurent envie sur Valentin le grand amour que lui portait le roi.

ap. XII.—Comme Valentin conquit Orson son frère dans la forêt d'Orléans.

ap. XIII.—Comme après que Valentin eut conquis Orson, il fit de la forêt pour retourner à Orléans vers le roi Pépin.

ap. XIV.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri, par envie, résolurent de tuer Valentin en la chambre de la belle Eglantine.

ap. XV.—Comme le duc de Savary envoya vers le roi Pépin pour l'aide contre le vert chevalier qui voulait avoir sa fille Fezonne pour épouse.

ap. XVI.—Comme plusieurs chevaliers vinrent en Aquitaine pour avoir la belle Fezonne.

ap. XVII.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri firent guetter Valentin et l'on sur le chemin pour le faire mourir.

ap. XVIII.—Comme le roi Pépin commanda que devant son lit fût appareillé le champ pour voir Orson et Grigard combattre ensemble.

• • • • • •

ap. LVI.—Comme Valentin fit la pénitence qui lui avait été prescrite pour expier le meurtre de son père.

ap. LVII.—Comme le roi Hugon fit demander Escharmonde pour femme, et comme il trahit Orson et le vert chevalier.

ap. LVIII.—Comme Bellisant et Escharmonde surent la trahison de cette entreprise du roi Hugon.

ap. LIX. — Comme Orson et le vert chevalier furent délivrés des mains du roi de Syrie, et comme le roi Hugon, pour éviter la guerre, fut mis à eux.

ap. LX. — Comme, au bout de sept ans, Valentin, finit ses jours dans son palais de Constantinople, et écrivit une lettre par laquelle il sonna.

WITHIN the Greecian land some time did dwell
an Emperour, whose name did far excell ;
he tooke to wiffe the Lady Bellefaunt,
the only sister to the Kinge of ffrance,
with whome he liued in pleasure & delight
vntill that fortune came to worke them spight.

A Greek
Emperor
once married
a French
Princess,
Lady Belle-
faunt.

They lived
happily till

a lustful
Bishop

tried to
seduce the
Empress,

and on her
refusal

accused her
falsely to the
Emperor.

The
Emperor
wouldn't
hear her,
but banished
her at once;

and she
started with
one squire
for France.

On her way

ffor within the court a bishopp¹ there did rest
8 the which the Emperour held in great request;
his enuious hart itt was soe sore enflamed
vpon the Empresse, *that* gallant dame,
² *that* he wold perswade her many³ a wile
12 her husbands marriage bed for to defile.
but shée denied *that* vnchast request,
as to her honor did beseeeme her best;
which when the Bishopp saw, away he went
16 vntou the Emperour with a fell intent,
& then most ffalscely her he did accuse,
how *that* shée wold his marryage bed abuse;
& therupon he swore the same to proue,
20 which made her husbands loue in wrath to pre
then the Emperour went to her with speed,
ffor to accuse her of this shamefull deede.
and when shée saw how shée was betrayd,
24 her inocency shée began to pleade;
but then her husband wold not heare her speake
which made her hart with sorrow like to break
but straight the Enaperour he gaue command
28 *that* shée shold be banished⁴ out of his land.
but when *that* shée ffrom them did goe,
before them all shée did reccount⁵ her woe,
& said *that* shée was banished wrongfullye;
32 & soc shée went with sorrow like to dye.
now is shée gone, but with one Squier alone,
vnto her brother in ffrance to make her Mone.
And being come within the realme of ffrance, [re
36 O there beffell a very heauy chance!
ffor⁶ as shée trauelled through a wild fforrest,
the labor of Childhood did her sore oppresse,

¹ An Archpriest, says the Story Book.

—P.

² That her he *would* persuade with.

—P.

³ with many, qu.—P.

⁴ banish'd be.—P.

⁵ recount.—P.

⁶ all follows in the MS., marks

—F.

- & more & more her paines increased still
 40 *that shee was fforced to rest against her will.* she was taken in labour,
 now att the lenght her trauell came to end,
 ffor the Lord 2 children did her send,
 the which were flaire & proper boyes indeed,
 44 *which made her hart with Ioy for to exceede.* and bore two boys.
 but now behold how ffortune gan to Lower,¹
 & turned her Ioy to greefe within an hower !
 ffor why, shee saw an vgly beare as then, A bear
 48 *the which was come fforthe of some lothesome den;*
 & when the beare did see her in *that* place,
 he made towards her with an Egar pace,
 & ffrom her tooke one of her children small,
 52 *a sight to greeue the mothers hart with-all.* carried off one of them.
 but when shee saw her child soe borne away,
 shee Laid the other downe, & did not stay,
 & ffollowed itt as ffast as euer shee might ;
 56 *but all in vain ! of itt shee lost the sight.*
 but soe itt chanced, att *that* verry tyde ;
 the King of ffrance did there a hunting ryde ;
 & in the fforrest as he rode vp and downe,
 60 *the other child he ffound vpon the ground.*
 & when he saw the child to be soe faire,
 to take itt vp he bade his men take care,
 & keepe itt well as tho itt were his owne,
 64 *vntill the ffather of the child where² knowne.* and has him carried off.
 the Empresse returned there backe againe,
 when as shee saw the beare within his den ;
 but when shee saw her other sonne was lost,
 68 *her hart with sorrow then was like to burst.*
 then downe shee sate her with a heauy hart,
 & wishes³ death to ease her of her smart ;
 shee wrong her hands with many a sigh full deepe
 72 *that wold haue made a fflyntyte hart to weepe.*

¹ lour.—P.² were.—P.³ wish'd for.—P.

She leaves
the place,

and goes to
a castle
for help.

But a giant
lives there

and puts her
in prison,

but doesn't
hurt her.

The boy the
bear took
grows up

a huge wild
man,

who kills all
that pass by
his den.

The other
boy is
christened
Valentine,

is knighted,
and is
valiant.

Poor men
complain of
the Wild
Man.

then shee departed from *that woefull place*,
& fforth of ffrance shee went away apace ;
ffor why, as yett shee wold not there be knownen

76 vntill some newes of her young sonnes were shone.
but shee beheld a Castle ffaire & stronge,—³
shee had not trauelled ffrom *that place not Long*,—
wheratt shee knocket, some succour for to find.

80 but itt fell out contrary to her mind ;
ffor why, with-in *that castle dwelt as then*
a monstrous gyant, feared of all men,
who tooke this Ladye into his prison strong,

84 & there he kept her ffast in prison long.
but when he saw her lookes to be soe sadd,
& hauing knownen what sorrowes she had had,
he kept her close, but he hurt her not ;

88 & soe shee liued in prison long, god wotte.
the child the which the beare had borne away,
amongst her younge ones was brought vp alway,
& soe brought vp vntill att length as then

92 he there became a monstrous huge wild man,
& [d]aylye ranged about the fforrest wilde,
& did destroy man, woman, beast and child,
& all things else which by his den did passe,

96 which to the country great annoyance was.
the other child which they King ³ had ffound,⁴
he christened was, & valentine was his name ;
& when he grew to be of ripe yeeres,

100 he was beloued both of King and peeres ;
in fficates off armes he did himselfe advance,
that none like him there cold be ffond in ffrance ;
& ffor that same, the King did dub him Knight ;
104 he allwaies was soe valyant in his fight.
then to the court did many pore men come
to show what hurt the wild man there had done ;

¹ shown. — P.

² The *o* and *n* are squeezed together
in the MS. — F.

³ the which the King.—P.

⁴ tane; qu.—P.

The *m* has one stroke too many in
MS.—F.
It.—P.
King of Fraunce, qu.—P.

who asks
the head
whose son
Valentine is,
and who
the Wild
Man is.
The head
says,
"You are
brothers,
sons of the
Greek
Emperor,

and your
mother is in
King
Ferragus's
prison.
Cut the
string under
Ursin's
tongue, and
he'll speak."

This is done:

Valentine
marries
Claramonde;

and the
two sons

Kill
Ferragus,
and free
their
mother.

Then they
all go to
Greece,

- 140 whom, when the noble valentine did see,
he swore his hart ffor euer theroyd bee.
then did shee speake vnto the head of brassc,
& bade it tell whose sonne valentine was,
& whom the wild man theroyd bee.
- 144 to whom the head gane answer presentlye :
"flirst be it knowen, he is thy brother deere,
& you are both sonnes to the Grecyan peere ;
& your mother wrongfulllye banished was,
& you were both borne in a wild fforrest ;
& *that*¹ by a beare vrsin was nurst vpp,
& valentine by ² his vnckles court ;
& your mother lyeth in prison stronge
152 with King fferagus,³ where shee hath beene long.
alsoe I say, looke vnder vrsines toung ;
there shall you ffind a string both bigg & stronge ;
cut *that* in tow, & then his speech shall breake ;
& this is all ; & I noe more can speake."
- 156 then vrsin to his speeche restored was hee,
& valentine had CLAREMONDE soe ffree.
soe al together⁴ on their Iourney went
160 towards their mother being in prison pent ;
& soe they came vnto the place att Last
wherns their mother was in prison fast ;
& him they slew *that* did their mother keepe,
164 & soe they brought her out of prison deepe.
& when *that* they were al together come,
vnto their mother they then made them knowne ;
which when shee saw her owne sonnes sett her ffree,
168 no ioye to her there might compared bee.
then presentlye they purpose to take read,⁵
into the Land of greece to hye with speed.
& when *that* they had many a storne ore past,
172 they did arriue with-in *that* Land att last ;

¹ there.—P.

² in.—P.

³ This is the name of one of the

Charlemagne heroes.—F.

⁴ MS. *altogether*, and in l. 165.—F.

⁵ counsel.—P.

then on their Iourney towards they court they went, to the Court.
& to the Emperour a messenger they sent,

to tell him ffreinds of his were comen vpon land,

'6 & did intreat some flavor att his hand.

when the Emperour was come vnto them there,

& knew the woman to be his wiffe most deere,

& that the other 2 were his owne deare sonnes,

'10 he then bewailed their happ with bitter moanes,

ffirst that because his wiffe was wronge exilde,

& ffor the greeffe when as shee traueld with child.

& soe att lenght, in spight of ffortunes happ,

'14 they lined in ioy, & feared noe after clappe.

When the
Emperor
finds his
wife
and sons,

he bewails
their past
sufferings;

and they
live happily
thereafter.

ffins.

Sittinge : Late :¹

THIS piece declares that women will have their own way, and further, that that way will frequently be wanton. It attempts to reconcile husbands to the loss of their supremacy, and their other consequent troubles. The argument is not always thoroughly satisfactory; as, when we are taught that because Paris of Troy got into such trouble for running away with another man's wife, therefore we cannot expect to enjoy any immunity from trouble in respect of our own wives. We cannot, if we would, says the poem, exercise a sufficiently sharp surveillance over them. In all ranks of life they "have their own will;" beggars' wives, and the wives of better men, all elude and mock their husbands. The only place where this is not the rule is Rome, and it is not so there simply because a woman-pope would not let it be so. Thus woman's will reigns supreme everywhere.

But perhaps the only interest this sorry composition possesses is its illustrating *Hudibras* (Part I. canto ii. vv. 545-552):—

Some cried the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some or brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices, nor Service-book:—

and Falstaff's remark on the worthy Justice Shallow, that "came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and *sung those tune* to the overscrutched huswives *that he heard the carmen whist* and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights." Man

¹ A Satire on the Women.—P.

other references to the sibilant powers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century carmen are given by Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of Olden Time*, à propos of the air called “The Carmen’s Whistle.”

SITTINGE : late, my selfe alone,

[page 317]

- to heare the birds sweete harmonye,
one sighed sore with many a grone,
4 “ my wiffe will still my master bee ! ”
his sig[h]es ecclipsed bright Phebus beames,
 his hart did burne like setna hill,
 his teares like Nilus fflowing streames,¹
8 his cryes did peirce the Eccho shrill.
 with that I drew my eare aside
 to heare him thus complaine of ill ;
 his greefe & mind were both a-like,
12 **that** ginnye ² his filly wold haue her owne will.
- I heard a man bewailing that his wife would be his master ;
he wept, and cried shrilly,
- The King of Sirya mad a law,
 that euery ³ man with-in his land,
 that he shold lordlye keepe in awe
16 his wiffe, & those **that** did with-stand.
 which acte is cleane gone out of mind
 of all degrees, & will be still ;
 pore silly husbands are soe kind,
20 they let their wiues haue their owne will.
- Men won’t keep the King of Sirya’s law, that men shall keep their wives in order.
- When Princely Paris, pride of Troye,
 had stolen away King Menelaus wiffe,
10 yeeres of warr was all his Ioy,
24 & afterwards bereaued of liffe.
by this wee see **that** Kings are tyed,
 as well as subiects, to much ill ;
 why shold wee poore men thinke itt scorne
28 to let our wiues haue their owne will ?
- Paris got ten years war and his death for stealing his wife. If then kings get into trouble,

¹ streams in the MS.—F.² MS. may be grimye.—F.³ for every.—P.

All that lookes blacke, diggs not ffor coles ;
 how shold our chymneys then be swept ?
 & he *that* thinkes to Iumpe ore Powles,¹

32 may once a yeare be well out leapte ;

and Gods do
so too,

ffor vulcan wore a head of horne²
 when least misprision was of ill.

don't let us
mind about
letting our
wives have
their own
way.

36 lett no man liuing thinke itt scorne
 to let his wiffe haue her owne will !

But shee *that* liues by nille³ & tape,
 & with her bagge & lucett⁴ beggs,
 oft makes her husband many a scape⁵

40 although shee goes in simple raggis ;
 ffor hungry doggs will alwayes range,

Even
beggar-
women
get their
husbands
into scrapes ;

& vnsauory meate will staunch their fill ;
 & they *that* take delight in change
 44 will, Nolens Volens, haue their owne will.

and if a man
goes out,

But he *that* goes ffrom dore to dore,
 & cryes " old buskins ffor new broome ; "
 althoe his liuing be but poore,

his place
must be
supplied.

48 another must supply his roome.

(But there
are no
cuckolds in
Rome.)

" old bootes & buskins ffor new broome !
 come buy, faire maids, & take your fill !

there are no Cucholds made att Roome ;

52 Pope Ione hath sett itt downe by will."

¹ Powles, i. e. St. Paul's.—P.

² Note ² in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1841, vol. ii. p. 126, col. 1, says, "In ' Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems', by R. H. 8vo. Lond. 1664, p. 5, 'Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?' we read: 'Is not this monster said to wear the Horns because other Men with their two forefingers point and make Horns at him?' " "Cuckold." Cuckolded, treated in the way that

³ the cuckow (Lat. *cuculus*) serves other birds, viz. by laying an egg in their nest." Wedgwood.—F.

⁴ MS. *ville*, but as the dot over the *i* is very often misplaced in the MS. and *ville* means *needle*, I print *nille*.—F.

⁵ perhaps budget.—P. Fr. *lucet* or *luchet* is a spade.—F.

⁶ 1. A misdemeanour . . . 3. A trick, shift, or evasion. Halliwell.—F.

- The Carman whistles vp & downe ;
 another cryes " will you buy any blacke¹ ? "
 the cuntryman is held a clowne,
 56 when better men hane greater lacke.
 thus whiles they cards are shuffled about,
 the knaue will in the decke² lye still ;
 & if all secretts were found out,
 60 I doubt a number wold want their will.

It's well
that all
wives'
secrets
are not
known.

ffins.

¹ Fr. noir, blacking, or *pierre noire*, or mourning.—F.
 Black Oak, or the blacke marking-stone.—Cotgrave.
² A pack of cards. Halliwell.—F.

LIBIUS : DISCONIUS:¹

[In nine Parts.—P.]

PERCY thought so well of the plot of this Romance that he set it for analysis in his *Reliques* (v. iii. p. xii.—xvi. ed. 1). Speaking of “these old poetical Legends,” he says, “it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill [that is, the skill of the writers of them], in distributing and conducting a fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense supplied in these old simple bards the want of critical art taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry. I shall select the Romance of LIBIUS DISCONIUS, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.² If an Epic Poem may be defined, ‘³A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one who is favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all obstacles that oppose him:’ I know not why we should withdraw the name of EPIC POEM from the piece which I am about to analyse.”

¹ This Piece may be considered perhaps as one of the first rude Attempts towards the Epic or Narrative Poem in Europe since the Roman Times. [See v. i. p. 417, l. 4.] Nor is it defective [so] in the most essential Parts of Epic Poetry. The Hero is one. The great action to which every thing tends is one: there is little interruption of episode; & it [begins] nearer the [E]vent than most of that age.—P.

This appears to be more ancient than the Time of Chaucer. See The Rhyme of Sir Thopas quoted below,

St. 22⁴.—P.

N.B. The Rhyme of Sir Thopas to be intended in Imitation of this Piece. N.B. This is a translation from the French. Vid. p. 327, st. 15 p. 441, l. 706 here].—P.

² Men speken of Romaunces of]
Of Horne-Child and Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sir Guy,
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamore
But Sir Thopas bereth the flo-

Of riall chevallrie.—Rel. iii.
³ Vide “Discours sur la
Epicure,” prefixed to Tukker’s

The Bishop then gives a sketch of each of the nine Parts of the Romance, and winds up with, "Such is the fable of this ancient piece : which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance ; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language." Poor times ! Why hadn't you a bishop with a blacking-brush to make you shine ?

The subject of the story is one that, told in the language and clothed with the feelings of each successive age, can never fail to interest that age at least,—the adventures of a young unknown man on his dangerous road from poverty to success in life, from nameless obscurity to rank and fame, from the consciousness of power existing only in the youth's own brain, to the full manifestation of that power, in the sight and with the applause of all beholders, who rejoice to see it receive its fitting reward.

In the present instance, Lybius comes from his mother's apron-strings, not knowing his father (he is Gawain's bastard¹) to Arthur's court. He asks for knighthood, and the first adventure that comes in. He gets both ; and his task is to free the Lady of Sinadowne from prison. Though scorned for his youth by her messengers, he conquers, one after another, thirteen formidable opponents, of whom the first nine are Sir William de la Brauneh, his three cousins, two giants, Sir Gefferon, Sir Otes de Lisle, and the Giant Mangys. A more insidious foe is behind, the sorceress of the Golden Isle, whom our hero has rescued from Mangys. For a year she keeps him from fulfilling his task ; but at last he breaks

¹ That story of rising from an obscure beginning is a very common one in mediæval literature, and belongs to a principle of mediæval sentiment, that noble blood was never lost, (bastardy was considered no real stain;) and that if a knight, for instance, met with a woman in a wood, and got her with child, how-

ever ignoble the woman, or however low the circumstances under which the child received its first nurture, the blood it had received from the father would inevitably urge it onward till it reached its natural station. There are stories illustrating this feeling in all its forms.—T. Wright.

away from her, and goes to Sinadowne. There he conquers one knight, Sir Lambers, and then two necromancers who have turned the Lady of Sinadowne into a serpent. The serpent kisses him, and at the kiss turns into a lovely princess, who offers him herself and her lands. He accepts both, marries the Lady, and carries her off to King Arthur's court.

The English Romance was first printed by Ritson from the Cotton MS. Caligula A. ii. This text refers several times to its original, "the Frenssch tale" (l. 2122, *Ritson*, ii. 90; l. 222, *ib.* 10, &c.). On this, Ritson remarked, "The French original is unknown," *ii.* 253. The same statement continued true for many a year. Like the original of *Sir Generides* (which I edited from Mr. Tollemache's MS. for Mr. Gibbs as his gift-book to the Roxburghe Club in 1865, and the French of which is still to seek), the original of *Lybeaus Disconus* could not be found. But a lucky purchase by one of our subscribers, the Duc d'Aumale, of a MS. volume of French poems, and a luckier placing by him of it in the hands of Professor Hippeau of Caen in 1855, led to the discovery of the long-hidden French Romance, *Li Biaus Desconneus*, and also the name of its writer, RENALS DE BIAUJU, or,—as M. Hippeau modernises it,—RENAULD DE BEAUJEU. In 1860 M. Hippeau published the poem as *Le Bel Inconnu*, dating its writer as of the thirteenth century. It is not certain that De Biauju's text is the one that the English translators or adapters worked from; for in the two passages above referred to, where the English text refers to the French tale as the authority for its statements, De Biauju's text contains no such statements. But that is not conclusive, for we know that our English versifiers were seldom translators only: like our modern playwrights, they treated their French (or French-writing) originals with great freedom, cut out what they didn't want, altered what they didn't like, and put in incidents at discretion. As one instance, take Robert of Brunne's treatment of William of

Waddington's *Manuel des Pechez*, detailed in my preface to the *Handlyng Synne*. De Biaju's text may have given rise to some lost later version which the English adapters handled ; but I see no reason why the early French text which M. Hippéau has printed may not have been before our early men. The motive is the same in both stories, and the chief incidents are the same, though in one—the way in which the Fairy of the Golden Isle, or *La Damoiselle aux Blances Mains*, is represented, and the latter part of the story told—they differ markedly. And as in this part of the French poem M. Hippéau finds the original of part of the story of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, it may be as well to give M. Hippéau's abstract, remembering that the English version makes the lady a mere sorceress who detains Lybius twelve months from pursuing the task that he had vowed to accomplish, and then appears no more in the story. The French text makes her keep him only a day before he has freed the Lady of Sinadowne ; but after he has done this, and she has offered herself and her lands to him, De Biaju introduces the Fairy again—the English text saying nothing of her—and makes Lybius halt at the Lady of Sinadowne's offer thus :

The offer is tempting ; but the laws of chivalry are opposed to his pledging his troth without having received the authorisation of King Arthur. All the barons of the *pays de Galles* arrive at the *Cité Gaëlle*; bishops and abbots also come to purify by their pious ceremonies and their processions the places over which the infernal spirits have cast a spell ; and, before all her baronage, *Blonde Emerie* declares that she has decided on taking Giglain as her spouse. A deputation of lords goes to him, and the knight still answers to the long request addressed to him, that he can do nothing without the consent of King Arthur. It is the king who, in granting the princess the help of one of his knights, has the right to all his gratitude. She ought then to go to his court, with all her barons, to thank him.

The queen prepares to set out, in the sweet anticipation that the valorous knight will accompany her in her journey. But widely different feelings now move *le Bel Inconnu*. He cannot drive from his heart the recollection of the beautiful fairy of the *Ile d'Or*.

The description of this unconquerable passion occupies a large space in the story of our trouvère. He finds happy expressions to describe those torments of love which he appears, from the frequent reference he makes to himself, to know only too well. Readers will be astonished to see with what pliancy the language of the thirteenth century lent itself to the developement of the most delicate shades of feeling. Giglain knows not at what point to stop. He dares not return to the *Ile d'Or*, which he left so abruptly ; he cannot, on the other hand, drive away the too seductive image which besieges him night and day. The advice of Robert, his faithful squire, decides him on letting the daughter of the king of *Galles* set out alone. She parts from him with the sadness of resignation, and he sets out for the *Ile d'Or*. But there his perplexities begin again. Shall he go and present himself to the woman whose love he has seemed to disdain ? He weeps, he laments, he is grievously distressed. But happily Robert is always at his side : he has much more confidence than his master in the kindly feelings of the fairy. She wanted to keep him, she was angry at his going, she will then see him again with joy.

At length the dreaded interview takes place. Having reached the magnificent fruit-garden (*verger*), which leads to the palace of the *Ile d'Or*, a delightful garden which contains all of most perfect that God has created upon earth, Giglain and his companion perceive the Fairy of the White Hands (*fée aux blanches mains*), and the former at once directs his steps towards her. The fairy receives him with an appearance of anger, which soon vanishes under the tender protestations of love with which Giglain accompanies the explanations that he gives her. She asks nothing better than to forgive him, and she conducts the happy knight into her castle.

If the passion of Giglain was violent when he was far from the Fairy of the Golden Isle, how can he resist it when he finds himself in the middle of her palace, where all the attendants, keeping discreetly at a distance, soon leave him alone with her ?

We are, you will perceive, in the midst of the palace of Armida. The situation of our knight in this charming abode, recalls, in fact, quite naturally, that which made Rinaldo forget, in the bosom of the delights in which an enchantress held him, his most sacred duties and the glory of combat. How, and by means of what changes, have the adventures of Giglain in the castle of the Golden Isle become one of the most interesting episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*?¹ It is

¹ On *La Dame d'Amore* of the Cotton text (and ours, p. 470, l. 1508), Ritson observes, v. ii. p. 263, " This lady bears a strong resemblance to the no less

a study which would require long unfoldings (*dévelopements*), and which we may try elsewhere when we have to occupy ourselves with the translations or imitations of which the poems of our trouvères have been the object among the different nations of Europe.

However that may be, we shall only follow with reserve the French poet in this part of his story, where he indulges a little too much, like his brethren of the same epoch, in the descriptive style. The fairy would not have been a woman if, notwithstanding her tenderness for *le Bel Inconnu*, she had completely forgotten the insult done to her charms, however honourable might have been the cause which took him the first time from the Golden Isle. She forgives him, but only after having revenged herself slightly. It is not in vain that he inhabits an enchanted palace. During the night he is twice a prey to a frightful illusion. He wakes and starts up; he seems to be bearing on his head the whole roof of the hall; he calls to his help all the attendants of the fairy. They run to him and find him struggling with his pillow, which is over his head. The second time, he gets out of bed and arrives at a torrent, which he crosses on a narrow plank; terror seizes him; he thinks that the quivering waves draw him in; he clings to the plank with all his might, and then calls the whole house to his help. They find him grasping with his two hands a sparrow-hawk's perch.

The Lady of the Golden Isle thinks him sufficiently punished. We will here leave our author a second time to add, to his glory, that we find again in his poem the means employed by the Italian poet to snatch his hero from the seductions of Armida.

We left the daughter of the king of *Galles* journeying but joylessly towards King Arthur's court. She there experiences a reception worthy of her; all the knights share her grief when she informs them that the warrior to whom she owes her deliverance, has not accompanied her, and that she knows not whither he has directed his steps.

Arthur knows well how to bring back to him the most illustrious of the knights of the Round Table. He has a grand tournament proclaimed all over the country. One day two players (*jougleurs*) present themselves at the castle of the Golden Isle, and penetrate even to *le Bel Inconnu*. They announce to him the feast of arms prepared by King Arthur. At this news, Giglain hesitates not an instant; he forgets his love, to think only of glory. In vain does

magical than beauteous fairys, the Calypso of Homer, and the Alcina of Ariosto; both of whom detain'd Ulysses

and Rogero in the manner *la dame d'amore* here treats Lytessus."

the beautiful fairy try to hold him back. She knows beforehand, in her double quality of woman and fairy, that the love of the handsome knight cannot be eternal. She has had to prepare herself long since to lose him. I like better, I declare, the jealous fury of *Armida* than the easy resignation of the Fairy of the White Hands.

At break of day, Giglain, who had gone to bed the night before in the palace of the Golden Isle, wakes and finds at his side his horse and his squire Robert, in the middle of a dark forest, whither the all-power of the fairy had transported him. Though he is a little surprised at what has happened, he takes his fate bravely, and sets forward without delay towards the place assigned as the rendezvous of the paladins (adventure-seeking heroes) who are to take part in the tourney.

Though the narratives which have as their subject these brilliant jousts are generally the parts treated by the authors of our poems with a partiality justified by the desire of pleasing the noble lords for whom they wrote, it would be difficult to find a tournament which could sustain comparison with that of *Valedon*. Walter Scott would seem¹ to have been inspired by it in his account of the famous passage of arms at Ashby. It is needless to say that all the honour of the day belongs to *le Bel Inconnu*. The heat of the battle has dissipated the last vestiges of his love for the Fairy of the White Hands. Having married the princess of *Galles*, he delays not to go and take possession of the crown which so many high deeds have rendered him worthy of.

All this tantalising of the Lady of Sinadowne, keeping her waiting for her lover after she had been so many years serpentised or wivernised by the two necromancers, the English adapter has thought unfair, and cut out. Must not we sympathise with him? What should we have said to Mr. Tennyson if he had kept The Sleeping Beauty waiting a year for her husband after she had been kissed? Voted him a hard-hearted Frenchman, clearly. But of course he has done nothing so wrong. Well, besides this, the adapter has, as remarked in the notes, cut out all about Renals de Bianju's own lady-love, for whom he composed the poem—had the poor Englishman no sweetheart?—all about

¹ As he died in 1832, and the French Romance was not published till 1860, there is some difficulty in this *s'expliquer* *et être inspiré*.

Robers, Lybius's squire, an important personage in the French Romance; and all about the French tale of the Falcon (though the English Part IV. may be taken to represent this), &c. &c.

On the other hand, the adapter introduces a fresh Part (IV.) into the English text; puts in the incident of Lybius's diving down at a knight and slicing his head off (p. 492) as a sort of refresher before encountering the necromantic perils of the Castle of Sinadowne; and also alters the place of the adventure with Sir William de la Braunch's (or Bliobleris's) three cousins, putting it before, instead of after, the fight with the two giants (p. 433-7, and p. 438-41), besides many minor variations. The telling of the story varies all through; but so far as I can judge, the original French of De Biauju is a far better piece of work than that of any of his adapters.

Of English MSS. of *Lybius* I know only five: the Cotton Caligula A ii., printed by Ritson and M. Hippéau; the fragment in the Lincoln's Inn MS. 150; the Lambeth MS. 306; our Percy folio, and the Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 38, back, of which Mr. Coxe, Bodley Librarian, has just told me. Of these I judge the Lincoln's Inn vellum one to be the oldest, both in writing (ab. 1430-40 A.D.), and in its preservation of the early double vowel for the later single one, *þeo, sceoffe, heold, feol*. The paper Cotton MS. comes next (ab. 1460 A.D.); third, the Ashmole 61, on paper, written towards the end of the 15th century, says Mr. Coxe, containing 2200 lines more or less, and beginning "Ihesu Cryst owre Sauyowre"; then the Lambeth one, also on paper (? about 1480 A.D.), and lastly the Percy. The Cotton text is interesting on account of its changes of *d* and *th*¹, which I suppose to be of Berkshire origin,—if one may judge from

¹ The *d* is substituted for *th* in the following, among other instances:—*dur-ðoso*, thirsted, L. 1336; *dur-ðate*, thirst, L. 1543; *clad-ðe*, clothed, L. 1407; *gelod-ðe*, thither, L. 1776; *dyd-ðe*, thither, L. 1668; but *þyder*, L. 2082; *dare*, there, L. 1870; *de*, thus, L. 672. On the other hand, *th* is put for *d*, in *wæðer*, under, L. 1039, L. 1092, L. 1191; *þoughter*, daughter, L. 1091; but *doughty*, L. 1078, and *thoughty*, L. 1851; *þeir*, deer, L. 1133; *there*, dearly, L. 1158; *þeors*, doors,

Mr. Tom Hughes's books,—or some county near.¹ The infinitive in *y* also shows that the text is Southern²: *army*, arm, l. 216; *justy*, joust, l. 909, l. 951, but *juste*, l. 1542; *eschewy*, show, l. 746; *spendy*, spend, l. 986, &c.

Grateful as I feel to M. Hippéau for his discovery and printing of the French text, I owe him a slight grudge for describing “l'auteur du *Canterbury Tales*” as “le poétique traducteur de nos trouvères,” and therefore note that his print of the Cotton MS. is full of those mistakes that “a remarkably intelligent foreigner” would naturally make, *u* for *n*, and *n* for *u*, &c.³; to say nothing of other forms like *pryue* for *þryue*, thrive; *kepte* for *lepte*, l. 2039; *be* for *he*, l. 1388; *thogh tyer* for *thoghtyer*, droughtier, l. 1091; *he* for here, her, l. 887; *gwych* for *swych*, such, l. 712; *Sweyn* for *Eweyn*, l. 219; *lymest*, for lyme &, lime and, l. 713.

It may look rather spiteful to print these things, but editors are bound to consider the language they study rather than other editors' feelings; and with the full conviction that I invite similar treatment for the French as well as the English texts I have edited and may edit, and that in all there are and will be mistakes,⁴ I hold it best to point out the misreadings in Early English that come across me, for the sake of the language and

l. 1705; *tho*, do, l. 531, &c., and in many other places. I just copy the few that I noted years ago on a blank leaf, when reading part of M. Hippéau's edition.

¹ Probably Dorsetshire. I heard *drow* for *throw* near Weymouth this autumn, and Mr. Barnes says in his *Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect*, 1863, p. 16, “*Th* of the English sometimes, and mostly before *r*, becomes *d*, as *drow* for *throw*. Conversely, *th* (ð) is substituted in Dorset for the English *d*, as *blæter*, a bladder, *laſer*, a ladder.” Mr. Hughes says he does not remember hearing this *th* and *d* change in Berkshire.

² “In the Dorset the verb takes *y* only when it is absolute, and never with an accusative case. We may say, ‘Can ye

zewy?’ but never, ‘Wull ye *zewy* up
theſe *zam?*’”—Barnes, p. 28.

³ *deutes* for dentes, l. 1304; *fon* for fons, foes, l. 1530, l. 1850; *sawng* for saunz, Fr. *sans*, without l. 1860 [In þat felde saunz; fayle. MS. leaf 55, back, col. 1, line 18. See the last lines of the piece in note, p. 413]; *han* for han, have, l. 1263; *woneth* for woneth, dwells, l. 657; *gas* for gan, did, l. 343; *desryne* for deseryue, describe, l. 1330, l. 1428; *honeðe* for houede, halted, l. 1562; *keñere* for keuere, recover, l. 1983; *lende* for leuede, lived, l. 2123.

⁴ Claude Platini's confession, “*mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite*” (page 415 here), is the motto for many of us, adding carelessness.

its students. But to return from this digression ; the Lambeth MS. is in "The Wright's Chaste Wife" volume, and seems to be a later copy of a text like the Cotton. Some readings from it are given in the notes from Mr. Warwick King's transcript of it for the Early English Text Society. By way of exhibiting some of the differences of the five English texts, I put beside the first bit of the Lincoln's Inn fragment the passages corresponding to it in the other MSS.,¹ and at the end of the Romance as

¹ *Lincoln's Inn MS. 150, Art. 1,*
faded, begins.
 þan sir liberas ran
 þar Mangis scheld lay,
 And vp he cam hit fange:
 fast he ran to him,
 And smot him wiþ mayn,
 And other gon ass[ile.]
 into þeo day was dyme...
 Bysyde þeo water
 þeo kynges heold bataile.
 Libreas was warryour wȝyt,
 And smot a strok of myȝt
 þowwȝ; gypouȝ [?] plate and maille,
 þoruȝ his schoulder bone,
 but his ryȝt arm anon
 fel in þeo feild manysaile.
 M.S. *Lambeth 306, leaf 94, back.*
 Than lybeaus ranne aw-waye
 There Mangis sheld laye,
 And vp he gañ hit fange,
 And ran a-gayne to hym.
 With strokys sharpe and gryme
 Ewyther other ganne assayle.
 Till the day was dyme,
 Vpon the water brym.
 By-twene hem was batayle.
 Lybeaus was warryour wȝyt,
 And smote a strok of myȝt
 Throuwe lejewne, plate, and mayle,
 Throuwe the shuklerbone,
 That his Ryȝt Arme A-none (leaf 95)
 k fel in the feild manysaile.

Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 52.

Than lybeaus ranne A-wey
 There mangis scheld ley,
 And vp he cam hit fange;
 And libreas ranne to hym A-jene, (leaf 52)
 And smote hym wiþ meyne;
 Ewyther other gan A-sayle.
 Till the day was dyme,
 Bysyde þeo water brymme

Cot. Calig. A. ii. leaf 50, col. 1.
 þanne lybeaus ran away
 þers þat mangis scheld lay,
 And vp he gan hyt fonge,
 And Ran a-gayne to hym. [col. 2]
 With strokys strout & grym
 To-gydero þey gosse a-sayle.
 Be-syde þet ryuer brym,
 Tylle hyt derkede dym,
 Be-twene hem was batayle,
 Lybeaus was warroure wȝyt,
 And smot a strok of myȝt
 þoruȝ gypelle, plate, & mayle,
 Forþ wiþ þe scholdere bon,
 Mangis arm fylle of a-noon
 In-to þe feild saunȝ; sayle.

Percy Folio, p. 337.
 then Ser Lybius ran away
 thither were Mangis shield Lay;
 & vp he can itt gett,
 & ran againe to him,
 with strokys great and grim
 together they did assayle;
 therow beside the watter brimme
 till it waxed wonderous drimm,
 betweeno them lasted that battell.
 Ser Lybius was warryour wȝyt,
 & smote a strok of much might;
 through hawberke, plate and maille,
 he smote of by the shoulder bone
 his right arme sone and anon
 into the feild wiþ-out fiale.

*The knyȝtis held batayle.
 Syre libreas was warryour wȝyt,
 And gauȝ strokys of myȝt
 Throught plate and male,
 And throw his schoulder bone,
 That his ryȝt Arme Anone
 Fell in þe feild wiþ-outen sayle.*

printed here, p. 497, will be found the endings of the Lincoln's Inn, Cotton, Lambeth, and Ashmole texts, for further contrast with the language of the Percy folio. I have not had time to collate them throughout, and Mr. Brock, who began the collation with the Cotton M.S., soon gave it up as involving too much time and trouble for an adequate result, the second volume of Ritson being easily accessible to all readers.

Ritson says that this Romance

was certainly printed before the year 1600, being mention'd by the name of "Libbius," in "Vertues common wealth : or The highway to honour," by Henry Crosse, publish'd in that year; and is even alluded to by Skelton, who dye'd in 1529:

And of sir *Libius* named *Disconius*. . . .

A story similar to that which forms the principal subject of the present poem may be found in the "Voiage and travale of sir John Maundeville" (London, 1725, 8vo. P. 28). It, likewise, by some means, has made its way into a pretendedly ancient Northumbrian ballad intitle'd "The laidly worm of Spindleston-heugh," writen, in reality, by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, authour of *The history of chess*, &c., who had, however, hear'd some old stanzas, of which he avail'd himself, sung by a maid-servant. The remote original of all these storys was, probably, much older than the time of Herodotus, by whom it is relateed (*Urania*).

In French there was a prose translation of a Spanish romance mixing up a Charlemagnian hero with our Arthurian Gyngelain, printed in 1530, which Brunet (ed. 1814) enters thus :

GIGLAN (l'histoire de), fils de messire Gauvain, qui fut roi de Galles; et de Geoffroy de Mayence, son compaignon : translaté d'espaignol en françois par Claude Platin, Lyon, Cl. Nourry, 1530, in-4. goth. fig.

This is, says M. Hippéau, a fairly correct reproduction of the French *Li Biaus Desconneus*, "sauf quelques additions peu heureuses." His extract from Claude Platin's prologue is so pretty that I give it here :

Pour éviter oysiveté, mère et nourrice des vices, et aussi pour complaire à tons ceulx qui prennent plaisir à lire et à ouyr lire les livres des anciens, qui ont vescu si vertueusement en leur temps,

que la renomée en sera jusques à la fin du siècle, lesquelles œuvres vertueuses doivent esmouvoir les cueurs des humains de les ensuyvir en vertus en haultz faitz, moi FRÈRE CLAUDE PLATIN, humble religieux de l'ordre monseigneur saint Anthoine, ung jour, en une petite librairie où j'estoye, trouvay un gros livre de parchemin bien vieil, escript en rime espaignole, assez difficile à entendre, auquel trouvay une petite hystoire laaqelle me sembla bien plaisante, qui parloit de deux nobles chevaliers qui furent du temps du noble roi Artus et des nobles chevaliers de la Table-Ronde. . . J'ay donc voulu translater la dicté hystoire de cette rime espaignole, en prose francoyse, au moins mal que j'ay peû, selon mon petit entendement, à celle fin que plus facilement peust estre entendue de ceulx qui prendront plaisir à la lire ou ouyr lire : ausquelz je prie que les faultes qui y seront trouvées, ils les vueillent corriger, et excuser mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite ; et aussi de ne se arrester ausdictes faultes, mais s'il y a riens de bon, qu'ilz en facent leur prouffit.

With what better commendation to the reader can I close this rambling Introduction, or leave him to study the poem of "The Fayre Unknown"?

¹ IESUS christ, Christen Kinge,²
& his mother *that sweete thing*,³

Christ and
Mary

helpe them att their neede
⁴ *that will listen to my tale*!
of a knight I will you tell,⁴
a doughtye man of deede,

help my
hearers!

I'll tell you

¹ The Romance in the Cotton MS.
Caligula A ii. begins thus:

INCIPIT LYREAUUS DISCONIUS.

¶ Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,
And hys modyr þat swete flowre,
Helpē hem at here nedē
þat harkeneþ of a conqueroure,
Wys of wytte, & whyȝt werrour,
And douȝty man yn dede.

Hys name was called Geynleyne;
Be-yete he was of syr Gaweyn
Be a forest syde.
Of stoutere knyȝt & profitable

With artoure of þe Rounde table,
Ne herde ye neuer Rede.

¶ þys Gynleyne was fayre of syst,
Gentylle of body, of face bryȝt,
Alle bastard þef he were.
Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos
For douute of wykkede loos,
As douȝty chyld & dere.—F.

² oure sauyoure.—C.

³ flowre.—C.

⁴ þat harkeneþ of a conqueroure
wys of wytte & whyȝt werrour.—C.

of Ginglaine,
bastard son
of Sir
Gawaine.

- his name was cleped¹ Ginglaine ;
 8 gotten he was of Sir Gawaine
 vnder a fforrest side ;
 a better² knight without ffable,³
 With Arthur att the round table,
 12 yee heard neuer of read.

[page 31]

His mother
tried to
prevent him
seeing a
knight,

because he
was savage.

- Gingglaine was faire & bright,⁴
 an hardye man and a wight,⁵
 bastard thou hee were.
 16 his mother kept him with all her might,
 ffor he shold not of noe armed Knight
 hane a sight in noe mannerie.
 but he was soe sauage,
 20 & lightlye wold doe outrage
 to his ffellowes in ffere.⁶
 his mother kept him close
 ffor dread⁷ of wicked losse,
 24 as hend⁸ child and deere.

His mother
called him
Beaufise
because he
was
handsome.

One day

- ffor⁹ hee was soe flaire & wisc,¹⁰
 his mother cleped him beufise,¹¹
 & none other name ;
 28 & himselfe was not soc wise¹²
 that heo asked not I-wis
 what hee hight¹³ of his dame.
 soe itt beffell vpon a day
 32 Gingglaine¹⁴ went to play,

¹ called.—C.

² stoutere.—C.

³ & profitable.—C.

⁴ of syzt.—C.

⁵ Gentylle of body, of face bryzt.—C.

⁶—⁷ From his to ffere omitted in C.—F.

⁸ douute.—C.

⁹ dousty.—C.

¹⁰ [And] for, i.e. because.—P.

¹¹ And fore loue of hys fayne vyys.—C.

¹² Beau-vise.—P. bewfis.—C.

¹³ was fulle nys.—C.

¹⁴ what he was called ; what his Nam
was. See St. 11.—P.

¹⁵ To wode he.—C.

wild deere to hunt for game;
 & as he went ouer the Lay,
 he spyed a knight was stout & gay,
 36 that soone he made full tame.¹

he sees a
knight,
kills him.

then he did on² that Knights weedes,
 & himselfe therin yeede,³

into that rich armoure;
 40 & when he had done that deede,
 to Glaesnbury swithe⁴ hee yeede,
 there Lay King Arthur.
 & when he came into the hall
 44 amonge the Lords and Ladyes all,
 he grett⁵ them with honore,
 And said, "King Arthur, my Lord!⁶
 suffer me to speake a word,
 48 I pray you par amoure⁷:

puts on his
armour,
goes to
Glaston-
bury, to
King
Arthur,

and asks
Arthur

⁸ "I am a child vncouthe;
 come I am out of the south,
 & wold be made a knight.

52 14 yeere old I am,
 & of warre well I cann,
 therfore grant me my right."
 then said Arthur the King strong
 56 to the child that was soe younge,⁹

to knight
him, as he's
fourteen,
and can
fight.

Arthur

¹ The Cotton MS. reads:
 He founyd a knayt, whare he lay,
 In armes þat were stout & gay,
 I-saydane & madde full tame.—F.
² þat chyld dede of.—C.
³ And now he gan hym schrede.—C.
⁴ prompte, Jun. P.
⁵ Did grett. P.
⁶ Mais cil li dist: "Ains m'escoutés.
 Arte, venus sui à la cort.
 Cet n'i faura, comment qu'il cort,
 Del premier don que je querrai:

Aurai-le jo, u le j' faura?

Donne-le moi et n'i penser

Tant espredre; ne l'dois veer."

"Je le vos dons: ce dist li rois."

Le Bel Isoux, I. 82-9, p. 4.

⁷ par-amour, or perhaps pour amour; it is not here a compound word, signifying *Matzys*, but is a phrase equivalent to that [in] St. 14, lin. 3. P.

⁸ This stanza is omitted in C. The Lambeth MS. 306 has it. F.

⁹ A-sonn withoute any dwellyng.—C.

of Ginglaine,
bastard son
of Sir
Gawaine.

- his name was cleped¹ Ginglaine ;
8 gotten he was of Sir Gawaine
vnder a fforrest side ;
a better² knight without ffable,³
With Arthur att the round table,
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[page 318]

His mother
tried to
prevent him
seeing a
knight,

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was savage.

His mother
called him
Beaufise
because he
was
handsome.

One day

- Gingglaine was faire & bright,⁴
an hardye man and a wight,⁵
bastard thoe hee were.
16 his mother kept him with all her might,
ffor he shold not of noe armed Knight
haue a sight in noemannere.
but he was soe sauage,
20 & lightlye wold doe outrage
to his ffellowes in ffere.⁶
his mother kept him close
ffor dread⁷ of wicked losse,
24 as hend⁸ child and deere.

- ffor⁹ hee was soe faire & wiso,¹⁰
his mother cleped him beufise,¹¹ he
& none other name ;
28 & himselfe was not soe wise¹²
that hee asked not I-wis
what hee hight¹³ of his dame.
soe itt beffell vpon a day
32 Gingglaine¹⁴ went to play,

¹ called.—C.

² stoutere.—C.

³ & profitable.—C.

⁴ of syst.—C.

⁵ Gentylle of body, of face bryst.—C.

⁶—From his to ffere omitted in C.—F.

⁷ douute.—C.

⁸ doulty.—C.

⁹ [And] for, i.e. because.—P.

¹⁰ And fore loue of hys fayre vyyts.—C.

¹¹ Beau-vise.—P. bewfis.—C.

¹² was fullz nys.—C.

¹³ what he was called ; what his Name was. See St. 11.—P.

¹⁴ To wode he.—C.

wild deere to hunt ffor game;
 & as he went ouer the Lay,
 he spyed a knight was stout & gay,
 38 that soone he made full tame.¹

he sees a
knight,
kills him,

then he did on² that Knights weede,
 & himselfe therin yeede,³
 into that rich armoure;
 40 & when he had done that deede,
 to Glasenbury swithe⁴ hee yeede,
 there Lay King Arthur.
 & when he came into the hall
 44 amonge the Lords and Ladyses all,
 he grett⁵ them with honore,
 And said, "King Arthur, my Lord!⁶"
 suffer me to speake a word,
 48 I pray you par amoure⁷:

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Arthur

" I am a child vncouthe;
 come I am out of the south,
 & wold be made a knight.
 52 14 yecere old I am,
 & of warre well I cann,
 therfore grant me my right."
 then said Arthur the King strong
 56 to the child that was soe younge,⁸

to knight
him, as he's
fourteen,
and can
fight.

Arthur

¹ The Cotton MS. reads:
 He fised a knyf, whare he lay,
 In armes þat were stout & gay,
 1-actayne & made full tame.—F.
² þet chyld dede of. — C.
³ And now he gan hym schredc.—C.
⁴ prompte, Jun. P.
⁵ Gd grett. P.
⁶ Mais cil li dist: "Ains m'escoutés.
 Arre, venus sui à la cort;
 Cet n'i faurn, comment qu'il cort,
 Del premier don que je querrai:

Aurai-le jo, u le j'faurn?
 Donne-le moi et n'i penser
 Tant espredre; ne l'dois vrer."
 " Je le vos dons: ce dist li rois."
Le Bed Iscouz, l. 82-9, p. 4.
⁷ par-amour, or perhaps pour amour;
 it is not here a compound word, signi-
 fying *Mistris*; but is a phrase equiva-
 lent to that [in] St. 14, lin. 3. P.
⁸ This stanza is omitted in C. The
 Lambeth MS. 306 has it. F.
⁹ A-noon without any dwellyng.—C.

asks him his
name.

" tell me what thou hight¹ ;
for neuer sithe I was borne
sawe I neuer heere beforne²
noe child soe ffaire of sight."

Ginglaine
says he
doesn't
know,

the child said, " by St. Iame,³
I wott not⁴ what is my name !
I am the more vnwise⁵ ;

but his
mother
calls him
Beaufise.

64 but when I dwelld att home,⁶
my mother in her game
cleped mee beaufise."

Arthur says
" by God it's
odd you

then said⁷ Arthur the King,
& said, " this is a wonderous thing,
by god & by S^t Denise,
that thou wold be a Knight,
& wott nott what thou hight,
& art soe ffaire and wise⁸ !

don't know
your own
name !

72 " now I will gine thee a name
heere amongo all you in-same ;
for thou art soe ffaire and free,—

that your
mother
never called
you,

76 I say, by god & by S^t Iame,
soe cleped thee never thy dame,
what woman that euer shee bee ;—

and that is
Lybius
Disconius"
(the fair
unknown,
or handsome
stranger).

call yee him all thins,⁹

80 Lybius Disconius¹⁰ ;
ffor the loue of mee
looke yee call him this name ;
both in ernest & in game,
certes, soe hight shall hee.¹¹ "

¹ þyn name aplyst.—C.

¹⁰ lybeau desconus.—C. The French

² Ne fond y me be-fore.—C.

has, p. 6:

³ Cil li respont : " Certes ne sai,
Mais que tant dire vos en sai,
Que biel fil m'apieloit ma mère ;
No je ne sui se je oï pere."

¹¹ Et por ce qu'il ne se connist,

Li BIACS Desconius ait non !

Si l'nommeront tot mi baron."

Le beaux Desconus, i.e. the fair un-

Le Bel Inconnu, l. 115-18, p. 5.

known.—P.

⁴ I not.—C.

⁵ nys.—C.

¹¹ þan may ye wete a rowe

⁶ hame, idem.—P.

⁷ spake.—F.

þe fayre vnknowe

⁸ fuyrc of vys.—C.

⁹ thus.—P.

Sertes so hatte ha.—C.

King Arthur anon-right
with a sword faire & bright,¹
trulye that same day

Then Arthur
knights
Lybiez.

- 88 dubbed that Child a knight,²
And gaue him armes bright³ ;
flossooth as I you say,
hee gaue to him in that ilke
92 a rich sheeld all ouer gilt
with a griffon soe gay,⁴
& tooke him to Sir Gawaine⁵
for to teach him on the plaine
96 of every princes⁶ play.⁷

[page 319] gives him
armes
and a shield,
and asks
Gawaine to
teach him.

- when hee was made a knight,
of the boone⁸ he aasked right,⁹
& said, " my Lord soe ffree,
100 in my hart I wold be glad
the ffirst battell if I had
that men aasked of thee."
then said Arthur the King,
104 " I grant thee thine askinge,
whatt battell that euer itt bee ;
but euer methinke thou art to young
for to doe a good¹⁰ ffighting,
108 by ought that I can see.

Lybiez
asks Arthur
to let him
have the
first fight
that turns
up.

Arthur
grants this,
but thinks
he's too
young to
fight well.

when he had him thus told,
Dukes, Erles, and Barons bold,¹¹

¹ Made hym to a knyght.—C.
² And yaf hym armes brygit.—C.
³ Hym gerte with swerde of myjt.
⁴ Gryffian of say.—C.
⁵ And hym be-toke bys fadyr gaweyn.
⁶ The knyghtes.—C.
⁷ An a seems to have been blotted out

after the y in the MS.—F.
⁸ Other boone, or another boone, or
One other D^o. P.
⁹ Anon a bone fer he had.—C.
¹⁰ thing, which follows, has been
marked out in the MS. F.
¹¹ With oute more reson
Duk, Erl & baroun.—C.

Then all
dine off wild
fowl and
venison.

- washed & went to meate ;
 112 of wild ffoule ¹ and venison, ²
 as lords of great renoune,
 inough he had to eate.
 they had not sitten not a stoure,
 Soon 116 well the space of halfe an hower,
 talking att their meate, ³
 there came a damsell att that tyde, ⁴
 & a dwarfe ⁵ by her side,
 120 all sweating ⁶ ffor heate ;
 Her name is
Hellen ;
she brings a
message
from a lady,
and is clad
in green.
- the Maidens name was Hellen ;
 sent shee was vnto the King, ⁷
 a Ladys messenger.
 124 the maiden was ware & wise,
 & cold doe her message att device, ⁸
 shee was not to ffere ⁹ ;
 the maid was ffaire & sheene,
 128 shee was cladd all in greene ¹⁰ ;
 & fflurred ¹¹ with Blaundemere ¹² ;

¹ take y^e heddes of [=off] all felde
byrdes and wood byrdes, as fesande, pe-
cocke, partryche, woodcocke, and curlewe,
for theyt eate in theyr degrees soule thynges,
as wormes, todes, and other such. *Boke
of Keruyng* in Babees Book &c., E. E.
T. Soc. p. 279. See the capital bit
about venison from Andrew Borde, *ib.*
p. 210-11.—F.

- ² Of alle manere fusoun.—C.
 * Ne hadde artoure bote a whyle
be mountaunce on a myle
At hys table y-sete.—C.
 * a mayde Ryde.—C.
 * dwerk.—C.
 * be-swette.—C.
 * Gentylle bryt & schene.—C.
 * i.e. Will, Pleasure. See Chau-

Gloss.—P.

- * per nas contesse ne quene
So semelyche on to sene
bat myȝte be here pere.—C.
 * Sche was clodeb in tars
Rowme & nodyng skars.—C.
 * pelured.—C.

¹² *Blaunchmer*, a kind of fur.

He ware a cyrcote that was grene ;
 With *blauchner* it was furred, I wene.
Syr Degore, 701 in Halliwell's Glossary.

This word comes in so oddly that I
could almost be tempted to think that
Chaucer in his burlesque Romance of
Sir Thopas might allude to it sportively,
as thus :

Sir Libeaux and the* Blaundemere
Scil^t the Blaundemere Furr mentioned
in his Romance &c. But after all per-
haps this construction is too forced.

N.B. It might be the other Version
which Chaucer alludes to.

See Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Thopas,
where this word seems to be mistaken,
viz.:

Men speken of Romaunces of Pris,
Of Hornchild and of Ipotis
Of Bevis & Sir Gie
Of Sir Libeaux and Blaindamoure
But Sir Thopas bereth the flowre
Of rich Chivalrie.—P.

* (or his)

her saddle was ouergiltc,
& well bordered with silke,¹

132 & white² was her distere.³

the dwarfe was cladd with scarlett fine,
& fured well with good⁴ Ermine;⁵
stout he was & keene⁶;

136 amonge all christen kind
such another might no man find⁷;

his cercott⁸ was of greene⁹ ;
his haire was yellow as flower on mold,¹⁰

140 to his girdle hang¹¹ shining as gold,¹² has long
the sooth to tell in veretye;
all¹³ his shoone with gold were dight,
all as gay as any¹⁴ knight,

144 there sseemed no pouertye.

The dwarf
wears
scarlet,
is stout,

has long
yellow hair,

Teddelyne was his name,¹⁵
wide sprang of him the fame,¹⁶

148 East, west, North & south;
much he cold of game & glee,

is named
Teddelyne,

¹ Here sadelle & here brydelle yn fere
Fullle of dyamandys were.—C.

The author of the French Romance gives
a fuller description of Maid Hellen, or
Hélie as he calls her. Doubtless it is
his own love, for whom he composed the
Romance, whom he sketches.

Gente de cors et de vis bièle :
D'un samit estoit bien vestue ;
Si bièle riens ne fu veüe.
Face ot blance com flors d'esté,
Come rose ot vis coloré,
Le iouls ot vairs, bouce riant,
Les mains blances, cors avenant ;
Bel cief avoit, si estoit blonde :
N'ot plus biel cief feme del monde !
En son cief ot un cercle d'or ;
Ses perles valent un trésor
Sor un palefroi cevauçoit. (p. 6.)—F.

² Melk.—C.

³ apud Chauc. *Destrier*, a War-horse, or

Led Horse. Vid. Gloss.—P.

⁴ One stroke too few in this word in
the MS.—F.

⁵ þe dwerfe was cloðeþ yn ynde
Be-fure & ek be-hynde.—C.

⁶ pert.—C.

⁷ find in the MS.—F.

⁸ Surcoat—A gown & hood *the same*,
an upper coat, Ch. Gloss.—P.

⁹ was ouert.—C.

¹⁰ as ony wax.—C. Not in the French.
—F.

¹¹ hung.—P. ¹² henge þe plex.—C.

¹³ als, also.—P.

¹⁴ And kopeþ as a.—C.

¹⁵ The French Romance doesn't name
him till he and Hellen leave the court,
and it calls him *Tidogolains*, l. 256,
p. 10.—F. Teaudelayn.—C.

¹⁶ MS. same.—F. fame.—P. welle
swyde sprung hys name.—C.

- is a good
fiddler,
- 152 fiddle, crowde,¹ and sowtrye,
 he was a merry man of mouth ² ;
 harpe, ribble ³ & sautrye,
minstrel
and jester he cold much of Minstrelsye,
 he was a good Iestoure,
 there was none such in noe country ;
a jolly man
with ladies. a Jolly man fforsooth was hee
156 with Ladycs in their bower.
- Hellen gives
Arthur her
message :
- 160 then he bade maid Hellen
 ffor to tell her tale by-deene,
 & kneele before the King.
164 the maid kneeled in the hall
 among the Lords & Ladyes all,
 & said, " my Lord ! without Leasing
- her lady, of
Sinadone,
is in distress,
- 168 "There is a strong case toward ; [page 220]
164 there [is] none such, nor soe hard,
 nor of soe much dolour.
my ⁴ Lady of Sinadone
is brought to strong prison,
168 that was of great valoure ;
 shée prayes you of ⁵ a Knight
 ffor to win her in flight
 with ioy & much honor." ⁶
- Lybius at
once
- 172 vp rose that younge Knight,

¹ A kind of fiddle.—F.

² Myche he couþe of game,
with nytole sautrye yn same
harpe fydele & crouþe.—C.

³ There is none of this in the French.
—F. Al can they play on gitterne and
ribible. *Cook's Tale*. The giterne was
a small guitar, and the ribible a small
fiddle played by a bow, and not by hand
as the giterne was. Jerome of Moravia
says of the ribble, Ribible, or Ribibe :
—“Est autem *ribela* musicum instru-
mentum habens solum duas cordas sono
distantes a se per diapente, quod quidem,

sicut et viella, cum arcu tangitur.”—W. C.
ribble, a fiddle or guittter, Gl. Ch.—P.

⁴ MS. ny.—F.

⁵ of you.—P.

⁶ The French adds some lines about
the kiss, on which so much turns at the
end :

“Certes moult auroit grant honnor
Icil qui de mal l'estordroit,
Et qui le *FIRE BALMER* feroit.
Mais pros que il li a mestier !
Onques n'ot tel à chevalier.
Jà mauvais hom le don ne quière :
Tot en giroit en vers en bière !” (p. 8.)

- in his hart he was ffull light,
 & said, "my Lord Arthur,
 " my conenant is to hane that fight
 176 ffor to winne that Lady bright,
 if thou be true of word."
 . the King said without othe,
 " thereof thou saiest soothe,
 180 thereto I beare record ;
- " god thee giv strenght & might
 ffor to winne that Ladye bright
 with sheeld & with speare dint ! "
- 184 then began the maid to say,
 & said, " alas that ilke day
 that I was hither sent ! "
 shee said, " this word will spring wyde ;
 188 Sir King, lost is all thy pride,
 and all thy deeds is shent,
 when thou sendest a child
 that is wittlesse & wild,
 192 to deale doughtilie with dint !
 thou hast Knights of mickle maine,
 Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,
 ffull wise in Turnament."
 196 tho² the dwarffe with great error³
 went vnto King Arthur,
 & said, " Sir ! verament
 " this child to be a warryour,
 200 or to doe such a Labor,
 itt is not worth one farthing !
 or⁴ hee that Ladye may see,
 hee shall haue battells 5 or three
 204 trulye without any Leasinge ;
- claims the
fight.
- Arthur
assigns it
to him.
- Maid Helen
grumbles,
- and says it's
a disgrace to
Arthur
- to send a
wittlesse child
to fight,
- when he has
knights like
Gawaine etc.
- Dwarf
Tookelyne
- says the
child isn't
- worth a
farthing.
He'll have to
fight five
battles
before
reaching
himself;

¹ are shent, i.e. disgraced.—P.
² them.—P.

³ Wrong course, running. Halliwell. F.
⁴ i.e. before.—P.

the first at
the bridge of perills.

*Sir Lybius says
he's not afraid;*

*he can
fight,*

*and will
never give
in : such is
Arthur's
law.*

*Hellen
sneers at
Lybius,*

*and Tredde-
lyne tells
him*

*to go and
suck his
mammy.*

*Arthur says
" By God,
you shall
have nobody
else."*

" att the bridge of perill
beside the aduenturous chappell,
there is the ffirst begining."

208 Sir Lybius anon answered
& said, " I was neuer affeard
ffor no mans threatninge !

" somewhat hauie I lerd ¹

212 ffor to play with a swerd
there men hath beene slowe.²
the man *that* ffeethe ffor a threat
other ³ by way or by streete,

216 I wold he were to-draw.

I will the battell vndertake ;
I ne will neuer forsake,
ffor such is Arthurs Lawe."

220 the made ⁴ answered alsoe snell,⁵
& said, " *that* besemeth thee well !
who-soe looketh on thee may know

224 " thou ne durst for thy berde
abyid ⁶ the wind of my ⁷ swerde,
by ought *that* I can see ! "
then said *that* dwarfie in *that* stond,
" dead men *that* lyen on the ground,
of thee affrayd may bee ;
but betwcene ernest & game,
I counsell thee goe souke ⁸ thy dame,
& winne there the degree."

232 the King answered anon-right,
and said, " thou gettest noe other Knight,
by god *that* sitteth in Trinytye !

¹ lered, i.e. learned. see Ch. Gl.—P.

see Gl. ad Ch.—P. Al soe is alsoe i

² Where—have been slaw, Qu.—P.

MS.—F.

³ i.e. either. So they still speak in Shropshire.—P. Or is the contraction of other.—F.

⁴ abyde.—P.

⁴ The Maid.—P.

⁷ perhaps any : or perhaps she taunt him, as not a Match for a Woman.—P.

⁵ snel, i.e. presently, immediately.

⁸ souke, i.e. suck, Chauc.—P.

- If thou thinke he bee not wight,
 236 Goe¹ and gett thee another Knight [page 221]
that is of more power."
- the maid ffor ire still did thinke,²
 shee wold neither eate nor d[r]inke
- 240 ffor all *that* there were ;
 shee sate still, without fiable,
 till they had vncouered the table,
 she and the dwarffe in ffiere.
- 244 King Arthur in *that* stond
 comanded of the table round,
 4 knights in ffiere,
- of the best *that* might be found
 243 in armes hole³ & sound,
 to arme *that* child ffull right ;
 & said " through the might o Christ
 that in ffloome⁴ Iordan was baptiste,
- 252 he shold doe *that* he hight,⁵
 & become a Champyon
 to the Lady of Sinadon,
 & fstell her ffemen in flight."
- 256 to arme him they were ffaine,⁶
 Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,
 & arrayed him like a knight ;
- the 3⁴ was Sir Agrauaine,⁷
 260 & the 4th was Sir Ewaine,⁸

Hellen gets
angry.
won't eat or
drink
anything.

nor will the
dwarf.
Arthur
orders

his four best
knights to
arm Lybins.

as he'll do
what he
says,
and be the
Lady of
Sinadone's
champion.

Lybins is
armed by
Percival,
Gawaine,

Agrauaine,
and Ewaine;

¹ The M⁴ curl to the G is like w. —F.

² The French Romance makes her run the court at once in disgust, and chase her after her and overtake her, 1. 11. —F.

³ white P.

⁴ R. ver. Ital. flume. P.

⁵ engaged, engaged. P.

⁶ giv¹ P.

⁷ See the note on him in vol. i. p. 145.

⁸ —F.

⁸ Ewaine or Uwyn was the son of Arthur's sister, Morgan le Fay, and had

a bad opinion of his mother: "A," sayd syr Uwyn, "men saith that Merlin was begotten of a deuylle, but I may saye an ethely deuylle bare me." This was when he stopt "my lady" his "mader" from killing "the kyng" Vryens, his "fader, sleepynge in his bed." Caxton's *Malor*, p. 107. The Cotton MS has: The kyng was syr Eweyn, [Oweyn, below]

The scrible was syr agrafayn,

So sayd he Frenysche tale.—F.

- is clad in silk,
and has a hauberk.
gives him a shield and helm.
Percival puts on his crown ;
Agravaine brings him a spear,
and Ewaine a steed.
Lybius mounts, asks
Arthur's blessing ;
and hopes God
- them right ffor to behold.
they cast on him right good silke,
a sercote as white as any ¹ milke
that was worth 20, of golde ;
alsoe an hawberke ffaire & bright,
which was ffull richelye dight
with nayles good and fine.
Sir Gawaine, his owne ffather,
hange about his necke there
a sheeld with a griffon,²
& a helme that was ffull rich,
in all the Land there was none such.
Sir Perciuall sett on his crowne,
Sir Agrauaine brought him a speare
that was good euery where
& of a ffell fflashion.
Sir Ewaine brought him a steede
that was good in euery neede,
& as feirce as any Lyon.³
Sir Lybyus on his steede gan springe,
& rode fforthe vnto the King,
& said, " Lord of renowne !
" give me your blessinge
without any Letting !
my will is fforth me to wend."
the King his hand vpp did lift,
& his blessing to him gane right
as a Knight curteour⁴ & hende,
& said, " god that is of might,
& his mother Marry bright,

¹ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.² griffyne, qu.—P.³ The French Romance only makes Gawain order Lybius's armour to be

brought, and Gawain give him a squ

" Robers: moult esteit sages et aper

p. 11.—F.

⁴ ?for courteous.—F.

that is fflowre of all women,
 292 giae thee gracco ffor to gone
 ffor to gett the ouerhand of thy sone,
 & speed thee in thy iourney ! Amen ! "

will grant
him grace to
conquer his
foes.

[The Second Part.]

- | | |
|---|---|
| 296 Sir Lybius now rideth on his way,
& soe did <i>that</i> flaire may,
the dwarffe alsoe rode them beside,
till itt befell vpon the 3 ^d day
vpon the Knight all the way
300 ffirst they gan to chide,
& said, " Lorell ! and Caitine !
tho thou were such fine,
Lost is all thy pride ! " | Lybius
starts with
Hellen and
the dwarf.

They begin
abusing him. |
| 304 This way keepeth a Knight
that with euery man will fflght,
his name springeth wyde ; | and say that
a knight
near. |
| 310 " his name is William de la Braunche, ²
his warres may noe man stanche, ³
he is a warryour of great pride ;
Both through hart & hanch
swithe ⁴ hee will thee Launche, | Sir William
de la
Braunche. |
| 312 all <i>that</i> to him rides." ⁵
then said Sir Lybius,
" I will not Lett this nor thus
to play with him a flitt ! | [page 377]
will own
spear him
through. |
| 316 ffor any thing <i>that</i> may betide,
I will against him ryde
to looke if <i>that</i> he can sitt ! " | Lybius says

whatever
happens he'll
ride at him. |

¹ Lovell baw fellow, Homo peritus. (leaf 45, col. 1) Cotton MS. - E.

² Ly. P. ⁴ stop, stay, reist. P.

³ William Celebraunche (leaf 44 b.) ⁵ soon P.

⁴ w^o and wylleam celebraunche, L. 342. ⁶ and all that—ride, qu. — P.

- thé rode on then all 3 :
- 320 vpon a ffaire Causye.
 Near the
Aduenturous
Chapel
they see a
knight
on the
Bridge of
Peril,
- 324 beside the aduenturous chappell¹
 a knight anon they can see
 with armes bright of blce,
- 328 vpon the bridge² of perrill.
 he bare a sheeld all of greene
 with 3 Lyons of gold sheene,
 right rich and precyous.
- well armed.
 well armed³ was that Knight
 as he shold goe to ffight,
 as itt was his vse.⁴
- The knight
tells Lybius
 he must
fight or
leave his
harness
there.
- 332 when he saw Sir Lybius with sight,
 anon he went to him arright,
 & said to him there,
 " who passeth here by day or night,
 certer⁵ with me must ffight,
 336 or leaue his harnesse here."
- Lybius
 begs leave to
 pass.
- 340 then answered Sir Libyus
 & said, "ffor the loue of Iesus
 lett vs passe now here !
 344 wce be ffarr ffroe our ffreind,
 & haue ffarr ffor to wend,
 I and this mayden in fere.⁶"
- Sir William
 refuses, and
 says
 he must
 fight him.
- 348 Sir William answered thoë
 & said, " thou shalt not scape soe !
 soe god giue me good rest,
 thow & I will, or wee goe,
 deale stroakes betweene vs tow
 a litle here by west."

¹ Ryght to chapell Aントours.—Lambeth MS. Be a castelle auenterous.—C.

² Fr. *le Gué Périlleux*.—F. Poynt perylous.—Lambeth MS. valo perylous.—C.

³ arned in the MS.—F.

⁴ The French adds, p. 13, l. 330-3
 Maint chevalier l'ont trouvé durc

Que il avoit oçis al gué;
 Moult étoit plains de cruauté,
 BLOELIEUS avoit non.

⁵ certes.—P.

⁶ together.—

- Sir Libyus sayd, " now I see
that itt will none other bee ;
 goe forth and doe thy best ;
352 take thy course with thy shaft
if thou can¹ well thy craft,
 ffor I ame here all prest."²
- then noe longer they wold abyde,
356 but the one to the other gan ryde
 with greatt randaun.³
- Sir Libyus there in⁴ that tyde
smote Sir william on his side
360 with a speare felon⁵ ;
but Sir william sate soe fast
 that his stirroppe all to-brast,
 he leaned on his arsowne ;
- 364 Sir Lybius made him stoupe,
 he smote him over the horse croupe
 in the feeld a-downe ;
- his horsse ran ffrom him away.
- 368 Sir william not long Lay,
 but start anon vpright,
and said, " Sir, by my-in flay,
neuer beffore this day
- 372 I ffound none soe wight !
now is my horsse gone away !
flight on [foot].⁶ I thee pray,
 as thou art a Knight worthye."
- 376 then sayd Sir Lybius,
 " by the leaue of Sweete Jesus
 thereto ffull ready I am.⁷"

Lybius says

Charge away!

They charge ;

Lybius hits
Sir William
on the side,drives him
over his
middle-back,and grounds
him.Sir William
starts upand asks
Lybius to
fight on foot.¹ Ap. P.² C. & A. — P.³ Ap. G. Doing roundoun. The swift

— Flight or Motion of any thing.

Be roundoun item GI. G.D. — P.

⁴ MS. therin. — F.⁵ fel, felon, felonous, wicked, also cruel.

G. v. — G. (Chauc.) — P.

⁶ on [foot]. I &c.—P. a fot.—C.

on fot—Lam.

' am I. — P.

They do =

then together they went as tyte,¹
 & with their swords they gan smite;

they fflought wonderous Longe ;
 stroakes together they lett flinge

that they ffyer out gan springe
 from of their helmes strong.

but Sir william de² la braunche
 to Sir Lybius gan he launche,

& smote on his sheild soe ffast
 that one cantell³ ffell to the ground ;

& Sir Lybius att that sonde⁴
 in his hart was agast.

at the
first
time
they
met.

Sir William

comes off a
corner of
Lybius's
shield.

Lybius

then Sir Lybius with all his might
 defended him anon-right,

was⁵ warryour wight & slye ;
 coyse⁶ & crest downe right,

he made to fly with great might,
 of Sir Williams helme on hye ;

& with the point of his sword
 he cut of Sir williams berd,
 and touched him ffull nye.

comes off the
end and
corner of Sir
William's
helme.and his
berd.Sir William :
is now :
in two :

Sir William smote Sir Lybius thoe
 as that his sword brast in tow
 that many men might see with eye.

be years for
his life.

then Sir William began to crye
 & sayd, "ffor the Loue of Marrye,
 on liue let mee weelde !

itt were great villanye
 fför to make a Knight dye
 weponlesse in the feeld."

¹ quickly.—F.

² MS. do.—F.

³ cantle, a Piece, a part. GL Ch.—P.

⁴ Perhaps stounde, time, moment,

space.—P. Sonde is message.—F.

⁵ as, qu.—P. as.—C. and L.

⁶ *coif-de-fer*, the hood of mail worn by
knights in the twelfth century. *Fair-*

holt. The second seal of Henry
presents him without a helmet, the
of mail being drawn over a *ste*
called a *coif-de-fer* in contradistinc
to the *chapelle-de-fer* worn over the
Pianchi, i. 94.—F.

⁷ That his, &c.—P.

⁸ As men, &c.—P.

then spake Sir Lybius
 & sayd, " by the leane of Iesus !
 of liffe gettest thou no space !
 412 but if thou wilt sweare anon,
 or thou out of the ffeild gone,
 here before my face,

Lybius
grants it
him

on condition

" & on knees kneele downe,
 416 & swere by my sword browne
 that thou shalt to Arthur wend,
 & say, ' Lord of great renowne !
 I am in battell ouerthrowne ;
 420 a knight me hither doth send
 that men cleped thus,
 Sir Lybius Disconius,
 vnknownen knight and hend.' "
 424 Sir william mett ² him on his knee ;
 & the othe there made hee,
 & fforward gan he wend.

that he
swears to go
to Arthurand say that
Lybius sends
him.Sir William
swears,

thus departed all the rout.
 428 Sir william to Arthurs court
 he tooke the ready way ; ³
 a sorry case there gan ffall:
 3 knights ⁴ proude and tall
 432 Sir william mett *that day* ;
 the 3 Knights all in ffre
 where his emes ⁵ sonnes deere,
 stout they were and gay.

and starts
for Arthur's
court.His three
cousins
meet him.

¹ For the next stanza and a half, the French has. p. 18:

" En a la cort Artu le roi.

" A lui en tre de par moi."

" ? mett -- F.

² The French Romance sends him home
 & unclad, puts him to bed, and there he
 sees the three knights.—F.

³ The French makes them only his

" compaignons," and him their " signor."
 Their names are :

Elias li blans, sires des Ailes,
 Et li bons chevaliers de Graies
 Et Willaume de Salebrant.

⁴ emes, Uncle. See Jun. emes. See
 Gl. ad Chauc. &c. — P. A. Max. emes,
 uncle.—F.

and ask him
who has
wounded
him.

" Sir Lybius
Disconius,

and he has
made me
swear

not to stop
till I get to
Arthur's
court,

and never to
bear arms
against
him."

His cousins
promise to
avenge him:

Lybius isn't
worth a flea;

- 436 when they saw Sir william bleed,
& alway hanged downe his head,
they rode to him with great array,
- 440 & said, " Cozen will !
440 who hath done to you this shame ?
& why bleedest thou soe long ? "
hee said, " Sirs, by St. Iame !
one that is not to blame ;
444 a stout Knight & a stronge—
Sir Lybius disconius hee hight—
to ffell his enemyes in flight ;
he is not ffarr to Learne ;
448 a dwarfe rydeth with him in fere
as he was his Squier ;
they ride away ffull yarne.¹
- 452 " but one thing grecueth me sore,
452 that he hath made me sweare
on his sord soe bright,
that I shold neuer more,
till I come to King Arthur,
- 456 Stint by day nor night ; [page]
and alsoe to him I ame yeelde
as ouercome into the ffeelde
by power of his might ;
- 460 nor against him ffor to beare
neither sheeld nor speare ;
thus I haue him hight."
- then said the Knights 3 :
464 " well auenged shalt thou bee
certes without ffayle !
ffor hee one against vs 3 ,
hee is not worthe a fflee
468 ffor to hold battell ² !

¹ yerne, inter al. nimble, Ch. Gl.—P.

² battayle.—P.

gou forth & keepe thine othe
though thou be neuer soe wroth;
wee will him assayle.

- 472 or he this fforrest passe,
wee will his armour vnlace,
the itt were double maille."

they'll soon
unlace his
armour.

- theroff wist nothing *that* wight
476 Sir Lybius, *that* gentle Knight,
but rode a well good pace ;
he & that maiden bright
made together *that* night

Lybius
rides on
with Hellom.

- 480 game & great solace.
shee cryed him mercye
ffor shee had spoken him villanye ;
shee prayed him to fforgive her *that* tyde ;
484 the dwarfie was their squier,
& serued them both in ffere
off all *that* they had need.

shee begs his
pardon for
having
abused him.

- on the morrow when itt was day,
488 fforthe the rode on their way
towards Sinadowne.
then they say¹ in their way
3 Knights stout and gay
492 came ryding ffrom Caerleon ;
to him they sayd anon-right,²
" Traitor, turne againe and flight !
thou shalt lose thy renowne !
496 & *that* made flaire & bright,
wee will her lead att night
herby vnto a towne."

Next day

the three
knights
meet Lybius,
and call on
him to fight.

¹ Now P. ? Perhaps the M⁴ has a
v. after the y, or an e after it. E.
² The French puts the fight with these

three knights (p. 36) after that with the
two giants (p. 23). E.

- Lybius is ready, charges the eldest, Sir Baner, and breaks his thigh in two.
- Dwarf Teddelyne rides Baner's horse to Hellen, and she says Lybius is a good champion.
- Sir Lybius to them gan crye,
ffor to ffight I am all readye
against you all in-same.¹"
a ² prince proude of pride,
he rode against them *that* tyde
with mirth sport and game.
the Eldest brother then beere
to Sir Lybius with a Spere,
Sir Baner was his name.³
Sir Lybius rode att him anon
& brake in tow his thigh bone,
& lett him Lye there lame.⁴
- the Knight mercy gan crye
when Sir Lybius certainly
had smitten him downe.
the dwarfe *that* hight Teodline
tooke his horsse by the raine,
he lept into the arsoone⁵;
he rode anon with that
vnto the mayd where shee sate
soe ffayre of ffashyon.
- then laughed *that* Maiden bright,
& said, "fforsooth this young Knight
is a ffull good Champyon!"
- ¹ i.e. all together; it seems a contraction of the Fr. *ensemble*. See G.D. Gl. *alsame*, sub. verb, same.—P.
² As, q.—Pencil note.
³ Willaumes vint à lui premiers, l. 1052, p. 38. The French Rom. remarks on the knights attacking singly, in the good old times, as contrasted with the cowardice of the then modern ones:
 Et à cel tens, costume estoit
Que quant i hom se combattoit,
N'avait garde que de celui
Qui faisoit la bataille à lui.
Or va li tens en febloiant
Et cis usages decaans,
Que XX et V en prendent un!
Cis usages est si commun.
- Que tuit le tienent desormès;
La force fait le plus adiès,
Tos est mués en autre guise,
Mais dont estoit fois et francise,
Pitiés, processe et cortoisié,
Et largesse sans vilonnie.
Or fait cascuns tot son pooir,
Tos entendent au decevoir. (p. 3)
- ⁴ The French makes Lybius Willaume (or Sir Baner):
Mort le trebuce del ceval.
Il ne li fera huimais mal! (p. 4)
Then Helin de Graies attacks Ly
and gets his right arm broken.—F.
⁵ Fr. Arçon, a *saddle bow*, Per M
Saddle.—P.

- 1 the 2^d brother, he beheld
 524 how is brother lay in the ffeild The second cousin
 & had lost strenght & might ;
 he smote Sir Lybius in *that tyde*
 on the sheeld with much pride, charges
 528 with his speare ffull right. Lybius.
 Sir Lybius away gan beare [page 326] Lybius unhelms him.
 with his good speare
 the helme of *that knight*.
 532 the youngest brother ² then gan ride, The third cousin
 & hitt Sir Lybius in *that tyde*
 as a man of much might,
 & said to him then anon, says he should
 533 "Sir, thou art by St. Iohn
 a ffell Champyowne ;
 by god *that sitteth in trinitye*,
 ffight I will with thee,
 540 I hope to beare thee downe." ¹ like to fight Lybius,
 as warryour out of witt,
 on Sir Lybius then hee hitt
 with a ffell ffauchyon ; and cuts through
 544 soe stiffe his stroakes hee sett,
 that through helme ³ & basenett ⁴
 he carued Sir Lybius crowne. his helm and basinet into his head.
 Sir Lybius was served in *that stead* Lybius
 548 when hee ffelled ⁵ on his head
 that the sword had drawen blood ;

¹ be myddelle broþer com ȝerne
 Vp-on a stede sterne
 Egre as lyoun.
 Hym boȝte hya body woldes berne
 But he myst al so ȝerne
 Felle lybeaus a-doun.—C.
 Sir Gramadone, the French calls
 1, l. 1122, p. 40.—F.
 helmet or head-piece, Fr. D^r. *Galea*.

⁴ *Bascinet*, a light helmet, shaped like a skull-cap, worn with or without a moveable front. *Fairholt*.—F.
⁵ felt.—P. The Lambeth MS. reads :
 The wax Lybeous a-greued
 When he felte on his hed.
 The Cotton has :
 Tho was ly-beaus agreeed
 Whan he felde on hedde.—F.

waves his
sword,

says two
against one
isn't fair
(the second
cousin
having
joined in
again ?),

and cuts off
the second
cousin's
right arm.

The third
cousin

yields to
Lybius,

and cries
for mercy.

Lybius
grants it

on condition
that he and
his two
brothers
go to Arthur,

about his head the sword he waued,—
all *that* hee hitt, fforsoothe hee cleeued,

552 as warryour wight and good ;—

Sir Lybius said swithe thoe,

“ one to ffight against 2
is nothing good.”

556 ffast they hewed then on him

with stroakes great and grim ;

against¹ them he stiffeyle stood,

² & through gods grace

560 he smote the eldest in *that* place

vpon the right arme thoe ;

hee hitt him soe in *that* place,—

to see itt was a wonderous case,—

564 his right arme ffell him froe.²

the youngest saw *that* sight.

& thought hee had noe might

to ffight against his ffoe ;

568 to Sir Lybius hee did vp-yeeld

his good Speare & sheeld ;

mercy he cryed him thoe.³

anon Sir Lybius said, “ nay,

572 thou shalt not passe this away—

by him *that* bought mankind—

but thou & thy brethren twayne

plight your trothes without Layine

576 *that* yee will to King Arthur wende,

& say, ‘Lord of great renouwne !

in battaill wee be ouercome ;

¹ 'gainst.—P.

²⁻³ The Cotton text omits these lines,
and in the next ones makes both brothers
yield to Lybius.—F.

³ The French makes the battle with

the third knight last all night til
day ; then the horse of Sir Gramado
Aies slips and falls, Lybius seiz
prostrate rider, and he is obli
yield, p. 41-2.—F.

- a Knight vs hither hath send
 580 ffor to yeeld thee tower & towune,
 & to bee att thy bandowne ¹
 euermore withouten end.'
- and give up
their all to
him.
- " & but if you will doe soe,
 584 certes I will you sloe
 as I am true Knight."
 anon they sware to him thoë ;
 that they wold to Arthur goe,
 588 their trothes anon thé plight.
 Sir Lybius & that ffaire May
 rode fforth on the way
 thither as they had hight ;
 592 till itt befell on the 3^d day
 thé ffell together in game & pley,
 heo and that Maiden bright.
- They swear
to do this,
- and Lybius
rides on with
Helen.
- On the third
day
- they rode fforthe on west
 596 into a wyde fforrest,
 & might come to noe towne ;
 thé ne wist what way best,
 ffor there they must needs rest,
 600 & there they light a-downe.
 amonge the greene eues ²
 they made a lodge with bower & leaues,
 with swords bright and browne.
- they are
benighted in
a forest
- and camp
out.
- Sir Lybius & that maiden bright [page 326]
 dwelled there all night,³
 that was soe ffaire of fflashyon.

Fr. bandon, "A son bandon," i. e. at
 rill and Pleasure. Gl. G. Doug.—P.
 eaves. Metaph. from a house build-
 —P.
 The French picture is prettier:

Li Desconnéus se dormoit
 Sur l'erbe fresce à reposoit ;
 Dalès lui gist la damoisèle,
 Deseur son brac gist la pueèle ;
 Li uns dalès l'autre dormoit,
 Li lousignols sor els cantoit. (p. 23.)

then the dwarfe began to wake,
 628 for nothe theves shold take
 away their horses with guile ;
 then for feare he began to quake ;
 a great fyer hee saw make
 632 from them but a mile.
 “ arise,” he said, “ worthy Knight !
 to harsse that wee were dight
 for doubt of more perill !
 636 certes I heare a great bost¹ ;
 also I smell a savor of rost,
 by god & by S^t Gyle ! ”

[The Third Part.]

Sir Lylyns was stout & gay,
 639 & leape vpon his palfrey,
 & tooke his sheeld & speare
 3rd part & rode forth full fast.
 2 grants hee found at Last,
 644 [that]² strong & stout were.
 The one was blacke as any sole,³
 the other as red as fferye cole,
 & foulle bothe they were.
 648 the blacke Gyant held in his⁴ arme
 a thaire mayd by the barme,⁵
 bright as rose on bryar⁶ :

¹ burst, report like die discharge of a gun. It is still called *burst* in Shropsh.—F.

² Who.—P.

³ A-S. *sw.* scil. fith. mire. dñe. Bosword. Fr. *swartier*. to scyle. slaurie. dñe. swartz. teray. begrene. Cottgrave. The Cotton stanza is :
 but he was Red & lolyber,
 And but ther swart as pretz.
 Graysly bofe of chere,
 but ther beode yn hys barne
 A mayde y-clipped yn hys arme.
 As breys as blode on brere.—F.

⁴ *bus* in the MS. with a do
The French is :

Car uns gaians moult la pressoil
 A force baistier le voloit,
 Mais cele ne l' pooit souffrir,
 Mais se voloit laisser morir.

⁵ Sinus, gremium.—P. A-S. *i* the womb, lyp, bosom. Bosword

A mayde i-clipped in his barne.—

⁶ bryar, so in Chaucer.—P. *Br* one of the words entered under a Levin's Manipulus or Rhyming Dictionary, p. 209, col. 1, ed. 1867.—F.

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| | the red Gyant ffull yarne
swythe about can turne | a red one |
| 632 | a wild bore on a spitt ;
ffaire the ffyer gan berne.
the maid cryed ffull yerne, | roasting a
boar on a
spit. |
| 636 | for men shold itt witt ;
shee said, " alas & euer away
that euer I abode this day
with 2 devills for to sitt ! | The maid
cries out |
| 640 | helpe, Mary <i>that</i> is soe mild,
for the loue of the ¹ child,
<i>that</i> I be not fforgett ! " | for help. |
| | Sir Lybius said, " by S: Iame ! | Lybius says |
| 644 | ffor ² to bring <i>that</i> maid ffrom shame
itt were ffull great price ;
but ffor to fight with both in shame ³
it is no childs game, | it's no child's
play to fight
both giants, |
| 648 | they be soe grim and grise. ⁴ "
he tooke his course with his shaft
as a man <i>that</i> cold his craft,
& he rode by right assise : | but he
charges the
black one, |
| 652 | the blacke he smote all soe smart
through the liuer, long ⁵ & hart
<i>that</i> he might neuer rise. | and runs
him right
through the
heart. |
| | then filed <i>that</i> maiden sheene, | The maid |
| 656 | & thanked ⁶ Marye, heauens queene,
<i>that</i> succour had her sent. | flies ; |
| | then came mayd Ellen
& the dwarffe by-dene, ⁷ | Hellen takes |
| 660 | & by the hand her hent, | her |

¹ perhaps thy.—P.

² for.—P. qu. MS. ffea.—F.

* in same, i. e. together, ensemble, Fr.

P.

[•] id. ac grisly, horrid, horrible.—P.

* lung.—P.

* *d* added by Percy.—F.

⁷ MS. " & by the dwarffe dene," but

the tmesis must be a copier's mistake.

—F. And the Dwarf by-dene.—P.

Sche & here dwerk y-mene.—Cot.

into the
forest,

and she
prays for
Lybius's
safety.

The red
giant
hits at
Lybius with
the boar,

and knocks
his horse
down.

Lybius
fights with
his sword.

The giant
lays on
Lybius with
his spit,

covers him
with boar's
grease,

& went into the greaues,¹
& lodged them vnder the leaues
in a good entent;

664 & shee besought Iesus.
ffor to helpe Sir Lybius
that hee was not shent.

668 the red Gyant smote thore²
att Sir Lybius with the bore
as a woolfe that were woode;

his Dints he sett soe sore,
that Sir Lybius horsse therfore
downe to the ground yode.³
then Sir Lybius with feirce hart,
out of his saddle swythe he start
as spartle⁴ doth out of fyer;

676 feir[c]ely as any Lyon
he fflought with his ffawchyon
to quitt the Gyant his hyer.

680 5 the Gyants spitt sickerlye
was more then a cowle tree⁶
that he rosted on the bore;
He laid on Sir Lybius ffast,
all the while the spitt did last,

684 euer more and more.

the bore was soe hott then,
that on Sir Lybius the grease ran

¹ i.e. Groves, Bushes. So in Chauc.

—P.

² i. e. there, *metri gratia*. so in Chauc.

—P.

³ went.—P. The French makes Lybius kill the other giant first:

Il . . . fier celui premierement

Qui esforçoit la damoisèle.

Si la féru lès la mamicle.

Le fer li fist el cuer serrer ;

Les ioiis del cief li fist torbler ;

Mort le trebuce el feu ardant. (p. 27.)

The Cotton text (leaf 46 back, col. 2)

follows the French:

be blake geaunt he smote smē
borgh the lyure, longe, & he

but never he myste arysse.—

⁴ sparkle.—P. sparkyll.—L

—C.

⁵ This stanza is not in C. or

⁶ ? Phillipps's *coul-staff*:

kind of Tub, or Vessel with tw

be carry'd between two Person

Coul-staff." See Lambarde's I

lation, p. 367, and Strutt, ii. :

Halliwell, under *Cowlstaff*.—F.

right ffeast thore.¹

- 688 the gyant was stiffe & stronge,
15 foote he was Longe;
hee smote Sir Lybius ffull sore.

and batters
him till

- Euer still the gyant smote
692 att Sir Lybius, well I wott,
till the spitt brast in tow.
then as man that was wrath,
ffor a Trunchyon florthe he goth
696 to ffight aga[i]nst his ffoe,
& with the End of that spitt
Sir Lybius sword² in 3 he hitt.
then was Sir Lybius wonderous woe.
700 or he againe his staffe vp caught,
Sir Lybius a stroke him rought
that his right arme ffell him ffroe.

the spit
breaks.
Then he gets
a truncheon,

and splits
Lybius's
shield with
it.

but drops
his staff.
Lybius cuts
off his right
arm.

- the Gyant ffell to the ground,
704 & Sir Lybius in that stond
smote of his head tho:
in a ffrench booke itt is ffound.³
to the other he went in that stond,⁴
708 & serued him right soe.
he tooke vp the heads then
& bare them to that faire maiden
that he had woone in ffight.
712 the maid was glad & blythe,
& thanked god often sithe
that euer he was made a Knight.

then his
head.

and gives
both heads
to the
maiden.

- Sir Lybius said, "gentle dame,
716 tell me now what is your name

There is nothing of this grete
part in the French and Cotton texts.
See note 1. Col. The French has not
the passage.—F.

¹ Renaut de Bussiere's text ends at the
cutting off of the right arm, but makes
Lybius split the giant's head to the
teeth. P.

² sword.—P.

tells him
that her
father is

an earl,
Sir Arthore,
and her
name is
Violet.

She was out
walking

when the
giant sprang
on her,

and would
have
destroyed
her,
had it not
been for
Lybus.
Christ
reward him!

They all ride
to

& where that you were borne."

"Sir," she said, "by S^t Iame,
my fathur is of rich ffame,
720 & dwelleth here beforne;
he is a Lord of much might,
an Erle & a Noble Knight;
his name is S[ir] Arthore,
724 & my name is Vylett,¹
that the Gyant had besett
for the Castle ore.

"as I went on my demeaning ²

728 to-night in the eueni[n]ge,
none euill then I thought;
the gyant, with-out leasing,
out of bush he gan spring,

732 & to the ffyer me brought.
of him I had beene shent,
but that god me succour sent
that all this world hath wrought.

736 Sir Knight! god yeold thee thy meed,
ffor vs that on the roode did bleed,
& with his blood vs bought!"

without any more talking

740 to their horsses they gan spring,³

¹ Vilett, Violette.—P. Vyolette.—Cot. The French gives the name and story differently:

. . . nommée sui Clarie . . .
Et Saigremors si est mes frère,
Li jaians me prist cés mon père.
En un vergier hui mais entrai
Et por moi déduire i alai.
Li jaians ert desous l'entrée,
Trova la porte desfremée;
Iluec me prist, si m'enporta,
Ici son compaignon trova. (p. 32.)—F.
² probably going a walking, demener,

the same as promener, qu.—P.
Yesterday yn the mornynge
Y wente on my playnge.

Cot. MS. in R

³ The French text makes th
have a grand feast on the grass
giants' food. Squire *Robers* disti
himself as cook, seneschal, butl
shal, chamberlain, and squire, he
the dwarf, p. 32-34. *Robers* is
useful personage all through the
story.—F.

- & rode ffor all in-same,
 & told the Erle in euery thing¹ Sir
 how he wan in fligting Arthore's,
- 744 his Daughter ffrom woe & shame.
 then were these heads sent and Lybius
 vnto King Arthur ffor a present sends the
 with much mirth & game, giants' heads
 to King Arthur.
- 748 that in Arthurs court arose and Lybius
 of Sir Lybius great Losse² gives
 & a right good name.
- 752 ³ the Erle, ffor that good deede, Sir Arthore
 gaue Sir Lybius for his meede gives Lybius
 sheeld and armour bright, armour
 & alsoe a noble steede and a noble
 that was good in euery need, steed.
 756 in trauayle & in ffight.
- [The Fourth Part.]
- now Sir Lybius and his May Lybius rides
 tooke their leauie, & rode their way on towards
 thither as they had hight.⁴ the Waste
 Land,
- 760 Then they saw in a parke [page 328]
 a Castle stiffe & starke,⁵ and sees a
 that was ffull maruelouslye dight; castle
- 4⁶ parte. { wrought itt was with lime & stone,—
 764 such a one saw he neuer none,—
 with towers stiffe & stout.

tydynges.—Cot.

e, praise.—F.

ie Cotton text has an extra stanza
 which Sir Arthore offers Lybius
 daughter Vyolette to wife, but the
 declined, leaf 47 b. MS., p. 30,
 The French has neither of the
 .—F.

y Ryde forþ alle þre

Toward þe fayre cyte,

Kardeuyle fore soþ hyt hyȝt.—C.

Here follow in the French a page and
 a quarter of what M. Hippéau terms
 "Digression de l'Auteur: Il sera fidèle
 à celle qu'il ne peut encore nommer
 s'amie, mais qu'il appelle la moult aimée."
 The next adventure with Sir Gefferon,
 or Part IV, is omitted.—F.
 ' i. e. strong.—P.

which he
thinks very
strong.

Hellen tells
him that a
brave knight
lives there :

whoever
brings him
a lady

fairer than
his own,
gets a white
falcon ;

but if she is
not so fair,
Sir Gefferon

cute his head
off.

Lybius
declares he'll
fight
Gefferon,

and produce
Hellen as
his love.

Sir Lybius said, "soe hane I blis !
worthy dwelling here itt is

768 to them *that stood in doubt!*"
then laughed *that Maiden bright,*
& sayd, "here dwelleth a *Knight,*
the best *that here is about.*

772 who-soe will with him ffight,—
be he Baron or be he knight,—
he maketh him to loute.

"soe well he loueth his Leman

776 *that is soe faire a woman,*
& a worthy in weede,
who-soe bringeth a ffairer then,
a ioly fflawcon as white as swan

780 he shall hane to his meede.

& if shee be not soe bright,
with Sir Gefferon he must ffight ;
& if he may not speed,
784 ¹his [head] shall be ffrom him take,
& sett ffull hye vpon a stake,
trulye withouten dread.

"the sooth you may see and heere ;
788 there is on euery corner²
a head or tow ffull right."

Sir Lybius sayd al soe soone,
"by god & by S^t Iohn !
792 with Sir Gefferon will I ffight,
& chalenge the Iolly fflawcon,
& say *that* I hauie one in the towne,
a leman al soe³ bright ;

796 & if hee will her see,
then I will bring⁴ thec,
be itt day or by night."⁵

¹ his [head] shall.—P.

² Percy has added an *e* at the end.
—F.

³ MS. alsoe, and in line 790.—F. al

soe.—P

⁴ Only half the *s* in the MS.

⁵ by day or night, or *dele* by.

- the dwarffe sayd, "by Sweete Iesuſ !
 800 gentle Sir Lybyus¹ Disconiys,
 thou puttest theo in great perill.
 Sir Giffron La ffaudeus,²
 in fligting he hath an vſe
 804 Knights flor to beguile."
 Sir Lybius answered and ſware,
 & ſaid, "therof I haue no care !
 by god & by S^t Gyle,
 808 I will ſee him in the face
 or I paſſe out of this place,
 ffor all his ſubtle wile ! "

 without any more queſtyon
 812 thē³ dwelled ſtill in the towne
 all night therē in peace.
 on the morrow he made him readiſ
 ffor to winne him the Maſtery⁴
 816 certes⁴ withouten Leaſe.
 he armed him full ſure
 in the ſayd Armor
 that King Arthur⁵ war,
 820 & his horſe began he to ſtryde ;
 the dwarffe rod by his ſyde
 to that ſtrong paſſe.

 Sir Giffron la ffaudeus
 824 rose vp, as itt was his vſe,
 in the morrow tyde
 ffor to honor sweete Iesuſ.
 then he was ware of Sir Lybius ;
 828 as a prince of much pryde
- The dwarf
 warns him
 of Geffron's
 wiles.
- Lybius
 doesn't care
 for 'em ; be
 well fight.
- Next day
 Lybius
- arms
- and rides to
 Geffron's
 castle.
- Geffron
- were him.

There is a stroke too many after the
 - the M^s. F.
 Sir Giffron le Bowdous. - Cot.
 Sir Giffron. - P.

¹ MS. certe. - F.
 erl autore. Cot., which must be
 right. - F. Sir Arthores, or Knight Ar-
 thors. - P.

ffast he rode into *that* place.

Sir Ieffron maruailed att *that* case,

& loud to him did crye

832 with voyce loud and shrill :

"comest thou ffor good or ill ?
tell me now on hye."

and asks why
he comes.

Sir Lybius said al soe ¹ tyte,

836 " certes I haue greate delight
with thee ffor to ffight !

thou hast [said] great despite ; ²

thou hast a Leman,³ none so whyte

840 by day or by night

as I haue one in the towne,
ffairer of ffashyon

for to see with sight.

"To fight
you," says
Lybius;

"you have
no such fair
maiden as I
have ;

give me
your falcon
for King
Arthur.

844 therfore thy Iolly ffawcowne,
to King Arthur with the crowne
bring I will by right."

Sir Geffron said al soe right,

848 " where shall wee see *that* sight,
whether the ffairer bee ? "

My lady is in
Cardigan ;

we'll set
yours and
mine in the
market,
and see
which is
the fairer."

Sir Lybius said, " wee will ffull right
in Cardigan see *that* sight,⁴

852 there all men may itt see ;
in the middes of *that* Markett,
there shall they both be sett
to looke on them soe ffree ⁵ ;

856 & if my Leman be browne,
ffor thy Iolly ffawcowne
inst I will with thee."

¹ MS. alsoe, and in l. 847.—F.

² Thou seyst a foule dispite.—Lam.

³ Lennan in the MS.—F.

⁴ In Cardewyle cyte ryȝt.—C.

⁵ bothe bond & fre.—Cot.

Sir Geffron said alsoe then,

860 " I wold faine as any man
to-day att yondertyde.¹

all this I grant thee well,
& out of this Castell

864 to Cardigan² I will ryde."
their gloues were there vp yold,
that fforward³ to hold,
as princes proud in prydē.

868 Sir Lybius wold no longer blinn,⁴
but rode againe to his inn
& wold no longer abyde.

Geffron
agreed.

Lybius rides
back, and

he said to maid Ellen

872 that was soe bright & sheene,
" looke thou make thee bowne !

I thee say, by S^t Quintin,
Sir Gefferons Leman I will winn :

876 to-day shee will come to towne,
in the midds of this ctyte,
that men may you see,

& of you bothe the flashyon ;

880 & if thou be not soe bright,
with Sir Geffron I shall flight
to winne the lollye flawcowne."

tells Helion
to get ready.

as she is to
be shown
against
Geffron's
love.

the dwarfe answered, " for-thy⁵

884 that thou doest a deed hardye⁶
ffor any man borne.

thou wilt doe by no mans read

The dwarf
tells him it's
a foolhardy
business;

¹ *the ydertyde.* — P. *hyd day at*
the tyde. — C. *This day at under-*

L.

Karlyle Cot. *Karlyle.* — Lam.
A. S. *Agreement.* — F.
Lam. in the MS. — F.
for thy therefore, according to G.
A. G. D., here it should seem to be
awch. — P. *Cot omits this stanza*

The Lambeth MS. has:

The Dwerff answerd and said,

" Thow doest a savage dede !

ffor any man i-borne

Tow wylt not do by Rode,

But faryst with thi madl heale

As lorde that wylt be leue "

** hardye, qu. P. MS. not clear. V*

for thou fforest in thy child head
as a man *that wold be lorne!*

he'd better
go on his
way.

& therfore I thee pray
to wend fforth on thy way,
& come not him beforne."

Sir Lybius won't
hear of this.

888 Sir Lybius said, "that were great shame!
I had leuer with great grame¹
with wild horses to be torne."

Hellen
decks herself

maid Ellen, ffaire and free,

896 made hast sickerlye

her ffor to attyre
in Keicheys² *that were white,*
for to doe all his delight,

900 with good³ gold wyer.

with a violet
mantle,

a vyolett mantle, the sooth to say,
ffurred well with gryse gay,⁴

shee cast about her Lyer⁵;

and precious
stones,

904 the stones shee had about her mold
were precyous & sett with gold,⁶

the best in *that shire.*

and rides on
a palfrey

Sir Lybius sett *that ffaire May*

908 on⁷ a right good⁸ Palffrey,

& rode fforth all three.

to Cardigan
market.

euery man to other gan say,

" heere cometh a ffaire May,

912 And louelye ffor to see! "

¹ i.e. grief, sorrow; vexation, anger;
madness; trouble, affliction, G. ad
Chauc.—P.

² Kerchofs, qu.—P. keuechers.—C.
kerchevys.—L.

³ arayde wyth.—Cot.

⁴ Pelured with grys & gray.—Cot.

⁵ swyre (neck).—Cot.

⁶ A sercle vp-on here molde,
Of stones & of golde.—Cot.

⁷ Mold, the suture of the skull; f
fashion, appearance.—Halliwell.

⁸ om, or ? one, in the MS.—F.

⁹ Vp-on a pomely.—Cot.

in the middes¹ of that citye.

- 916 anon the saw Geffron come ryde,
& 2 squiers by his side,
& na more meanye²:

To them
comes
Gefferon,

- he bare a sheelde of greene,
920 richelye itt was to be seene³;
of gold was the bordure,
dight itt was with flowers
& alsoe with rich colours,
924 like as itt⁴ were an Emperour.
the⁵ squiers did with him ryde ;
the one bare by his side
3 shafts good & stoure,⁶
928 the other bare, his head vpon,
a gentle lolly fawcon⁷
that was laid to wager;

with two
squires

(one bearing
a falcon)

- & after did a Ladie ryde,
932 faire & bright, of Much pryde,
cladd in purple pall.
the people came farr & wyde
to see that Ladie in that tyde,⁸
936 how gentle⁹ shee was and small ;
her mantle was of purple fine,
well flurred with good Armine,
itt was rich and royll ;
940 a sercotte sett about her necke soe sweete
with dyamond & with Margarett,
& many a rich Emerall ;

and his fair
lady,

clad in

her surcoat
set with
diamonds,
pearls,
and
emeralds;

¹ In MS. F.

[•] Idem ac *sture, ingens, crassus*. Lyc.

² *two* P.

P.

³ *He bare he shidle of goulens,*

[•] I would read *her-faucon*, see at 37

of silver thru whyte oules. C.

[1. 977] below. P. *gerfawone* C.

⁴ *He bare the shidle gowlys,*

[•] To see here *tak* & *syde* Cot.

of silver or three white owlys - L.

(which has many variations in the follow-

⁵ *two* P.

^{ing lines.} F.

⁶ *two* P.

[•] *forte, gump.* - P.

her hue
rose-red,
her hair
golden,

her brows
like silk,

her eyes
grey.

The lookers-
on

put two
chairs for
the ladies,

and decide
that
Gefferon's
is the fairer.

Hellen is
only fit to be
her laundry-
maid.

Lybius then
challenges
Gefferon to
fight.

her colour was as the rose red ;

944 her haire *that* was on her head,
as gold wyer itt shone bright ;
her browes were al soe ¹ silke spread,
faire bent in lenght & bread ;

948 her nose was faire and right ;
her eyen gray as any glasse ;
milke white was her ffacie.

thé said *that* sawe *that* sight,

952 her body gentle and small,
'her beautye ffor to tell all,
noe man with tounge might.'

unto the Markett men gan bring

956 2 Chaires ffor to sitt in,
their bewtye ffor to descriye.
then said both old & younge,—
fforsooth without Leasing
960 betweene them was partye,—²
Geffrons Leman was faire & cleere
as euer was any rose on bryer,³
fforsooth without Lye.

964 Maid Ellen, the Messenger,
seemed to her but a Launderer ⁴
in her nurserye.

then said Sir Geffron la ffradeus,⁵

968 " Sir Knight, by Sweet Iesus,
thy head thou hast fforlore ⁶ ! "
" nay ! " said Sir Lybius,
" *that* was neuer my vse !

972 iust I will therfore ;

¹ MS. alsoe.—F.

² This Line in a Parenthesis.—P.

³ brere.—P. There is no short stroke
to the *y* in the MS.—F.

⁴ i. c. Launderess, Laundress.—P.

⁵ le fludous.—Cot.

⁶ lost.—P. The Cotton MS. rea
Syr lybeaus Desconus,
bys hauk bou hast for-lore.

" & if thou beare me downe,
take my head on thy flawchyon,
& home with thee itt lead ;
978 & if I beare downe thee,
the Ierffaucon shall goe with mee
maugre thy head indeed.

" what needeth vs more to chydo ?
980 but into the saddle let vs glyde,
to proue our mastery."

either smote on others sheeld the while They charge
with crownackles¹ that were of steele,
984 with great envye.
then their speares brake assunder ; and their
the dints flared as the thunder
that cometh out of the skye.

988 trumpetts & tabours,
herawdyes & good desoures,²
Their stroakes ffor to³ descrye. (page 231)

Geffron then began to speake :

992 " bring me a spere that will not breke,
a shaft with one crownall !
ffor this young ffeley ffreke
sitteth in his saddle steke⁴

Geffron
calls for a
spear that
won't break,

996 as stone in Castle wall.
I shall make him to stoope
swithe ouer his saddle croope,
& giue him a great ffall,

and he'll
soon unorse
Lyttus !

1000 tho he were as wight a warryour
as Alexander or Arthur,
Sir Lancelott or Sir Perciuall."

¹ coronals.—Cot. *Cornual*, the upper part of a jousting-lance, constructed to unhorse, but not to wound, a knight. Hartnett, p. 426 (with a cut of one).
² This seems to be the same as *Crownall*, s. 40 [of MS., l. 993 here]. Both seem to signify the heads of the spears.—P.
³ discours, tellers, narrators.—P.
⁴ gen.—Cot.
⁵ steke for stuck, rhythmi gratia.—P.

They charge again.

Geffron loses his shield.

*The third course,
Geffron does nothing.*

The fourth,

Sir Lybius

breaks Geffron's back,

and wins his falcon.

then the Knights both tow
 1004 rode together swithe thoe
 with great ren[d]owne¹ :
 Sir Lybius smote Sir Geffron soe
 that his sheild ffell him ffroe
 1008 into the ffieeld againe.²
 then laughed all that was there,
 & said without more,
 Duke, Erle, or Barron,
 1012 that " thé saw neuer a Knight,
 ne noe man abide might
 a course of Sir Geffron."

another course gan thé ryde :
 1016 Sir Geffron was aggreeuned that tyde
 ffor hee might not speede.
 he rode againe al soe³ tyte,
 & Sir Lybius he gan⁴ smite
 1020 as a doughtye man of deed.

Sir Lybius smote him soe ffast
 that Sir Geffron soone he cast
 him and his horsse a-downe ;
 1024 Sir Ieffrons backe bone he brake
 that the ffolkes hard itt cracke ;
 lost was his renowne.
 then they all said, lesse & more,
 1028 that Sir Geffrons had Lore
 the white Gerffawcon.⁵
 the people came Sir Lybius before,
 & went with him, lesse & more,
 1032 anon into the towne ;

¹ With welle greet Raundoun.—Cot.

² I would read *adowne*. see below, st. 45.—P. a-doun.—Cot. a-downe.—L.

³ MS. alsoe.—F.

⁴ MS. gam.—F.

⁵ Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

& Sir Geffron ffrom the feefeld
was borne home on his sheild
with care and ruefull mone.

Gefferon is
carried
home.

1036 the Gerffawcon sent was,
by a knight *that hight Chaudas*,¹
to bring to Arthur with the crowne ;

The falcon
is sent by
Chaudas

1040 & rote² to him all *that dead*,³
& with him he gan to leade
the flawcon *that Sir Lybius wan*.
when the King had heard itt read,
he said to his knights in *that stead*,
1044 “Sir Lybius well warr can !
he hath me sent with honor
that he hath done battells 4
since *that he began* ;
1048 I will him send of my treasure,
ffor to spend to his honor,
as ffalleth⁴ ffor such a man.”

to King
Arthur,

who praises
Lybius,

1052 a 100ⁱⁱ; ready⁵ prest
of ffloyrins to spend *with the best*,
he sent to Cardigan towne.
then Sir Lybius held a feast
that lasted 40 dayes att Least
1056 with Lords of renowne.⁶
& att the 6: weeke end
hee tooke his leave, ffor to wend,
of duke, Erle, and Barron.

and sends
him to
Cardigan
£100 of
florins,
with which
Lybius
makes a
forty days'
feast,

and then
takes his
leave.

There was one Chandos a herald,
se book is preserved in Worcester
ege Library, Oxon.—P.
He wrote, sic legerim.—P.
deed.—P.
fitteth, qu.—P.
ready, speedy.—P.

* The Cotton text sends the falcon
by a knyght that hyght Gludas, to King
Arthur; and Arthur sends Lybius back
a hundred pound of florins to Cardelof,
where Lybius holds feast forty days.
(MS. leaf 49, col. 2; ed. Ritson, p. 42).
—F.

[The Fifth Part.]

[The Adventure of the Hound, and the Fight with Sir Otes de Lile.]

| | | |
|---|--|---|
| Lybius rides
on

towards
Sinadon.

He hears a
horn,

and the
dwarf says
it's | 1060

5 ⁴ parte

1064

1068 | Sir Lybius and his ffaire May
rode florthe on their way
towards Sinadon.

then as they rod in a throwe, ¹
hernes heard they lowd blowe,
& hoinds ² of great game.
the dwarffe said in <i>that</i> throwe, ³
“ <i>that</i> horne I well know
many yecres agone ; |
| Sir Otes de
Lile's. | 1072 | “Thatt horne bloweth Sir Ortes de lile,
That serued ⁴ my Ladye a while
seemlye in her hall ;
& when shée was taken with guile,
he fflid from <i>that</i> perill
west into worrall. ⁵ ” |
| Then they
see a
beautiful
hound | 1076

1080 | but as they rode talking,
they saw a ratch ⁶ runinge
ouerthwart the way.
then said both old & young,
“ffrom the ffirst begining
they saw neuer none see gay.” |

¹ a short space, sed vid. infra, perhaps in a row.—P. A.-S. *þrah*, a space, time.—F.

² hounds.—P.

³ a cast, a stroke. It. short space, Chauc. Gl.—P.

⁴ serued.—Cot.

⁵ Wyrhale.—Cot.

⁶ Ratches. Genus Canum: *Braccones*, Lye. Jun.—P. A.-S. *recc*, a rach, a setting dog? Lye, in Bosworth. ? a dog hunting by scent.—F.

- hee was of all couloures
that men may see on flowers
 betweene Midsummer & May.
of all sorts
of colours.
- 1084 the Mayd sayd al soe¹ soone,
“soe faire a ratch I neuer saw none,
 nor pleasanter to my pay²!
Hellen
wishes she
had it.
- “wold to God that I him ought³!”
1088 Sir Lybins anon him caught,
 & gane him to maid Elen.⁴
So Lybins
catches it
and gives it
her.
- they rode fforth all rightes,
 & told of fighting with Knights
1092 ffor ladyes bright & sheene.
they had rydden but a while,
 not the space of [a] Mile
 into that florrest greene;
soon they
- 1096 then they saw a hind sterke,⁵
 & 2 grayhounds that were like
 the ratch that I of meane.
see a stag
followed by
two grey-
hounds.
- thé hunted⁶ still vnder the Lind⁷
1100 to see the course of that hind
 vnder the florrest side.
Sir Otes de
Lile
- thero beside dwelled that Knight
 that Sir Otes de lile hight,
1104 a man of much pride;
he was cladd all in Inde,⁸
 & fast pursued after the hind
and stop to
watch her.

¹ MS. alone.—P.² satisfaction, liking.—P.³ onward, foremost.—P.⁴ The French text makes the hound stop with a thorn in its foot. Hellen takes it out, rides off with the dog, and a huntsman sees it under her cloak. She refuses to give it up to him or his master, and so Sir Otes, or *L'Orgueilous de la Lande*, rides off for his armour, and

fights Lybius.—F.

⁵ stout Hind.—P.⁶ horedle (stoapt).—Cot.⁷ Properly a *Tell* or *Lime* tree, but in these ballads it seems to be used for Trees in general.—P.⁸ i.e. azure or blue as used by Lydg.—black according to Sp. GL ad Ch.—P.

rides by on a
bay,

- 1108 vpon a bay distere ;
loude he gan his horne blow,
for the hunters shold itt know,
& know where he were.
- 1112 as he rode by *that woode right*,
there he saw *that younge Knight*
& alsoe *that ffaire May* ;
they dwarffe rode by his side.
Sir Otes bade they shold abyde,
1116 they Ledd ¹ his ratch away :
“ ffreinds,” he said, “ why doe you soe ?
let my ratch ffrom you goe ;
good for you itt were.
- 1120 I say to you without Lye,
this ratch has beene my
all out this 7 yeere.”
- 1124 Sir Lybius said anon tho,
“ I tooke him with my hands ²,
& with me shall he abyde ;
I gaue him to this maid hend ²
that with me dothe wend
- 1128 riding by my side.”
then said Sir Otes de lile,
“ thou puttest thee in great perill
to be slaine, if thou abide.”
- 1132 Sir Lybius said in *that while*,
“ I giue right nought of thy wile,
churle ! tho thou chyde.”
- 1136 then spake Sir Otes de lile,
& said, “ thy words be vile !
churle was never my name !
I say to thee without ffayle,
the countesse of Carlile
- 1140 certes was my dame ;

and
remonstrates
with them
for taking
his hound.

Lybius says
he means to
keep it.

Sir Otes
warns him
to look out
for his life.

Lybius calls
him a churl.

Sir Otes
rebukes him;

¹ The last *d* has a tag to it.—F. ² ntle, kind.—P.

| | |
|------|---|
| | " & if I were armed now
as well as art thou,
wee wold flight in-same.
if he were
armed, he
would fight
him. |
| 1144 | or thou my ratch ffrom me reue, ¹
we wold play, ere itt were eue,
a wonderous strong game."
Sir Lybius said al soe ² prest, |
| 1148 | " goe fforth & doe thy best;
Thy ratch with mee shall wend." [page 333]
they rode on right ³ west
througe a deepe fforrest,
Lybius says
" Do your
best,"
and rides on. |
| 1152 | then as the dwarffe them kend. ⁴ |
| | Sir Otes de lile in <i>that stower</i>
rode home into his Tower,
& ffor his ffreinds sent,
1156 & told them anon-rights
how one of Arthurs Knights
shamely had him shent,
& had his ratche away Inome. ⁵
1160 then the sayd all and some, ⁶
<i>that</i> " theese shall soone be tane ;
& neuer home shall hee come
tho he were as grim a groome
1164 as euer was Sir Gawaine." ⁷
Sir Otes
tells his
friends
how badly
Lybius has
treated him.
They say
they'll soon
take Lybius. |
| | they dight them to armes
with gleaues ⁸ and gysarmes, ⁹
as they wold warr on take ;
1168 Knights and squiers
They and
their friends
arm. |

¹ bereave, take away.—P.

² alsoe, MS.—F.

³ *th* is crossed out between *t* and *w*.—F.

⁴ taught, made known. Gl. Ch.—P.

⁵ y-nome, taken. Sax. *niman*, to take, hinc *nim*. Iye.—P.

⁶ sone in MS.—F.

⁷ þauȝ he were þoȝtyere gome

Than Launcelot du lake.—Cot.

M. Hippocrate prints "thogh tyer," which doesn't look much like "doughtier" at first. MS. is clear, leaf 50, col. 2, l. 5.—F.

⁸ gleave, a sword, cutlance, Fr. *glaive*.

—P. swerdeſ.—Cot.

⁹ gysarme, a halberd or Bill. Sk.—P.

- mount, leapt on their disteres
ffor their Lords sake.
- see Lybius,* vpon a hill trulye
1172 Sir Lybius they can espye,
ryding a well good pace.
and say they'll kill him. to him gan they loud crye,
& said, "thou shalt dye
1176 ffor thy great trespass ! "
Lybius Sir Lybius againe beheld
how ffull was the feild,
for many people there was ;
advises Hellen 1180 he said to Maid Ellen,
"ffor this ratch I weene
to vs commeth a carefull case.
- to hide in the forest.* "I rede *that* yee withdraw
1184 yonder into the woods wawe,¹
your heads for to hyde ;
ffor here vpon this plaine,
tho I shold be slaine,
1188 the battell I will abyde."
He will abide the battle. into the fforrest the rode ;
Lybius's foes and Sir Lybius there abode
of him what may betyde.
fire at him with bows 1192 then the smote at him with crossebowes,
with speare, & with bowes turkoyes,²
and wound him. that made him wounds wyde.
- He rides down men and horses,* Sir Lybius with his horsse ran,
1196 & bare downe horsse and man ;

¹ wode schawe.—Cot. *wave* is used in Chaucer for a *wave*, but that can hardly be the sense here.—P. ? *Waw*, wall. Jamieson.—F. ² i. e. longbowes. Fr. *Turquois*, Turkish, such as the Turks use. G. D.—P. See Strutt, p. 66, ed. 1 —F. With bowe and *wit arblaste* To hym they schote faste.—Cot.

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| | for nothing wold he spare.
euer man said then
that hee was the ffend Sathan | |
| 1200 | that wold mankind fforfare ¹ ; | like Satan, |
| | ffor he that Sir Lybius raught,
his death wound there he caught,
& smote them downe by-deene. | |
| 1204 | but anon he was besett,
as a fish in a nett,
with grommes ² ffeil and keene ; | but is beset |
| | for 12 Knights verelye
he saw come ryding redylye
in armes ffaire & bright ;
all the day they had rest,
for thē thought in the fforrest | by twelve
knights |
| 1212 | to see Sir Lybius that Knight.
in a sweate they were all 12,—
one was the Lord himselfe
in they ³ ryme to read right :— | who have
waited for
him, |
| 1216 | they smote att him all att once,
ffor they thought to breake his bones
& ffeil him downe in ffight. | and all
attack him
at once. |
| | ffast together can thē ding ;
& round they stroakes he gan fflinge
among them all in fere ;
fforsooth without Leasing
the sparkells out gan springe | |
| 1220 | of sheeld and harnesse ⁴ cleere. | Lybius |
| 1224 | Sir Lybius slew of them 3,
& 4 away gan flee | kills three
of them ;
four flee. |

* Only half the *s* is in the MS.—P.

- he slew att stroakes 3.
 & when the Lord saw the ffligt,
 of his horsse a-downe gan light,¹
- 1260 away hee ffast gan ffile.
 Sir Lybius noe longer abode,
 but after him ffast he rode,
 & vnder a chest of tree²
- 1264 there he had him killed ;
 but the Lord him yeelded
 att his will ffor to bee,
- & ffor to yeeld him his stent,³
 1268 treasure, Land, and rent,
 Castle, hall, & tower.
- Sir Lybius consented therto
 in⁴ fforward that he wold goe
 1272 vnto King Arthur,
 & say, " Lord of great renouyne !
 in battell I am ouerthrowne ;
 & sent thee to honor."
- 1276 the Lord granted theretill,
 ffor to doe all his will.
 they went home to his tower,
- & anon Maiden Ellen
 1280 with knights ffiuiteene
 was ffetched into the Castle.
 shee & the dwarffe by-deene
 told of his deeds Keene,
- 1284 & how that itt befell
 that hee had presents⁵ 4
 sent vnto King Arthur,
- Sir Otes
flees;
- Lybius
catches him,
- and Sir Otes
yields up
himself
- and all his
lands and
goods,
- and agrees to
go to King
Arthur
- and honour
him.
- They go to
Sir Otes's
castle.
Hellen is
brought
there,
- and tells Sir
Otes
that he is
Lybius's
fourth
present to
Arthur.

nd on hys courser lyȝt.—Cot.
 chesten tree, i.e. a Chestnut Tree.
 gerim. vid. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.
 m.—Cot. chasteine.—Lam.
 stint, apud Salopienses, signifies

his measure, his quantity, his share.
 —P. be sertayne extante.—Cot.
 ' MS. him.—F. in.—Cot.
 ' presentea.—Cot. personnes.—Lam.

- that he had woone ffull well.*
- 1288 the Lord was glad & blythe,
& thanked god often sithe,
& alsoe S^t Michall,¹
- that such a noble Knight*
- 1292 shold ffor that Ladye ffight
that was soe faire and ffree.
in the towne dwelled a Knight :
att the ffull ffortnight
- Lybius 1296 Sir Lybyus² there gan bee,
- recovers
from his
wounds
- & did heale him of his wounds
bothe hole and sound
by the 6 weekes end.
- and rides on
towards
Sinadon.
- 1300 then Sir Lybius and his May
rode ffor the on their way,
to Sinadon to wend ;
and alsoe the Lord of that tower
- Sir Otes goes
to Arthur,
- 1304 went vnto King Arthur,
& prisoner him did yeeld,
& told how a Knight younge
in ffighting had him woone,
& ouercome him in the feeld ;
- and tellshim
how Lybius
beat him.
- 1308 & said, "Lord of great renowne !
I am in battell brought a-downe
with a Knight soe bolde."
- 1312 King Arthur had good game,
& soe had they all in-same
that heard that tale soe told.³

¹ The Cotton text omits the rest of this part. The French of the whole part is very different.—F.

² One stroke too many for *u* in the MS. *There* means, I suppose, the house of the knight of l. 1294. The Lambeth MS. has :

Lybeous a fourtenyght
Then with him came lende,

He did helen his wounde,
And made him hole and
Corresponding nearly with our

³ The French puts in here the Falcon or Sparrow-hawk, Hippéau summarises thus, p. : L'Inconnu, Robert, Hélie, e aperçoivent, en sortant du bo Lybius has vanquished l'Ory

[The Sixth Part.]

[Lybius's Adventure at the Ile Dore.]

| | | |
|------|--|---------------------------|
| | Now let vs rest awhile
of Sir Otes de lile,
& tell wee other tales. | |
| 1316 | Sir Lybius rode many a mile,
sawe ¹ aduentures many & vyle
in England ² & in Wales,
till itt beffell in the monthe of June,
when the fienell ³ hangeth in the towne
all greene in seemlye manner, ⁴ | Lybius sawe
adventures |
| 1320 | The midsummer ⁵ day is flaire & long;
merry is the froules songe,
the notes of birds on bryar ⁶ ; | in England
and Wales |
| 1324 | | On Mid-
summer day |

[*la Londe*, our Sir Otes], un castel d'où deversad, pour venir à leur rencontre, une dame richement vêtue et d'une beauté ravissante. Elle leur apprend que celui qu'elle aimait a été tué par un chevalier redoutable qui habite le château. La se trouve, dit-elle, un épervier perché sur un bâton d'or. La dame celle qui pourra s'en emparer sera proclamée la plus belle; mais elle devra se faire accompagner par un chevalier assez hardi pour oser se mesurer avec le maître de l'épervier. La pauvre dame celle, désireuse d'obtenir le prix de la beauté, avait conduit à ce château son ami qui avait succombé dans une lutte sanglante. "Je le regagnerai, et vous verrez renouer comme la plus belle!" dit l'honneur, qui trouve l'occasion d'un nouveau triomph. *Grislet, le fils d'Or*, fut terrassé au combat; et, comme l'honneur apprend que la jeune fille par laquelle il vient de se battre est Marguerite, la fille du roi d'Écosse, Agissant, il l'a fait condamné chez son père par un chevalier dont la valeur et la loyauté sont éprouvées. Helle reconnaît en elle sa cousine; elle lui fait de tendres adieux. "Je ne suis," dit-elle avec sensibilité, "si jamais je vous re-

verrai, mais je vous aimerai toujours!" —P.

¹ One stroke too many for the *v* in the MN.—P.

² Among aduentures syde
In Yreland.—Cot.

and soy avntours the while
and [in] Irlande.—Lam.

Vile = sole, numerous.—P.

³ cerfille and finale Chervil & fennel
fe la mithigu twa Two very ⁴ mighty
(large)

be wyrie greccep Three worts formed
witing driftem (The) wit-fult Lord
halig on hevenas Holy in heavens
he be hengyd sette Them be set hung-
up;

and sende on vii. And sent to the 7
worlds worlds

carmum and endi. For the pover & the
rum rich

callum to teste. For a remedy ⁵ for
all.

Leverdoun, iii. 34-7, ed. Corkayne.
⁶ P. has added an *s* to the *r* —P.

salys Cot male.—Lam.

¹ One stroke too few in the MN —P.

² briere —P.

As notes of the nytingale —Cot.

And notes of the nyghtyngale —Lam

¹ fair and. —Cot has no.

² Who he and willsy he. —C.

³ be suspended. C.

⁴ Fennel. —C.

Lybius

sees a fair
city,which
Hellen
tells him

is Ille d'Ore,

and that a
lovely lady
is kept thereby the giant
Mangys,to whom
every knight
must bow,
and lay downe
his armour.

Sir Lybius then gan ryde
 along by a riuier side,
 & saw a ffaire Citye
 with paunillyons of much pride,
 & a castle ffaire & wyde,
 and gates great plentye.
 he asked ffast what itt hight :
 the maid said anon-right,
 " Sir, I will tell thee ;
 men clepeth itt Ille dore ;¹
 there hath beene slaine Knights more
 then beene in this countrye

" ffor a Ladye that is of price,
 her coulour is red as rose on rise.²

all this cuntry is in doubt
 ffor a Gyant that hight Mangys,³

there is noe more such theeues !⁴

that Ladye hee lyeth about ;
 he is heathen, as blacke as pitch ;
 now there be no more such

of deeds strong & stout ;
 what Knight that passeth this brigg,
 his armes he must downe ligg,
 & to the gyant Lout.⁵

" he is 20⁶ foote of lenght,
 & much more of strenght

¹ Isle Dor, Fr. Yledor.—Cot. Ille dore.—Lam. The French has a long description of the Castle, but nothing about the giant Mangys. It is a knight, *Malgiers li Gris* (p. 77), who there defends the entrance to the castle ; and if he conquers every comer for seven years (or nine according to M. Hippreau) he is to wed *La Dame aux blanches Mains*. The knight has killed 143 opponents,

and cut their heads off (p. 71, l. 19) when he is overcome by Lybius.—F.

² sprig, twig, shrub, Jun. Lye.—P.

³ Maungys.—Cot.

⁴ Nowhere hys pere ther nys.—Cot.

Nowhere is non suche.—Lam.

⁵ MS. Cot. omits the next twelve li

—F.

⁶ thirty.—Lam.

then other Knights fflue.

Sir Lybius! now¹ bethinke thee,
hee is more grimmner ffor to see

She warns
Lybius not
to fight him.

- 1356 then any one aliae;²
he beareth haire on his brow
like the bristles of a sow;
his head is great & stout³;
1360 eche arme is the lenght of an ell,
his fistes beene great & ffield,
dints ffor to drive about."

Sir Lybius said, " maiden hend !

- 1364 on our way wee will wend
ffor all his stroakes ill.
if god will me grace send,
or this day come to an end
1368 I hope him ffor to spill.⁴
tho I be young & lite,⁵
I will him sore smyte,
& let god doe his will.
1372 I beseech god almighty
that I may see with him flight,
that giant⁶ ffor to kill."

Lybius says

that by
God's help
he'll kill
him before
the day ends.

- then they rode fforth all 3
1376 vnto that flaire cytce,
men call itt Ile dore⁷;
anon Mangy can they see
vpon a bridge of tree,
1380 as grimm as any bore;

Near

Ile d'Ore
they see
Mangy

¹ well.—Lam.

² That ther with him no mached bee,
He is gryme to Discryue.—Lam.

³ grete as an hyve.—Cot.

⁴ Cot. inserts here:

I have y-easy grete okes
Falle fore wyndes stroke,

⁵ smale han stonde styffe.

and omits the last three lines of the
stanza. Lam. does the same, altering

the words a littl.—F.

⁶ lite, little.—P.

⁷ M.S. grant.—F. giant, qu.—P.

⁸ Ylledore.—Cot. Hledobur.—Lam.

with a black
shield,

his sheild was blacke as ter¹ ;
his paytrill,² his crouper,³
3 mammetts⁴ there-in were ;
1384 the were gaylye gilt with gold ;
& a spere in his hand he did hold,
& alsoo his sword in ffere.

a spear
and sword.

Mangys seck
Lybius who
he is,

and advises
him to turn
back.

Lybius

refuses.

He cryed to him in despite,
1388 & said, “ffellow, I thee quite !⁵
now what thou art, mee tell ;
& turne againe al soe⁶ tyte
ffor thine owne proffitt,

1392 if thou loue thy selfe well.”
Sir Lybius said anon-right,
“ King Arthur made me a Knight.
vnto him I made my vow
1396 that I shold never turne my backe
ffor noe such devill in blacke.
goc ! make thee readye now ! ”

They charge

Now Sir Lybius & Mangys,
1400 Of horsses⁷ proud of price
together they rode full right ;
both Lorls & Ladyes there
Lay on pount tornere⁸
1404 to see that seemlye sight,

¹ tar.—F. perhaps as *Aster*, *Haster*, or *Aster* is a word still used in Shropshire, signifying the back of the chimney. “As black as the Haster” is a common expression with them.—P. pych.—Cot. pyche.—Lam. The French knight’s shield is *Sinople*, greene colour (in Blazon).—Cotgrave :

I’s escus à sinople estoit,
Et mains blances parmi avoit (p. 73).—F.

² Poitrel, peytrel, *antilena*: The breast-armour for a horse. Jun.—P.

³ croupere. —P.

⁴ Mammet, a puppet, an Image, a

false-god. Jun.—P. One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁵ Say, þou felaw yn whyt.—Cot. & Lam.

⁶ MS. alsoe.—F.

⁷ On Horses.—P. On stedes.—Cot. & Lam.

⁸ ? *Pont Tornere*, the name of the bridge.—F.

Leyn out yn pomet toures.—Cot.

Laynen in her toures.—Lam.

The French text brings them all out of the castle, except La Dame aux blanches Mains.—F.

[page 336]

- & prayed to god loud & still,
" if that itt were his will,
to helpe that cristyan Knight;
1406 & the vile Gyaunt
that beleueueth in Termagant,
that he might dye in fflght!"
- pray that
Lybius may
kill
Mangys).
- theire speres brake assunder,
1412 their stroakes flared as the thunder,¹
the peeces gan out spring.
euery man had great wonder
that Sir Lybius had not beene vnder
1416 att the first begininge.
anon they drew sordis bothe ;
as men that were full wrothe,
together gan they dinge :
1420 Sir Lybius smote Mangyes thoe
that his sheild fstell him ffroe,
in the field he gan itt fling.
- Their spears
break ;
they drew
their
swords ;
Lybius cuts
away
Mangys's
shield ;
- Mangyes gan amite in that stead
1424 Sir Lybius horse on the head,
& dashed out his braine ;
his horssse fell downe dyinge.
Sir Lybius sayd nothing,
1428 but start vp againe ;
an axe in his hand he hent anon
that hung on his saddle arson,²
& smote a stroake of maine
1432 through Mangis horssse swire,³
carued him throug long ⁴ & liuer,⁵
& quitt him well againe.
- Mangys kills
Lybius's
horse,
and Lybius
kills him.

¹ The first part of *thunder* is blotted in the MS - F. *donder*. - Cot. *thunder*.
- Lam.

² aryon. Fr. i.e. saddle bow. - P.

³ swire, swere, the neck. Gl. ad Ch. - P.

⁴ through lung. P.
⁵ P. has added an *e* to the end of
liuer. - F.

five-harf bow and lyre. - Cot.
forkarve bow and lyre. - Lam.

Then each

wounds the
other badly,and they
fight from
six to
vensong.Lybius asks
leave to get
some drink.Mangys
gives it him,but as he
lies down
drinkingMangys
knocks him
into the
river.
Lybius gets
out,

descriue the stroakes cold no man

1436 that were giuen betwene them then ;

¹ to bedd peace was no boote thoe ;
deepe wounds there they caught,
for they both sore fflought,

1440 & either was others ffoe.

ffro : the hower of prime
till it was enensong time,
they fflought together thoe.1444 Sir Lybius thirsted then sore,
& sayd, " Mangyes, thine ore ² !
to drinke lett me goe ;

" & I will grant to thee,

1448 what loue ³ thou biddest mee,
such happe if thee betydo.great shame itt wold bee
a Knight ffor thirst shold dye,

1452 & to thee litle prude."

Mangies granted him his will,
ffor to drinke his ffull

without any more despite.

1456 as Sir Lybius lay ouer the banke,
through his helme he dranke ;Mangyes gan him smite
that into the riner he goes.1460 but vp anon he rose ;
wonderfull he was dight
with his armour euery deale ;
" now by S^t Micaheel

1464 I am twise as light !

¹ It was no boot then to bid (propose)
peace.—P. Cot. and Lam. have differ-
ent lines.—F.² mercy.—F.
³ bone.—C. & Lam.

- what weonest thouf ffeend fere ?
that I vnchristened were
or thou saw itt with sight ?
- 1468 I shall, ffor thy baptise, [page 337]
well qu[i]tte thee thy service,
by the grace of god almighty."
- 1472 a new battell there began ;
either ffaest to other ran,
& stroakes gane with might.
there was many a gentleman,
and alsoe Ladyes as white as swan,
1476 they prayed all ffor the Knight.
- but Mangis anon in the feild
carued assunder Sir Lybius sheld
with stroakes of armes great.
- 1480 then Sir Lybius rann away
thither were Mangis sheld Lay ;
& vp he can itt gett,
- & ran againe to him¹ ;
1484 with stroakes great and grim
together they did assayle ;
there beside the watter brimne
till it waxed wonderous dimm,
1488 betweone them lasted that battell.²
- Sir Lybius was warryour wright,
& smote a stroke of much might ;
through hawberke,³ plate and maille,
1492 hee smote of by the shouolder bone
his right arme soone and anon
into the feild with-out shule.
- and tells
Mangys
- he'll pay
him out.
- They fight
again ;
- Mangys
cuts Lybius's
shield in
two.
- Lybius gets
Mangys's
shield ;
- and they
fight on
- till Lybius
- cuts off
Mangys's
right arm.

¹ One stroke too many in M.S.—F.
² Battayle. —P.

³ coat of mail, thre' plate & mail, is
used both by Miles & Spencer.—P.

| | | |
|--|------|--|
| Mangys | | 1 when the gyant <i>that gan see</i>
<i>that he shold slaine bee,</i> |
| | 1496 | hee fled with much maine.
Sir Lybius after him gan hye,
& with strong stroakes mightye |
| flee. | | smote his backe in twaine.
thus was the Gyant dead : |
| Lybius
pursues him,
and cuts his
back in two, | 1500 | Sir Lybius smote of his head ;
then was the people ffaine. ³ |
| and his head
off. | | Sir Lybius bare the head to the towne ;
the mett him with a ffaire procession,
the people came him againe. |
| Lybius goes
into the
town, | 1504 | |
| and is
received by
the beautiful
Madam de
Armoroure, | 1508 | a Ladyc white as the Lyllye fflower,
hight Madam de Armoroure, ³
receiued <i>that</i> gentle Knight,
& thanked him in <i>that</i> stoure |

¹ The Ashmole MS. 61 reads :

The gyante gane to se
That shayne schuld [he] be :
He stode to fense A-ȝeyne,
And at þe secund stroke
Syr lybeus to hym smote,
And brake hys Arme in tweyne.
The gyante per he leyud,
lybeus smote of hys hede,
There-of he was full feyne ;
He bore þe hed in-to þe touñe.
With A fiyre processyoun
Tho folke come hym A-ȝene.
That lady was whyte As flowre
That men callyd denamowre.
&c. &c.

² glad.—P. And of þe batayle was
fayn.—Cot.

³ The French text has a glowing des-
cription of the lady's beauty (p. 78-9) :

Sa biauté tel clarté jeta,
Quant ele ens le palais entra,
Com la lune qu'ist de la nue . .
Plus estoit blance d'une flor,
Et d'une vermeille color
Estoit sa face enluminée :
Moult estoit bele et colorée.
Les oels ot vair, boce riant,

Le cors bien faict et avenant ;
Les levres arroit vermellettes,
[one Line wanting in the MS.]
Boce bien faite por baisier,
Et bras bien fais por embracer.
Mains ot blances com flors de lis,
Et le gorgea, desous le vis.
Cors ot bien fait, et le cief blont ;
Onques si bele n'ot el mont.
Ele estoit d'un samit vestue,
Onques si bele n'ot sous nue,
La pene en fu moult bien ouvrée
D'ormine tote eschekerée ;
Moult sont bien fait li eschekier,
Li orles fu mout a prisier ;
Et derriera ot ses crins jetés ;
D'un fil d'or les ot galonés.
De roses arroit i capel
Moult avanant et gent et bel ;
D'un afremail son col frema,
Quant ele ens el palais entra.
Molt i ot gente damoisele,
Onques nus hom ne vit tant bele.
La dame entre el palais riant,
Al Desconnéu vint devant . .
There is a further description of her
in her *cemise* at p. 84-5.—P.

⁴ la dame damore.—Cot.
la dame Amoure.—Lam.

- that hee wold her succour
 1512 against that ffeend to fflght.
 into the chamber shee him ledd,
 & in purple & pall shee him cledd,
 & in rich royll weede ;
 1516 & profferred him with honor
 ffor to be lord of towne & tower,
 & her owne selfe to meede.
- Sir Lybius frened ¹ her in hast,
 1520 & loue to her anon he cast,
 ffor shee was faire and sheene.
 alas, that hee had not beene chaste !
 ffor afterwards att the Last
 1524 shee did him betray & teene.²
 12 monthes and more
 Sir Lybius tarryed thore,³
 & his mayden with renowne,
 1528 that he might neuor out scape
 ffor to helpe & ffor to wrake⁴
 the Ladye of Sinadone ;
- ffor that faire Lady
 1532 told⁵ more of Sorcery
 then such other fflue ;
 shee made him great melodye,
 of all manner of minstrelsaye
 1536 that any man cold disreeue.

who clothes
him in
purple,

and offers
him her
lands and
herself.

He gives her
his love,

but she
betrayes him
at last.
Lybius stays
twelve
months
there,

languished by
the Lady's
sorcery,

¹ askrd.—P. granteale.—Cot.

² enrage, vex, grieve. Gl. ad G.D.

N.B. This does not appear from anything which follows in this Ballad: unless it be her detaining him by her enchantments in these stanzas.—P.

³ there, so in Chaucer.—P. The French L'ameure keeps Lybius only a night in his castle. The lady comes to him in her bosome, leans on his breast:

Se ma mameure et sa poitrine

Furset blanche comme flors d'espine;

Se li ot deus son pis mis. (p. 85-6)
She desires his love. He wants to kiss her, but she draws back, as that would be lechery till he had married her, and leaves his room. He has troubled dreams, thinking he holds her all night in his arms, and next morning he resolutely rides away, but returns after freeing the lady of Sinadowne.—F.

⁴ wreak, i.e. revenge.—P.

⁵ for cold, knew.—F.

for, when
looking on
her,
he thinke
himself in
Paradise.

when he looked on her face,
him thought certainlie *that hee was*
in paradise aline,
1540 with ffantasye and fayrye ;
& shee bleared his eye
with ffalſe sorcerye.

[The Seventh Part.]

At last,
Hellen meets
him,

till itt befell vpon a day
1544 he mett with Ellen *that may*
betweene the Castle and the tower ;

[page]

1548
7th Parte.

Then vnto him shee gan say,
“ thou art ffalſe of thy fay”
vnto King Arthur !

and the Lady
of Sinadon.

1552 My Ladye of Sinadon
may long lye in prison,
& *that is great dolour !* ”

Sir Lybius is
touched to
the heart,

1556 Sir Lybius hard her speake,
him thought his hart wold breake
ffor sorrow & ffor shame.

and they
ride off that
night.

att a posterne there beside
by night they gan out ryde
ffrom *that gentle dame.*

Sir Lybius

1560 hee tooke with him his good steede,
his sheeld & his best weede,
& rode fforth all in-same ;
1564 & the ² steward stout in ffeire,
he made him his Squier,
Sir Geffelett ³ was his name.

¹ faith.—P.

² Her.—Cot. Hir.—Lam.

³ Gyfflet.—Cot. Gurflete.—I

makes Sir
Geffelett his
steward,

- they rode fforth on their way,
1568 but lightly on their Iourney,
on bay horsses and browne ;
till itt befell vpon a day
they saw a Citye ffaire and gay,
1572 men call itt Sinadowne,¹
with a Castle hye & wyde,
and pauillyons of much pride
that were of ffaire ffashyon.
- 1576 then said Sir Lybius
“ I haue ² great wonder of an vse
that he saw ³ in the towne ; ”
- they gathered dirt & mire ffull ffast :
1580 which beffore was out cast,⁴
they gathered in I-wis.
Sir Lybius said in hast,
“ tell me now, mayd chast,
1584 what betokeneth this ?
they take in all their hore ⁵
that was cast out beffore !
methinke they doe amisse.”
- 1588 then sayd Mayd Ellen,
“ Sir Lybius, without Leasing
I will tell thee why itt is.
- “ there is no King soe well arrayed,
1592 tho he had before payd,
that there shold take ostell,⁶
ffor a dread of a steward
that men call Sir Lamberd ;
- 1596 he is the constable of the Castle.

and they
ride ontill they
see Sina-
downe.Lybius asks
why they aredrawing into
the city the
dirt that
was before
cast out of
it :What does
it mean ?Hellen
answersthat no one
can lodge
therefor fear of
Sir Lamberd.

synadowne.—Cot. Lam. *La Citté*
ite is the French name of Sinadowne ;
this preliminary castle is called
igans.—F.
He had (or).
I see.—P. The Cotton MS. reads :
But lybeaus desconus

He hadde wondere of an vus
but he saw do yn toune.
⁴ For gore, and fen, and full wast,
That there was out y-kast.—Cot.
⁵ Sax. *horh*, firmus, scruta, phlegma.
limus, Bens. Voc.—P.
⁶ Fr. *hostel*, hospitium, Domus.—P.

- If Lybius
asks for
lodging,
- 1600 Lamberd
will joust
with him ;
- and if
Lamberd
wins,
- all the
people in the
town will
throw dirt
on Lybius ;
- and unless
he fights,
he'll be
called a
coward.
- Lybius says
he'll fight
Lamberd
- and free the
lady.
- He and his
squire ride
to the
Castle,
- but ride into the C
& aske thine inne
both ffaire and .
1604 & or he bidd thee
Iusting he will the
by god & by S:
“ & if he beare the
his trumpetts¹ sh
their beaugles²
then ouer all this
both mayd & gars
1608 but dirt on thee
& but thou thithe
vnto thy lues end
cowarde thou sl
1612 & see may King A
losse all his great
for thy deeds sl
Sir Lybius sayd,
thither I will goe
if I be man on
ffor to doe Arthur
& to make that La
1620 to him I will dr
Sir Geffelett, mak
& lett vs now goe
anon that wee v
1624 they rode fforth o
till they came⁴ to
That was of gre

¹ Trumpetters.—P.

² bugles, hunting horns; from bugle, a wild bull, Lye.—P.

- & there they asked Ostell
 1628 in that faire Castell
 for a venturous knight.
 the porter faire & well
 leth them in full snell,
 1632 & asked anon-right,
 “ who is your gouernor ? ”
 they sayd, “ King Arthur,
 a man of much might.
 1634 to be a king he is worthye,
 he is the flower of Chinalrye,
 his ffone to ffeil in ffight.”
- and ask for
 lodging.
- The porter
 asks who
 their
 Governor is.
 “ King
 Arthur,
- the flower of
 chivalry ! ”
- the porter went without fiable
 1640 to his lord the Constable,
 & this tale him told :
 “ Sir, without any fiable,
 of Arthurs round table
 1644 be comen 2 knights bold.
 the one is armed full sure
 with rich & royll armoure,
 with 3 Lyons of gold.”
- The porter
 tells
 Lambert
- that two of
 Arthur's
 knights have
 come.
- Lambert
 says they
- “ bidd them make them yare¹
 1652 into the feeld ffor to fflare
 without the Castle gate.”
 the porter wold not stent,²
 but even anon went
 1656 to them lightlye att the yate,
 & sayd anon-rightes,
 “ yee aduenturous knighths,
- are to get
 ready to
 fight.
- The porter
 tells them

¹ ready. See. Gouerne. P. or yarde, Banworth. — F.

² stint, stop. — P.

- for nothing *that* yee Lett ;
- 1660 Looke your sheelds be good & strong,
& your speres good and long,
sheild, plate, & Basnett,
- to ride into
the field,
and his
lord will
fight them.
- “ & ryde you into the ffeild ;
1664 my Lord with speare and sheild
anon with you will play.”
Sir Lybius spake words bold,
& said, “ this tale is well told,
1668 & pleasant to my pay.¹ ”
- They ride in,
and wait for
- into the feld thé rode,
& boldlye there abode
in their best array.²
- Lamberd, 1672 S[ir] Lamberd armed ffull weeble
both in Iron and in steele
that was both stout & gay ;
- whose shield
is black,
- 1676 his sheeld was sure & ffine,
3 bores heads was therin
as blacke as brond brent,³
the bordure was of rich armin,—
there was none soe quent⁴ a ginn⁵
- his armour
too.
- 1680 ffrom Carlile into Kent,—
& of the same paynture
was his paytrell & his armoure.
in lande where euer he went,
- Two squires
attend him,
- 1684 2 squiers with him did ryde,
& bare 3 speares by his side
to deale with doughtye dint.
- then *that* stout stewared
1688 *that* hight Sir Lamberd

¹ liking.—P.² As best broȝt to bay.—C.

As bestis brought to baye.—Lam.

³ i. e. burnt brand.—P.⁴ quent, queint.—P.⁵ ginne, trick, contrivance.—P.

- armed him ffull well & bright,
& rode into the ffeild ward—
ffeircely as any Libbard—
- 1692 there abode him *that knight.*
him tooke a speare of great shape;¹
he thought he came to Late.
when he him saw with sight,
- 1696 soone he ² rode to him *that stond*
with a speare *that was round,*
as a man of much might.
- Either smote on others sheeld
1700 *that the peeces ffell in the ffeild*
of theire speares long.
every man to other tolde
“*that younge Knight* is ffull bold.”
- 1704 to him with a speare he fflounge;
Sir Lamberd did stiffly ssitt;
he was wrath out of his witt
ffor Ire and ffor teene,³
- 1708 & sayd, “ bring me a speare !
ffor this Knight is not to Lere,
soone itt shalbe seene.”⁴
- [page 340]
- then they tooke shaftes round,
1712 with crownalls sharpe ground,
& ffast to-gether did run ;
either proued other in *that stond*
to give either theire deaths wound,
- 1716 with harts as ffeirce as any Lyon.
Lamberd smote Sir Lybius thoe
that his sheeld ffell him ffroe
- and he rides
into the
field as fierce
as a leopard.
- Lybius
charges him,
- and both
shatter their
spears.
- They charge
again with
fresh spears.
- Lamberd
knocks
Lybius's

¹ He smote hys schaft yn grate.—C.
He sette his shelde in grate.—Lam.

² Lybeauus.—C. Lybeous.—Lam.

³ anger, madness, vexation.—P.

⁴ He cryde, “Do come a strangere
schaft !

jyf artours knyzt kan craft,

Now hyt schalle be sene.—Cot.

- into the fellia downe;
- 1720 Sir Lamberd him see hit
that vanishes¹ bee might set
spright in his arswme,²
- His shaft brake with great power.
- 1724 Sir Lyblus hitt him on the visor
that of went his helme bright:
the pesanye,³ ventayle,⁴ & gorgere,⁵
with the helme flew forth in fere,
- & Sir Lamberd spright
sate ricking⁶ in his saddle
as a chyld in a cradle
without maine & might.
- every man tooke other by the lappe,
& laughed and gan their hands clappe,
barron, Burgesse, and Knight.
- Sir Lamberd, he thought to sitt bett;
another helme he made to fett,⁷
& a shaft ffull meeete.
- & when they together mett,
either other on their helmes sett
strokes grim & great.
- then Sir Lamberds speare brast,
& Sir Lybins sate soe fast

¹ scarcely.—P.

² saddle.—P. arsoun.—C.

³ pyane.—C. pesanie.—Lam. In *The Autars of Arther*, st. xlvi. ed. Robson, p. 21, is:

He girdus to Syr Gauane

Throghe ventayle and *pesane* ;
on which Dr. Robson observes, p. 99, “This was either the Gorget or a substitute for it. In the Acts of Parliament of Scotland (anno 1420) vol. ii. p. 8, it is ordered that every one worth 20*l.* a year, or 100*l.* in moveable goods, ‘be wele horsit and haill enarmyt as a gen-

till man aucht to be. And uther sympillare of X lib. of rent, or L lib. in gudes haf hat, gorgest or *pesane*, with rerebrasarea, rambrasarea, and gluffes of plate, breast plate, and leg splentes at the lest, or better gif him likes.”—F.

⁴ auentayle.—C. ventail, The Part of the Helmet which lifts up. Johns.—P.

⁵ Gorgere, id. ac Gorget. The Piece of Armour which defends the throat. Johns.—P.

⁶ One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.

⁷ fett, fetch.—P.

in the saddle there hee¹ sett,
 1744 that they Constable Sir Lamberd
 ffell of his horase backward,
 soe sore they there mett.

unhorses
Lamberd,

Sir Lamberd was ashamed sore.

1748 Sir Lybius asked if he wold more.²
 he answered and said " nay !
 ffor sithe that euer I was bore,
 saw I neuer here beffore

and asks
him if he
wants any
more.
" No," says
Lamberd,

1752 none ryde soe to my pay !
 by the faith that I am in,
 thou art come of Sir Gawayincs kin,
 thou³ art soe stont and gay.
 1756 if thou wilt flght ffor my Ladyc,
 welcome thou art to mee,
 by my troth I say ! "

"you must be
of Gawayne's
blood ;
will you
fight for
my lady ? "

Sir Lybius sayd, " sikerlyo
 1760 I will flght for my Ladyc ;⁴
 I promised soe to King Arthur ;
 but I ne wott how ne why
 who does her *that* villanye,
 1764 ne what is her dolor ;
 but this maid *that* is her mesenger,
 certes has brought me here
 her ffor to succour."

" Certainly I
will.

Hellen has
brought me
here to help
her."

1768 Sir Lamberd said in *that* stond
 " welcome, Sir Knight of the table round,
 into my strong tower ! "

Lamberd
welcomes
him to his
tower.

then mayd Ellen anon-rightes

1772 was fletched fforth with 5 Knights

¹ One stroke too many in this word in the M.S. - F.

then embrace Hellen or *Hilie*, and ask her what she did (at Arthur's court). - F.

² The French omits this question : *que Lamperd go to Lybius and say*

³ A letter is crossed out at the end of this word in the M.S. - F.

⁴ "Sir, fass'il, "ça, descendis ;
 Par droit avs l'ostel conquis.
 Vos l'asserte à vu deuis."

⁴ flyte y schalle for a lady. - C.
 flght y shall for thy lady. - Lam.

Hellen and
the Dwarf
are fetched
in,

and relate
Lybius's
adventures.

Sir Lybius and
Lamberd
talk of old
heroes.

Sir Lybius asks
what knight
has im-
prisoned the
Lady of
Sinadowne.

" No knight;

but two
clerk-,

sorcerers,
named

beffore Sir Lamberd.
shee & the dwarffe by-deene
told of 6 battells¹ keene

1776 *that he had done thitherward :*
th  sayd *that* Sir Lybius then
had ffought with strong men,
 & becne in stowres hardye.

1780 then they were glad & blythe,
& thanked god alsoe sithe²
 that he were soe mighty.

they welcomed him with mild cheere,
1784 & sett them to supper
 with much mirth and game.

Sir Lybius & Sir Lamberd in ffere
of ancyents *that beffore were*

1788 talked both in³-same.
Sir Lybius sayd, " with-out ffable,⁴ [page 34]
tell me now, Sir Constable,
 what is the Knights name

1792 *that hath put in prison*
my Ladye of Sinadon
 that is soe gentle a dame ? "

Sir Lamberd said, " soe mote I gone,
1796 Knights there beene none
 that dare her away Lead ;

2 Clarkes beene her ffone,
ffull ffalse in body & in bone,
1800 *that hath done this deed.*

they be men of Masterye
their artes ffor to reade of Sorcerye;

¹ Tolde seven dedes.—Cot.

² fele syde.—C. fele sythe.—Lam.

* Switho' is quickly.—F.

³ in the MS.—F.

⁴ There is none of this in the Fre-

—F.

- 1804 Mabam¹ the hight one in deede,
 & Iron hight the other verelye,²
 cla[r]ckes³ of Nigromancye,
 of them wee haue great dread.
- Mabam
 and Iron,
 necro-
 mancers,
- 1808 "this Mabam & Iowne
 haue made in the towne
 a palace of quent gin⁴ ;
 there is no Erle ne barron
 that has hart as Lyon
- have made a
 curious
 palace that
 no one dare
 enter,
- 1812 that dare come therin ;
 itt is all of the ffairye
 wrought by Nigromancye,
 that wonder it is to winne.
- as it's
 wrought by
- 1816 there they keepo in prison
 my Ladye of Sinadowne,
 that is of Knights kinn.⁵
- necromancy;
 and there
 they keep the
 Lady of
 Sinadowne,
- 1820 "ostentimes wee her crye ;
 ffor to see⁶ her with eye,
 therto we haue no might.
 this Mabam & Iron trulye
 had sworene to death trulye
- 1824 her death ffor to dight,
 but if shee grant vntill
 ffor to do Mabams will,
 & giue him all her right
- and will put
 her to death,
- unless she
- 1828 of all that Dukedome ffayre,
 therof is my ladye heyre
 that is soe much of might.
- gives up her
 dukedom to
 Mabam.
- "shee is soe meeke & soe flaire ;
 1832 therefore wee be in dispayre

¹ Syr Malouns.—C.

² Syr Irayn bys brother.—C. Irayne.

³ Lam.

⁴ Clarke. — P.

⁵ Curious contrivance.—P.

⁶ The *s* is made over an *e*, or vice

versd, in the MS. F.

⁷ A *v* follows and is crossed out. — F.

- Lybius says
that by
Jesus's help
- he'll cut off
the heads of
Mabam and
Iron,
- and restore
the lady to
her rights.
- 1836
- 1840
- 1844
- 1848
- 1852
- ffor the dolour *that shees in.*"
then sayd Sir Lybius,
"through the helpe of Iesus
that Ladye I will winne ;
& Mabam & Iron,
smite of there anon
theire heads in *that stoure*,
& wine that Lady bright,
& bring her to her right
with ioy & much honor."¹
- then there was no more tales to tell
in *that strong Castle*.
to supp & make good cheere,²
the Barrons & Burgesse all
came to *that seemlye hall*
- ffor to listen & heare
how Sir Lybius had wrought;
& if the Knight were ought,
his talking for to harke.³
- they found them sitting in ffere
talking, att their supper,
of Knights stout and starke.

¹ C. omits the next twelve lines, (and alters many before).—F.

² Tho was no more tale

I the Castell grete and smale,
But stouped and made hym blythe.
—Lam.
³ His crafte for to kythe.—Lam.

[The Eighth Part.]

[Of Lybius's Adventures in Sinadowne, and how he conquers the Lady's Enchanters.]

- & after they went to rest,
1856 & tooke their likeing¹ as them list² All go to bed.
in that Castell all night.
- On the morrow anon-right
Sir Lybius was armed bright;
ffreah he was to flight.
1860 Sir Lambert led him algate³ Next morning
right vnto the Castle gate;
open they were ffull right;
1864 no man durst him neere bringe
fforsooth, with-out Leasing,
Barron, Burgess, ne Knight,
but no man darve go in
with him.
- But turned home againe.
1868 Sir Gefflet his owne swaine⁴ His squire
wold with him ryde,
but Sir Lybius ffor certaine
Sayd he shold backe againe,⁵ [page 242]
but Lybius forbide him.
1872 and att home abyde.
Sir Gefflett againe gan ryde⁶
with Sir Lambert ffor to abyde;
& to Iesu christ they⁶ cryed,
1876 ffor to send them tydings gladd
of them that long had
destroyed their welthes wyde.
All pray for
the sorcerers
deaths.

¹ Only half the n in the MS.—F.

² þe, take þeþe have reste,

In lykyng as hem leste.—C.

The toke they rest and Reste,

And lykynges of the beste. Lam.

³ at all events, by all means.—P.

The French makes Lampars describe

to Lybius what he will see, and what
he is to do, in *la Côte Gaste*, (p. 98—
100). F.

⁴ youth, servant. Jun.—P.

⁵ The Cotton text makes Gefflett stop
at the castle, l. 1754. F.

⁶ sc. the People.—P.

Lybius rides
into the
palace,

sees horns,
hears music,
and sees
a bright fire.

Lybius rides
farther in,

and can see

nothing

but minstrels

with their
harps, &c.,
all playing,

and a torch
before every
man.

Lybius

can't find
any one to
fight,

- 880 Sir Lybius, *Knight curteous,*
 rode into *that proud palace*,¹
 & att the hall he light.
 trumpetts, hornes, & shaumes² ywis
 he ffound beffore the hye dese,³
 1884 he heard, & saw with sight.
 a fayre ffyer there was stout & stowre
 in the midders of the flore,
 brening ffaire and bright.⁴
 1888 then ffurther in hee yeed,
 & tooke with him his steede
 that helped him to ffight.
 furthermore he began to passe,
 1892 & beheld then euerye place
 all about the hall;
 of nothing, more ne lesse,
 he saw no body *that there was*,
 1896 but minstrells cladde in pall,
 with harpe, ffidle & note,⁵
 & alsoe with Organ note,—
 great mirth they made all,—
 1900 & alsoe fiddle and sautrye⁶ ;
 soe much of minstrelsy
 ne say⁷ he neuer in hall.
 before euyer man stood
 1904 a torch fayre and good,
 brening ffull bright.
 Sir Lybius Euermore yode⁸
 ffor to witt⁹ with Egar mood
 1908 who shold with him ffight.

¹ The French text describes the palace, p. 101.—F.

² shaumes, a Psaltery; a Musical Instrument like a Harp. Chau. Gl.—P.

³ Dese, Deis. The high table.—P.

⁴ Was lyȝt & brende bryȝt.—C.

That tente and brende bright.—Lan.

⁵ rote.—C. lute and roote.—Lam.

⁶ a Psaltery, vid. Supra.—P.

⁷ saw.—P.

⁸ went.—P.

⁹ know.—P.

- hee went into all the corners,
 & beheld the pillars
*that seemelye*¹ were to sight ;
 1912 of Iasper fine & Cristall,
 all was flourished in the hall ;
 itt was ffull faire & bright.
 but only sees
 jasper
 pillars,
- the dores were all of brasse,
 & the windowes of faire glasse,
that ymagyrye itt was drove.
 1916 the hall well painted was ;
 noe flairer in noe place ;
 brass doors,
 &c.,
- 1920 marvelous ffor to descriue.
 hee sett him on the hye dese :
 then the minstrelys were in peace
that made the mirth soo gay,
 1924 the torches *that* were soo bright
 were quenched anon-right,
 & the minstrelys were all away ;
 in the
 decorated
 hall.
- He sits on
 the dais,
 and at once
 the music
 stops,
- the torches
 go out,
- the
 minstrelys
 vanish,
- the dores
 and windows
 clash
 together,
- 1928 the bett² together in the hall
 as it were strokes of thunder ;
 the stones in the Castle wall
 about him downe gan ffall ;—
 1932 thereof he had great wonder ;—
 the earth began to quake,
 & the dese ffor to shake
that was him there vnnder³ ;
 1936 the hall began for to breake,
 & soe did the wall eke,
 as they shold ffall assunder.
 all the stones
 of the wall
 fall down,
- the earth
 quakes,
- the hall and
 walls begin
 to crack.
- as he sate thus dismayd,
 1940 he held himselfe betrayd.

¹ In line 1910 in the MS.—T.² They beat.—P.³ there under.—P.

Then he
hears horses
neigh. He
says there's
some one to
fight,
and sees

two men of
arms

well arrayed.

One rides
into the
hall,
and tells
Lybius he
must fight
them.

Lybius
is quite
willing,

mounts,

- 1944 then horses heard hee nay :
 to himselfe then he sayd,
 "now I am the better apayd,
 for yett I hope to play."
 hee looked fforth into the feild,
 saw there with speare and sheild ¹
 men of armes tway,²
 1948 in purple & pale armoure
 well harnished in *that stoure*,
 with great garlands gay.
- 1952 The one came ryding into the hall, [page 343]
 & to him thus gan call,
 "Sir Knight aduenturous !
 such a case there is befall ;
 tho thou bee proude in pall,
 ffight thou must with vs.
 1956 I hold thee quent of ginne ³
 if thou my Ladye winne ⁴
 that is in prison."
 1960 Sir Lybius sayd anon-right,
 "all ffresh I am ffor to ffight,
 with the helpe of goddes sonne."
- 1964 Sir Lybyus with good hart
 ffast into the saddle he start ;
 in his hand a speare he hent,
 & ffairly he rode him till,
 his enemyes ffor to spill ;
 1968 ffor *that was his entent.*

¹ There is a stroke between the *e* and *i* in the MS.—F.

² The French postpones the darkness, &c., and makes Lybius first see and fight a single knight (p. 103, *Eurains li fiers*, p. 119), and put him to flight; then fight another (*Mabons*, p. 119), on a horse with a horn in his forehead, and fire shooting out of his nostrils, (p. 105-8). Then comes the darkness, and a horrible noise;

Lybius thinks of *La Damoiselle aux blances mains*, and commands himself to God; the *Wivre* (Lat. *vipera*) appears, comes near him, and kissee him; he is stupefied; a voice tells him who he is; he dreams; and on waking sees the lovely *Esmerere*, who tells him her story.—F.

³ clever of contrivance.—P.

⁴ wime MS.—F.

- but when they had together mett,
either on others helme sett
with speares doughtye dent.
- 1972 Mabam his speare all to-brast ;
then was Mabam euill agast,
& held him shamefullly shent.
- & with that stroke felowne ¹
- 1976 Sir Lybius bare him downe
oner his horsse tayle ;
ffor Mabams saddle arsowne
brake there-with, & fell downe
- 1980 into the feild without ffayle.
well nye he had him alone ;
but then came ryding Iron
In a good hawberke of mayle ;
- 1984 all ffresh he was to flight,
& thought he wold anon-right
Sir Lybius assayle.
- Sir Lybius was of him ware,
& speare vnto him bare,
& left his brother still.
such a stroke he gaue him thore
that his hawberke all to-tore ;
- 1992 that liked him full ill.
their speares brake in 2 ;
swords gan they draw tho
with hart grim and grill,²
- 1996 & stifye gan to other flight ;
either on Other proued their might,
eche other ffor to spill.
- then together gan they hew.
- 2000 Mabam, the more shrew,³
- and charges.
Mabam
shivers his
spear,

and is cut
over his
horse's tail
by Lybius,

and nearly
killed,
but that
Iron attacks
Lybius,

who rides at
him,

and rends
his hawberke.
They draw
their swords,

and hew at
one another.

¹ felon stroke, i.e. a murderous stroke.

² I.

³ shrew, *apud Chaucer est.* a *Widowess*;

here it seems to signify shrewd, cunning.

I.

artful. I.

| | | |
|------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mabam gets up, | | vp he rose againe ;
he heard & alsoe knew
Iron gane strokes ffew ;
therof he was not ffaine ;
but to him he went ffull right
ffor to helpe Iron to ffight,
& auenge him on his enemye. |
| and attacks Lybius too, | 2004 | tho he wore neuer soe wroth,
Sir Lybius fought against them both
and kept himself manlye. |
| but he defends himself like a man. | 2008 | when Mabam saw Iron, ¹
he ffought as a Lyon
the knight to slay with wreake. |
| chops off Lybius's steel's neck. | 2012 | beffore his ffardar arsowne
soone he carued then downe
Sir Lybius steeds necke. |
| Lybius cuts Iron's thigh in two, | 2016 | Sir Lybius was a worthy warryour,
& smote a 2 his thye ² in <i>that</i> stoure,
skine, ³ bone, and blood. |
| dismounts, | 2020 | then helped him not his clergye,
neither his ffalse Sorcerye, ⁴
but downe he fell with sorry moode. |
| and fights Mabam. | 2024 | Sir Lybius of his horsse alight,
with Mabam ffor to ffight.
in the feild both in ffere |
| The sparks fly. | 2028 | strong stroakes they gauw with might,
<i>that</i> sprakeles ⁵ sprang out ffull bright
ffrom helme and harnesse cleere.
as either ffast on other bett, ⁶
both their swords mett, |

¹ Yrayn saw Mabon.—Cot. Lam.

² There is the long part of another *A* in the MS.—F.

³ ? skimo in the MS.—F.

⁴ fo halp hym noȝt hys armys,
Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys.

—Cot.

Ne halpe hym not his *Armow*,
His chauntelement, ne his chambar.

—Lam.

⁵ ? MS. spaakeles.—F.

⁶ did beat.—P.

As yee may now heare.

[page 244]

- 2032 Mabam, that was the more shrew,
the sword of Sir Lybius he did hew
in 2 quide and cleare.

Mabam
cuts Lybius's
sword in
two.

- then Sir Lybius was ashamed,
2036 & in his hart enis¹ agramed²
ffor he had Lost his sword,
& his steed was lamed,
& he shold be defamed
2040 to King Arthur his lord.
to Iron lithelye³ he ran,
& bent vp his sword then
that sharpe edge⁴ had & hard,
2044 & ran to Mabam right
& ffaist on him gan flight,
& like a madman he ffaire.

Lybius
gets angry.

catches up
Iron's sword.

runs to
Mabam

- but euer then fflought Mabam,
2048 as he had beeene a wyld man,
Sir Lybius ffor to sloe.
but Sir Lybius earned downe
his sheild with that flawchowne
2052 that he tooke Iron ffroe:
true tale ffor to be told,⁵
the left hand with the sheild
away he smote thoe.
2056 then sayd Mabam him till
“Sir! thy stroakes beeene ill!
gentle Knight, now hoe,⁶

and cuts off
his shield

and left
hand.

Mabam

offers to
surrender
himself.

¹ for evir, or evill.—P. sore.—Lam.

² omittit it. F.

³ agramed, displeased, grieved. Gl.

(Lanc. rather (agrawed) angred.

⁴ Grem. Furor. Lye.—P.

⁵ lithely, gently, (nimblly).—P.

⁶ The d has two bottoms in the MS.,

or the word is edgy. F.

⁷ told, rhythmi gratia. P.

⁸ i.e. bow strop.—P.

and to give
up the Lady
of Sina-
downe,

for Iron's
sword was
poisoned,
and will kill
him.

Lybius
refuses,

calls on him
to fight
again,

and then

splits his
head in two.

att thine owne will,
& alsoe that Lady ffree
that is in my possee,¹
2064 take her I will thee till ;
ffror through that sh[r]ued dint
my hand I haue tint² ;
the veinim will me spill ;
2068 fforsooth without othe
I venomed them both,
our enemyes ffor to kill."

Sir Lybius sayd, "by my thrift
2072 I will not haue of thy gift
ffor all this world to w[i]nn !
therfore lay on stroakes swythe !
the one shall cut the other blythe
2076 the head of by the Chin³!"
then Sir Lybius and Mabam
ffought together fast then,
& lett ffor nothing againe ;
2080 that Sir Lybius that good Knight
carned his helme downe right,
& his head in twayne.⁴

¹ posté, apud Chauc. est Power. Vid. Gl.—P.

² lost.—P.

³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁴ The French adds (p. 108):
Del cors li saut i fumiere,
Qui molt estoit hideuse et fiere,
Qui li issoit parmi la boce, &c.—I

[The Ninth Part.]

[How Lybias disenchanteth and wedeth the Lady of Siandowne.]

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| 2064
9 th Parte
2068 | <p>Now is Mabam slaine ;
 & to Irom he went againe,
 with sword drawne to ffligt ;
 ffor to haue Clouen his braine,
 I tell you ffor certaine
 he went to him ffull right ;
 but when he came there,¹
 away he was bore,
 into what place he nist.²</p> | Lybias goes
to kill Iwe,

but he has
vanished, |
| 2092 | <p>he sought him ffor the nones³
 wyde in many woones⁴ ;
 to ffligt more him List.</p> | and can't be
found. |
| 2096 | <p>as he stood, & him bethought⁵
 that itt wold be deere boughnt
 that he was ffrom him fare,
 ffor he wold with sorcerye
 doe much tormentrye,</p> | Lybias

thinks he
may give
him trouble. |
| 2100 | <p>& that was much care.
 he tooke his sword hastilye,
 & rode vpon a hill hye,</p> | Lybias |

there.—P.

MS. list. ? nist, knew not.—P.
 to. Cid. nuste. Lam.
 the nones, or nones, on purpose; de-
 metra. Jun. purposedly.—P.
 vone, a house, habitation.—P.
 Neither the French, nor Cot., nor
 he has the seeing and slaying of the
 ght which follows here. Cot. reads
 and whaner he ne fould hym nist,
 he held hymself he-cast,
 And gan to syke mire,
 and myle yn word and bouȝt,
 bye wyll be sore a-bout

but he ys thus fram me y-fare.”

• On hys hym sette hot gentylle knyȝt,
 And prayde to marie bryȝt,
 Keuere hym of hys care.

For the last three lines, Lam. substitutes:

“ He will with sorcerye
 Do me tormentrye
 That is my mooste care.”
 Sor he ast and sighte;
 He muste whate do her myght;
 He was of blysses all bare.
 (l. 2122-7 here).—P.

A violent storm aboue.

- ~~2114~~ Then he was wro^t of [A] valley :
 & therw^r he tooke the way
 As a swanne Kylle and stoo^r.

As he rode by a river side

- ~~2115~~ He was wro^t of him that tyde
 Upon the other brimm :
 He roide on him full hote,
 & of his head he smote.

[page 44]

- ~~2116~~ That by the Chinn :
 & when he had him slaine,
 That hee tooke the way againe
 For to hant that lady gent.
~~2117~~ As sonne as he did thither come,
 Of his horsse he light downe,
 And into the hall hee went

~~and goes to~~
~~the hall~~

~~He walks for~~
~~the Lady of~~
~~Scotia wife~~

- & sought that ladye ffaire and hend,
~~2120~~ But he cold her not find ;
 Therfor he sighed ffull sore.¹
 Still he sate mourniⁿg
 For that Ladye ffaire & young ;
~~2124~~ For her was all his care ;
 He ne wist what he doe might ;
 But still he sate, & sore he sight,
 Of Ioy hee was ffull bare.

A window
opens,

- ~~2128~~ But as he sate in that hall,
 He heard a window in the wall,
 Ffaire itt gan vnheld ;—
 Great [wonder²] there with-all
~~2132~~ In his hart gan ffall ;—
 As he sate & beheld,

¹ sair. Scotice.—P. ² fear or dread.—P. wonder.—Cot. wondyr.—La-

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| | a worme ¹ out gan pace
with a womans face | and out
creeps a
worm (or
serpent)
with a
young
woman's
face,
shining
wings, |
| 2136 | that was younge & nothing old.
the wormes tayle ² & her winges
shone ffayre in all thinges,
& gay ffor to beholde. | |
| 2140 | grislye great was her taile,
the clawes large without ffayle ;
Lothelye ³ was her bodye.
Sir Lybius swett for heate, | big claws
and tail,
and a loathly
body. |
| 2144 | there sate in his seate
as all had beene a ffire him by. ⁴
then was Sir Lybius euill agast,
& thought his body wold brast. | |
| 2148 | then shee neighed him nere ;
& or Sir Lybius itt wist,
the worme with mouth him Kist,
& colled about his lyre. ⁵ | It comes to
Lybius,
kisses him
on the
mouth, |
| 2152 | & after that kissing,
the wormes tayle & her wing | its tail and
wings fall
off, |

¹ Fr. *wivre*. Phillips gives "Wyver, the Name of a Creature little known otherwise than as it is painted in Coats of Arms and described by Heralds: 'Tis represented by Gwillim as a kind of flying Serpent, and so may be deriv'd from *Vipera*, as it were a winged Viper or Serpent; but others will have it to be a sort of Ferret call'd *Viverra* in Latin." De Biaju's description of it may be compared with the English:

A tant vit i sumaire ouvrir
Et une WIVRE fors issir,
Qui jetoit une tel clarté
Com i cierge bien embrasé.
Tot le palais enluminoit,
Une si grant clarté jetoit.
Hom ne vit onques sa parelle,
Que la bouce et tot vermelle;
Parmi jetoit le feu ardent;
Moult par estoit hideus et grant;

Parmi le pis plus grosse estoit
Que i vaissaus d'un mui ne soit ;
Les iole avoit gros et luisans,
Comme ii escarbocles grans;
Contreval l'aumaire descent,
Et vint parmi le pavement.
Quatre toises de long duroit,
En la queue iii neus avoit.
C'onques nus hom ne vit greignor,
Ains Dius ne fist cele color,
Qu'en li ne soit entremelée,
Dessous samblot estre dorée.

(pp. 110-11).—F.

² Hyre body.—Cot. Lam.

³ i.e. loathsome.—P.

⁴ Maad as he were.—C.

As alle had been in fyre.—Lam.

⁵ apud Scot. flesh. Apud Chauc. *lere* is the Complexion or Air of the face.—P. Swyre.—Cot. Lam. *Coll* is to embrace; Fr. *collée*, an imbracing about the necke. Cotgrave.

- 2155 fell away her ffree;
she was faire in all thing,
a woman without Leasing;
faire he saw nener or thoe.¹
- 2160 shee stood vpp al soe² naked
as christ had her shaped.
then was Sir Lybius woe.
shee sayd, " god that on the rood gan bleed,
Sir K[night], quitt thee thy meede,
for thou my ffone wold sloe.³
- 2164 " thou hast slaine now ffull right
2 clarke's wicked of might
that wrought by the ffeende.
East, west, north and south,
they were masters of their mouth;⁴
many a man they haue shend.
through their enchantment,
to a worme theé had me meant,⁵
- 2172 ne woe to wrapp me in
till I had k[i]ssed Sir Gawaine
that is a noble Knight certaine,
or some man of his kinn.

¹ De Blanju sends her back into her cupboard after the kiss, & utters Lybius, and reveals his name and parentage to him.—*Gaignas*, son of *Gauvain* (Gawaine), and *la fée des Blaues Mains*, then sends him to sleep, and on his waking shows him the lady at her toilet (p. 115), fairer than any one else in the world, except she of the *Blaues Mains* (who excels Paris's Elaine, Isex la Blonde, Biblis, Lavine de Lombardie, and Morge la fée, (p. 152). This all takes place in *L'Ile de la Montbester* (p. 116); and the lady declares herself as the daughter of *le bon roi Gringars*. She narrates how *Mabons* and *Euroins* enchanted the 5000 inhabitants and made them destroy the city, and then turned her into a worm. Of the town she says:
... ceste ville par droit non
Est appellee Senaudon:

Por ce que Mabons l'a gastée,
Est Gastecrée apelée. (p. 120.)
But as the story has been sketched in the Introduction, I only note here that the lady's name, *BLONDE ESMERIE*, is not given till p. 130, when she is starting for Arthur's court.—F.

² MS. alsoe.—F.

³ God yelde þe dy whyle,
þat my son þou woldest slo.—Cot.
God yelde the thi wille,
My foond thou woldest sloo.—Lam.

⁴ Be wordes of hare mouthe.—Cot.

With maystres of her mouthe.—Lam.

⁵ this word signifies mingled, mixed
ap^d G. Doug. Chauc. &c.—P.

To warme me hadde þey y-went
In wo to welde and wend.—Cot.
To a worme they had me went,
In wo to leven and lende.—Lam.

2176 ffor¹ thou hast saued my liffe,
 Castles 50 and² ffine
 take to thee I will,
 & my selfe to be thy wiffe
 2180 right without strife,
 if itt be your will.”³

She promises
 Lybius
 fifty-five
 castles

and herself
 as his wife.

then was he glad & blythe,
 & thanked god often sythe⁴
 2184 That him *that grace had sent,* [page 346]
 & sayd, “my Lord⁵ faire & ffree,
 all my lone I leane with thee,
 by god omnipotent!

2188 I will goe, my *Ladye* bright,
 to the castle gate ffull right,
 thither ffor to wend
 ffor to feitch your geere
 2192 *that* yee were wont to weare,
 & them I will you send.

and proposes
 to fetch the
 lady's
 clothes from
 the castle,

“ alsoe, if itt be *your* will,
 I pray you to abyde still
 2196 till I come⁶ againe.”
 “ Sir,” shee said, “ I you pray
 wend fforth on your way,⁷
 therof I am ffaine.”

if she will
 stay till he
 comes back.

2200 Sir Lybius to the castle rode,
 there the people him abode;

Lybius rides
 to the castle

¹ because.—P. ² MS. and.—F.
³ yf hyt ys artours wylle.—Cot.
 And hit be Arthures will.—Lam.
⁴ Time—also, since, afterwards. GL
 Chauc.—P. Cot. has for this and the
 next sixteen lines:
 And lepte to horse swybe,
 And lefte bet lady styll.
 But euer he dradda rayn,
 For he was noȝt y-slayn,
 With speche he woldes hym spylle.

Lam. has nearly the same words, but
 omits the last line but one.—F.
⁵ Ladye.—P.
⁶ come in MS.—F.
⁷ “ I you pray” the writer of the MS.
 was going to repeat, and got as far as
p: then he stopt, put in *on* after *I*,
 added *r* to *yo'*, and *way* to the *p*, so
 that the words are “ I on your pway.”
 —F.

and tells the
people that
Mabam and
Iron are
slain.

2204 to Iesu chr[i]st gan they crye
ffor to send them tydings glad
of them *that Long had*
done them tormentrye.

Sir Lybius is to the Castle come,
& to Sir Lamberd he told anon,
2208 and alsoe the Barronye,¹
how Sir Mabam was slaine
& Sir Iron, both twayne,
by the helpe of mild Marye.

He sends a
rich robe

2212 when *that Knight* soe keene
had told how itt had beene
to them all by-deene,
a rich robe good & ffine,
2216 well flurred with good Ermine,
he sent *that Ladye* sheene;

and garlands
to the lady.

Kerchers and garlands rich
he sent to her priuileche,²
2220 *that mayd* ho wold home bring.³
& when shee was readye dight,
thither they went anon-right,

and all the
people of
Sinadowne
go and
fetch her
home.

2224 both old and young,
& all the ffolke of Sinadowne
with a ffaire procession
the Ladye home they ffett.

They crown
her,

2228 & when they were come to towne,
of precyous gold a rich crowne
there on her head the sett.

and thank
God.

they were glad and blythe,
& thanked god often sithe

¹ i. e. The Barrons collectively.—P.

² i. e. privily.—P.

³ A non with-out dwellynge.—Cot.
A byrd hit ganne hir bringe.—Lan

2232 that ffrom woe them had brought.
 all the Lords of dignytye
 did him homage and fealtye,
 as of right they ought.

2236 they dwelled 7 dayes in the tower
 there Sir Lambard was gouernor,
 with mirth, Ioy, and game ;
 & then they rode with honor
 2240 vnto King Arthur,
 the Knights all in-same.

Lybius and
 the lady stay
 seven dayes
 there,
 and then
 ride off to
 Arthur.

ffins.¹

¹ It is so very wrong of the copier or translator to have broken off the story without giving the wedding between Lybius and his love, that I add it here from the three unprinted MSS. as well as the Cotton one. The Lincoln's Inn and Ashmole MSS. have more stanzas than the Cotton and Lambeth ones.

Lincoln's Inn MS. Hale, No. 150, art. i., last leaf.

þey knykyd god almyyst,
 þeþe Arþour and his knyßt,
 þat heo [nr] hadde * schame.
 Arþour gaf as blyue
 Libras þat may to wyue
 þat was so gent a dame.

þeo swurthe of þeo brydale,
 Xomon con wiþ tale
 Telle hit in no geste.
 In þat semly sale
 Wecr lordes monye and sale,
 And ladyes wel honeste.
 þer was ryche seruyaþe
 Blyþe to fool and wyse,
 To leste and to mestre.
 þer wan þay yche sifþers, [back of leaf]
 vele mynstral a ryȝtisþ,
 And summe þat weore vnpreat.

Nir Gawayn, knyȝt of renoun,
 made to þeo lady of synaydoun,
 " Madame, trouȝtly,
 þe þat wruld þe wiþ prude,
 y gaſ him by a forſet syde
 On a gentil lady."

Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 58b.

They thankyd god of his myȝtis,
 Kynge Arþour And hys knyȝtis,
 That sche had no schame.
 Arþour Jane be-lyue [leaf 59]
 Syr lybeus þat mey to wyue,
 That was so jent; ll A dame.

The my[r]the of þet brydall
 May no man tell wiþ tale
 Ne sey in no geste:
 Yn þat sembly sale
 Where brydes grete and smale,
 And lades full honeste;
 There was many A mane,
 And seruya gode wone
 Both to most and leste.
 Fore soþ þe mynstralles Alle
 That [were] wiþ-in þat hallo
 And t yfþes of þe besto.

Syr lybeus moder so fre
 Come to þat mangere;
 Hyr rudd was rede as ryse;
 Sche knew lybeus wele be myȝtis,
 And wyȝt wele A-none ryȝtis
 That he was of myȝt prye.
 Sche went to ñer gawene,
 And seyd, "wið-outen leyne

* An s. blotred, stands here in the MS.—P.

† bad.—P.

(Lincoln's Inn MS. continued.)

þann̄ þat lady blyþe was,
And ful ofte kyssed his fas,
 And haysel [sic] hym sykryl.
Sir Libeus þan wold kyþe:
he wente to his fader swyþe,
 And kyssed him tymes monye.

he kneoled in þat stounde,
And saide, kneoland on grunde,
 “for godis loue al weldand,
þat made þeo world so round,
fayre fadir, or y fonde,
 blesse me wiþ þyn hond.”
þat hynde knyȝt Gawayn
blesyð þeo child wiþ mayn,
 And made him seofþe vp stande.
he comandyd knyȝt and sweyn
To clepe Libeus “Gengelayne,”
 þat was lord of lond.

fourty dayes þay dwellyd,
And heore feste faire heold
 wiþ Arthour þe kyng.
As þeo gest vs tolde,
Arthour wiþ knyȝtis bolde
 hom gono þay brynge.
twenty yere þay lyued in-samo
wiþ muche gleo and game,
 he and þat swete þyng.
Ihesu Cryst our sauour,
And his modir þat swete flour,
 spede vs at our nede!

Explicit Lebius do-sconius [? MS.]

(Ashmole MS. continued.)

Thys is owre chyld so fre.”
Than was he glad and blyth,
And kyssed hym many A sythe,
 And seyd, “þat lykes me.”

Syre gawen, knyȝt of renowne,
Seyd to be lady of synadoun,
 “Madame, treuly
He þat hath þe wedyd wiþ pride,
Y gate hym vnd[er] A forest syde
 Off a gentyll lady.”
Than þat lady was blyth,
And thankyd hym many A syth,
 And kyssed hym sykerly.
Than lybeus to hym wan,
And þer he kyssed þat man;
 Fore soþ treuly
He fell on kneys in þat stounde,
lybeus knelyd on þe ground,
 And seyd, “fore god All weldinge
That made þe werld rownd,
Feyre fadir, wele be þe found!
 Blysse me wiþ your blyasyng!”

That hend knyȝt gawene
Blyssed hys sone wiþ mayne,
 And made hym vp to stand,
And comandyd knyȝt and sweyne
To calle hym gyngelyane,
 That was lorde of lond.

Forty deys þer they duellyd, [leaf 50b]
And grete fest þei held
 With Arthour þe kyng.
As þe gest hath told,
Arthour wiþ knyȝtis bold
 Home gane hym brynge.
X yere þei lyued in-same
With mokyll gle and game,
 He and that suete thyng.
Ihesu cryst owre sauour,
And his moder þat suete flourie,
 To heuene blys vs bryng!

Hore endes þe lyfe—
Y telle sow with-outen stryfe—
 Off gentyll libeus disconous.
Fore his saule now byd ȝe
A pater noster And An Ave,
 Fore þe loue off Ihesus,
That he of hys sawle haue pyte,
And off owrys, iff hys wyll be,
 When we schall wend þer-to.
And ȝo þat haue herd þat talkynge,
ȝe schall haue þe blyssinge
 Of Ihesu cryst All-so.

[Finis.]

Cotton, Calig. A. ii. fol. 57, col. 2.

And bonkede godes myttes,
Artoure and hys knytes,
Dat he ne hadde no schame.
Artoure yaf here al so * blyue,
Lybeanus to be hys wyfe,
Dat was so gentylle a dame.

þe Ioye of þat bredale
Nys not told yn tale,
Ne reckened yn no gest.
Barons and lordynges fale
Come to þat semly sale,
And ladyes welle honeste.

Der was ryche seruyse
Of alle þat men kouþ deuyse,
To lest & ek to mest.
De menstrales yn boure & halle
Hadde ryche yftes with-alle,
And þey þat weryn vnrest.

Fourty dayes þey dwellede
And hare feste helde
With artoure þe kyng.
As þe frenssche tale told,
Artoure with knyȝtet bold
At hom gan hem brynge.

Fele ȝere þey leuede yn-same
With moche gle & game,
Lybeanus & þat swete þyng.
Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,
And hye moder þat swete floure,
Graunte vs alle good endynge.
Amen.

Explicit libeauus desconus.

Lambeth MS. 306, leaf 106.

They thanked god with al his myghtis,
Arthur and alle his knyghtis,
That he hade no shame.
Arthur gave als blyve
Lybeous that lady to wyfe,
That was so gentille a dame.

The myrrour of that brydale
No man myght telle with tale
In Ryme nor in geste.
In that semely Saale
Were lordys many and fale,
And ladies fulle honeste.

There was Riche Service
Bothe to lorde and ladyes,
To leste and eke to moste.
Thare were gevyn riche giftis,
Euche mynstrale her thriftis,
And some that were vnbrest.

ffourty dayes thei dweldeñ,
And ther here feste heldeñ
With Arthur the kyng,
As the frensshe tale vs tolde.
Arthur kyng, with his knyghtis bolde,
Home he gonne hem brynge.

Sevyn yere they levid same
With mekyllie Ioye and game,
He and that swete thyng.
Nowe Ihesu Criste oure Savioure,
And his moder, that swete floure,
Grawnte vs gode Endynge! Amen.

Explicit libious Disconyus.

* MS. also.

Childe Maurice :¹

THIS piece has been already printed from the Folio, just as it is by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806).

The other versions of the old ballad are, *Gil Morice* given by Percy in the *Reliques* from a printed edition current in Scotland, *Child Noryce* and *Chield Morice* given by Motherwell from recitations, 3 stanzas of a traditional version given by Jamieson. The number of these versions shows how popular the ballad was. Another proof is its use by Langhorne, by Home, and others, as the basis of longer, more pretentious works. Of the said versions *Gil Morice* and *Chield Morice* closely resemble each other, and are infinitely less forcible than the other two. They are intolerably prolix. The fire is quenched with much water. They are the offspring of men who possessed the faculty of Midas with a difference—they turned everything they touched into dross. The other two versions are admirably terse and vigorous, and have a right to places in the first ranks of our ballad-poetry. Undoubtedly the less corrupted is the Folio version; but, unhappily, it is somewhat imperfect.

This is indeed a noble specimen of our ballad-poetry in all its strength. For the overpowering vigour of its objective style it may be compared with *Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard*. How vivid every picture it paints is! how effective every stroke! Not a word is wasted. The writer is too absorbed in the action of his piece to indulge in any comments, or moralisings, or superfluities of any sort.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

¹ vid. Scottish Edition which is evidently a modern Improvement.—P.

This abstinence from all reflections and sentimentalities is indescribably impressive. The ballad-writer of later times is too often like the guide who introduces the traveller to a fine cathedral, and disturbs the glorious effect of the sight with his intrusive conceited garrulity. This old writer presents us with a wonderful spectacle without putting in ever a word of his own. You forget the guide, and are given up wholly to the effect of the spectacle. If we could never consider the heavens without having suggested to us the names of the stars and their sizes and distances from the earth! This old writer is content to let his tale produce its own effect. He conceives it in all its tremendous force, too really to permit him to criticise or dally with it in any way. Feeling much, he says little. Hence the intensity of his narration.

What strange wild pictures he paints! The Child in the silver wood,

sitting on a block
With a silver comb in his hand,
Kembing his yellow lock.

—the foot-page hastening on his errand with the presents of the grass-green mantle and of the gold and precious stone rings—the husband and his wife's son drying on the grass or a sleeve their bright brown swords—the victor, his supposed rival's head cut off, how he

pricked it on his sword's point,
Went singing there beside,
And he rode till he came to the lady fair
Whereas this lady lied,
& says, "Dost thou know Childe Maurice head
If that thou dost it see?
And lap it soft and kiss it oft,
For thou lovedst him better than me.

—the mother recognising in her slain lover her one only son. That terrible passage in the *Bacchae* of Euripides, where the scales fall from Agave's eyes, naturally suggests itself as one looks at that last picture; though there, indeed, the horror of

the situation is deepened by the fact that her own hands have done the deed :

Ἐα, τί λεύσσω; τί φέρομαι τόδ' ἐν χεροῦ;

Then answers Cadmus :

Θύρσον αὐτὸν καὶ σαφέστερον μάθε.
ΑΓ. δρῶ μέγιστον ὄλγος ἡ τάλαιν' ἔγα.
ΚΑ. μῶν σοι λέοντι φαίνεται προσεκένει;
ΑΓ. οὐκ· ἀλλὰ Πενθέως ἡ τάλαιν' ἔχει εἰδρα.

Child
Maurice,
while
hunting,

CHILDE Maurice hunted i the siluen¹ wood,
he hunted itt round about,
& noebodye that he ffound therin,
4 nor none there was with-out.

tells his
footpage

to go to John
Steward's
wife,

greet her as
many times
as there are
knots on a
net,

and ask her

2 & he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,
to kembe his yellow lockes;
he sayes, " come hither, thou little ffoot page,
8 that runneth³ lowlye by my knee ;
ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn stewards wiffe
& pray her speake with mee.

" & as itt ffalls out many times,
12 as knotts beene knitt on a kelle,⁴
or Marchant men gone to Leeue London
either to buy ware or sell,

" I, and greete thou doe that Ladye well,
16 euer soe well ffroe mee,—
And as itt ffalles out many times
as any hart can thinke,

[page 247]

¹ The downstroke of the *r* of *siluen* is made twice over.—F.

² Prof. Child dots two lines as missing, before lines 5, 15, & 21, and after line 64. *Ballads ii.* 313–16.—F.

³ MS. rumeth.—F.

⁴ Kelle, *reticulum*, *retiaculum* (Catholicon). *Reticula* a lytell nette or kalle. *Reticinellum*, a kalle (Ortus) . . . The fashion of confining the hair in an orna-

mental network, which occasionally was jewelled, seems to have obtained in England from the time of Henry III. until that of Elizabeth, and an endless variety of examples are afforded by illuminated MSS. and monumental effigies. It was termed *calle* or *kelle*, a term directly taken, perhaps, from the French *cale*, Latin *calanica* or *callus*. Way in *Promptorium*, p. 270, note 1.—F.

“as schoole masters are in any schoole house
 20 writting with pen and Inke,—
 ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
 this night I wold with her speake.

“& heere I send her a mantle of greene,
 24 as greene as any grasse,
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood
 to hunt with Child Maurice ;

to come and
hunt with
him.

“& there I send her a ring of gold,
 28 a ring of precyous stone,
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood ;
 let ffor no kind of man.”

He sends her
a ring.

one while this litle boy he yode,
 32 another while he ran ;
 vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,
 I-wis he neuer blan.

The footpage
goes to John
Steward's
hall,

& of nurture the child had good ;
 36 hee ran vp hall & bower ffree,
 & when he came to this Lady flaire,
 sayes, “god you saue and see !

and gives
the lady

“I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice,
 40 a message vnto thee ;
 & Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
 & euer soe well ffrom mee.

Child
Maurice's
message :

“& as itt ffalls out oftentimes,
 44 as knotts beene knitt on a kell,
 or Marchant men gone to leeue London,
 either ffor to buy ware or sell,

he greets
her as many
times as
there are
knots on
her cap,

“& as oftentimes he greetes you well
 48 as any hart can thinke,
 or schoolemasters in any schoole
 wryting with pen and inke ;

he sends her
a green
mantle

- 52 “ & heere he sends a Mantle of greene,
 as greene as any grasse,
 & he bidds you come to the siluer wood,
 to hunt with Child Maurice.

and a gold
ring.

- 56 “ & heere he sends you a ring of gold,
 a ring of the precyous stone,
 he prayes you to come to the siluer wood,
 let ffor no kind of man.”

and begs her
to come to
the wood to
him.

- 60 “ now peace, now peace, thou litle ffootpage,
 ffor Christes sake, I pray thee !
 ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
 thou must be hanged hye ! ”

John
Steward
overhears
this,
orders his
steed

- 64 John steward stood vnder the Castle wall,
 & he wrote the words euery one,
 & he called vnto his horskeeper,
 “ make readye you my steede ! ”
I, and soe hee did to his Chamberlaine,
68 “ make readye then my weede ! ”

and armour,

- rides to the
wood,
- 72 & he cast a lease¹ vpon his backe,
 & he rode to the siluer wood ;
 & there he sought all about,
 about the siluer wood,

finds Child
Maurice,

- 76 & there he ffound him Child Maurice
 sitting vpon a blocke,
 with a siluer combe in his hand
 kembing his yellow locke.

and asks
what he
means.

- he sayes, “ how now, how now, Child Maurice ?
 alacke ! how may this bee ? ”
but then stood vp him Child Maurice,
80 & sayd these words trulye :

¹ ? leash, thong, cord. See *lees, lese* in Halliwell.—F.

- "I doe not know your Ladye," he said,
"if that I doe her see."
- 84 "ffor thou hast sent her loue tokenes,
more now then 2 or 3;
- "ffor thou hast sent her a Mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse,
& bade her come to the siluer wood
to hunt with Child Maurice;
- "& thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,
a ring of precyous stone,
& bade her come to the siluer wood,
let fför noe kind of man.
- "and by my flaith, now, Child Maurice,
the tone of vs shall dye!"
- "Now be my troth," sayd Child Maurice, [page 348]
96 "& that shall not be I."
- but hee pulled forth a bright browne¹ sword
& dried itt on the grasse,
& soe ffaist he smote att Iohn Steward,
100 I-wissem he never rest.
- then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,
& dried itt on his sleeve;
& the first good stroke Iohn stewart stroke,
104 Child Maurice head he did cleue;
- & he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
went singing there beside,
& he rode till he came to that Ladye flaire
108 wheras this ladye Lyed;

The Child
says he
doesn't know
John's wife.
"And yet
you've sent
her love-
tokenes,

a green
mantle.

and a gold
ring,

and bade
her come to
the wood to
you!

One of us
shall die."

John draws
his sword,
spills the
Child's head.

carries it on
his sword-
point to his
wife,

¹ Only half the s in the MS.—F.

and sayes, "dost thou know Child Maurice head
if that thou dost itt see ?

& lapp itt soft, & kisse itt offt,

112 ffor thou louedst him better then mee."

For my
be this
k. and her
only child

but when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
shee neuer spake words but 3,

" I neuer beare no Child but one,

116 & you haue slaine him trulye."

John
Steward
represents
the men for
the dayes
that he has
wrath;

sayes, " wicked be my merrymen all,
I gane Meate, drinke, & Clothe !

but cold they not haue holden me

120 when I was in all that wrath ?

be this staine
the wife and
her son.

" ffor I haue slaine one of the curteouse[s]t Knight
that euer bestrode a steed !

soe hane I done one [of] the fairest Ladyes

124 that euer ware womans weede ! "

flins.

Phillis hoe:

HERE apparently one endeavours to reconcile an offended swain to his offending mistress. He had begged a kiss, it would seem, and been denied it; had concluded that his Phillis cared nothing for him. Deaf to all the pleas urged in her behalf, he rejoices that he has escaped from her. We do not know any other copy of the song.

SHEPARDES hoe ! Shepards hoe !

harkes how Phillis¹ calles thee ! La : La : La :

Philis hoe : Phillis hoe !

4 " shall I lose my Phillis ? noe, noe, noe ! "

" what ailes thee Shepard [that thou] looke soe sadd ? Why are you
where is thy louely lasse shold make thee gladd ? " ^{sad?}

" ay me ! my *mistress* proues vntreue, " ^{" My love is}

8 & my louely lasse bidds me adew ! " ^{false."}

" Shepards, ffye ! Sheperds, ffye !

doe not wrong thy lasse, & noe cause whye."

^{No, she is}
^{not.}

" Phillis noe, Phillis noe !

12 but if shee proue light in loue, Ile let her goe."

thus wee poore mayds must beare the blame,
which² inconstant men deserue the same.

if ought be ill, tis our amisse,

16 but a womans word is noe iudge in this.

" Come away ! Come away !

Come and
look at her.

see ! the louelye lasse tripps ore the lay."

" lett her goe ! lett her goe !

" Not I, let
her go.

20 neuer more shall my loue say mee noe."

¹ The first *l* is much like an *s* in the MS. Those of the MS. Before the first *La* Percy inserts *hoe*.—F. ² while.—P.

*She
wouldn't
kiss me !*

*Don't be
jealous,*

*love your
love again;*

*women must
have their
way.*

*"No, I'm not
such a fool."*

*We shep-
herds are as
coy as
kings."*

“ ffye shepard ! thou thy loue dost wrong !
ffor maides, thé dare not doe amidst a throng.”

24 “ O, beg I did but one pore kisse ;
but shee with coy disdain said noe by Iys.¹”

“ Ielous lone, Ielous lone,
herafter doth vnconstant prone.”
“ many ffinde,² many ffinde
28 women & their words are like the windie.
men sweare thé lone, & do protest ;
but when a woman sweares, shee doth but Iest.
who Iestes with loue, playes with a bayte
32 that doth wound the hart with slye deceipte.”

“ Shepards swaine, Shepards swaine,
let thy lasse inioy thy loue againe !
Iff maidis pray, if maidis pray,
36 women in their wants will haue noe nay ;
thus women they must learne to woole,
when men fforgetts what nature bidds them do.”
“ if women woole, tis much abuse,
40 tho cuningly they coyne³ a coy excuse.”

“ Haples shee, hapless shee
that doth loue⁴ soe base a swaine as thee ! ”
“ happye I, happye I :
44 that fforture haue such ffolly for to ffye !
base minds to basenes still will fflee,
but honor in an honored hart doth lye.
tho base, my mind true honor brings ; ffinns

48 [w]ee shepards in our loues are as coy as Kings.”

¹ noe I wis. — P.

² There is a tag to the d.—F.

³ MS. coyme.—F.

⁴ Three strokes for the w.—F.

Guy & Colebrande :¹

[In 3 Parts.—P.]

“GUY & PHILLIS” is simply a *résumé*, with some slight additions from other sources, of the old romance of *Guy of Warwick*; “Guy & Amaranth” and “Guy & Colbrand” are versions, one modern, by Samuel Rowlands, the other much older, of scenes in that romance.

The presence in the MS. Folio of three pieces dealing with Sir Guy is a sign of the immense popularity he enjoyed, if any sign were needed. But indeed there is no lack of evidence of his warm acceptance with the Middle Ages as well in foreign countries as in England. Certainly among the heroes of romance he was one of the most popular. At home, Arthur, and Sir Bevis, and he, surpassed all others in the extent and endurance of the admiration they attracted. There is nothing more touching anywhere than the story of the last moments of Guy. Such was its intrinsic interest, that it won the ear of the world solely on the strength of it; for the story seems never to have been worthily told. Not one of the three poems treasured up in the Folio is of any considerable literary value. Nor can higher praise be bestowed on the old romance. “Guy of Warwick,” says Ellis, “is certainly one of the most ancient and popular, and no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious of our early romances.” Dull and tedious it emphatically is. This jewel then has never yet been skilfully set. But its preciousness was appreciated in spite of the rude craftsmen into whose hands it

¹ A curious old Song, but very incorrect.—P.

had fallen. Its lustre glorified its clumsy encasements as the beauty of the beggar-maid her unworthy dress.

As shines the moon in cloudy skies
She in her poor attire was seen.

The oldest form in which we have the story is that of an Anglo-Norman romance, *Romanz de Gui de Warwyk*, extant, as Ritson informs us, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (l. 6), and in the University Library (More 690), Harl. MSS. No. 3775, King's MSS. 8 F. ix. There are two fragments of it in the Bodleian (printed in the *British Bibliographer*, iii. 268; see Introduction to the Abbotsford Club edition of the copy of the English romance in the Auchinleck MS.). Other fragments were found in the cover of an old book by Sir Thomas Phillips. There is also a copy in the Bibl. Impériale (MSS. de Colbert, 4289), Paris. There was a copy at Bruges in 1467, at Brussels in 1487, as we learn from Barrois' account of the Librairies du Fils du Roi Jean Charles V., &c. (See Guy de Warwick, Abbotsford Club, Introduction.) This French work was composed probably in the thirteenth century. Its composer may possibly have been Walter of Exeter, as is stated by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*. Whoever composed it, and wherever, it was done into English early in the fourteenth century, which English version is mentioned in the Prologue to Hampsire's *Speculum Vitæ*, or *Mirroure of Life*, written about 1350, amongst the popularities of the day :

I warne you firste at the begynnyngo
That I will make no rayne carpynge
Of dedes of armes, ne of amours,
As does mynstellis & gestours,
That maketh carpynge in many a place
Of Octavione & Isenbrace,
And of many other gestes
And namely when they come to festes,
Ne of the lyf of Bevis of Hamptonne
That was a knyght of grete renounne,
Ne of Syr Gye of Warwyke. (*apud Warton, H. Eng. P.*)

and by Chaucer in the *Rime of Sir Topas* (about 1380) as one of the romances of price of his day. Of it the oldest copy extant is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. There are others in Caius College and the Public Libraries, Cambridge. It was still in demand in the sixteenth century, and was then printed by Copland, and by Cawood. The romance was then condensed, as was the custom, into a ballad. In 159½ Richard Jones has entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company "A pleasante songe of the valiant actes of Guy of Warwicke to the tune of *Was ever man so tost in love.*" This is the "Guy & Phillis" of the present volume. The common title, says Percy, is "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who for the love of fair Phelis became a hermit & dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick." Of this ballad there are copies in the Bagford, the Pepys, and the Roxburghe Collections. The legend was afterwards rendered into prose, and in that shape printed again and again down to very recent times. In the British Museum Library there is a copy of the 7th edition of a cheap printed prose version, 1733. Ellis speaks of this popular form as "to be found at almost every stall in the metropolis." The Anglo-Norman romance was converted into prose in 1525.

But the story was not given up wholly to the romance-writers and their followers. The oldest other recital of it now extant may possibly be that ascribed to Gerard of Cornwall, printed by Hearne in the Appendix to his edition of the *Annales de Dunstable*. This *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* is preserved in MS. 147, Magd. Coll. Oxford. "There is not however anything else of Gerard's in the Magd. MS. (which the compiler has seen), and the short piece which has been printed is written at the end of Higden's Polychronicon, on the same page with it, and preceding its copious index." (See Macray's Manual of British Historians.) Of Gerard's date and life nothing whatever is

known. "He is said to have written a book *De Gestis Britonum*, and another *De Gestis Regum West-Saxonum*, which are referred to three times by Th. Rudburn in his History of Winchester. Thin also mentions him in his catalogue of historians in Holinshed, p. 1590." This piece, whenever written and by whomsoever, describes the famous fight with Colbrand much as the Folio MS. version narrates it. An entry in the Registry of the priory at Winchester, quoted by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that when Adam de Orleton, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin in that city, "Cantabat joculator quidam, nomine Herebertus, *Canticum Colbrondi*, necnon gestum Emme regine, a judicio ignis liberate in aula prioris." The first certain historical mention of the great Saxon champion is to be found, as Ritson points out, in the Robert de Brunne's translation with additions, made *circ. 1338*, of Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, written *circ. 1308*.

That was Guy of Warwik, as the boke sais,
There he slouh Colbrant with hache Daneis.

The story of Guy's abnegation of his wife, and his lonely uncomforted end in the cell he had hewn for himself, is told in chapter clxxii. of the *Gesta Romanorum*, compiled in all probability about the same time with Langtoft's Chronicle. This compilation, made to serve mediæval preachers for purposes of illustration, naturally took that part of the story that exemplified their favourite teachings. Towards the end of the same, the fourteenth century, Henry Knighton, Canon of Leicester, in his *Chronicon de Eventibus Angliae ab anno 950 ad 1395*, recounted the old tale at full length. He introduces it with a sort of apology. "Set quia historia dicti Guidonis," he writes, "cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in presenti historia immiscere curavi." Then he relates, with circumstances, how "Olarus rex Daciæ," "Golanus rex Norwegiæ," and "dux Neustriæ," invaded England and besieged King Athelstan for a space of two years

in Winchester. They had enlisted in the service of their expedition a vast Saracen, "de Africâ quendam gigantem, Colebrandum nomine, qui eo tempore fortissimus et elegantissimus reputabatur in orbe," described subsequently as "diabolicæ staturæ," and by Guy when he stands face to face with him as "non homo, immo potius spiritus diaboli in effigie hominis latens." Eventually a truce, "treuga," was agreed to, and the determining of the war by a single combat. But there seemed scant hope of finding a match for Colebrand, who was of course put forward to maintain the Scandinavian cause. Then follows, as in "Guy & Colbrand," an account of the vision that appeared to the perplexed King Athelstan, and how, obeying it, and posting himself "ad altam primam" at one of the city's gates, he saw amongst the entering crowd "virum elegantem cursantem, de una sclauma alba vestitum, et unum sertum de albis rosis in capite tectum, fustemque grandem in manu ferentem; set multum erat debilitatus et discoloratus anxietateque minoratus, eo quod nudipes laboravit, barbamque prolixam habuit." This wild woe-begone figure was Guy—Guy in deep distress for his sins, and caring only to escape from hospitalities to pray for indulgence and pardon. But he is moved at last to undertake the combat with the giant. "Fecit se armari de melioribus armaturis regis, et cinxit se gladio Constantini [the sword of Constantine the Great and the spear of Charlemagne were among the presents given to Athelstan by Hugh, Duke of the Franks] lanceamque sancti Mauricii in manu tulit." Then the fight is described with extreme minuteness. Colbrand seems overpowering till Guy cuts off his sword-arm; "Quod Danividentes, multum ex hoc contabuerunt, et Deos suos in Colubrandi adjutorum cum ejulatu magno invocare cœperunt." And then comes the final scene in the hero's life.

In 1410, as Dugdale (Baron. i. 243) relates on the authority of Rous, to whom we shall come presently, Guy's fame was well spread abroad at Jerusalem; for the Soldan's lieutenant hearing

TIT AND COMEBRANDE.

“Guy of Warwick,” then travelling in the Holy Land, “was captured by the son of the King of Warwick, whose story they all knew, for he was a knight, invited him to his palace; and, as a token of friendship, presented him with three precious stones for his helmet, and a silver cloak, of silk and gold given to his horse.” The history of Guy, as Peccary points out, *Reliques*, etc., etc., was written in the 11th Spanish romance, ‘Tirante el Gallego’; but the earliest version is written not long after the year 1400 A.D.; in the middle of the fifteenth century Rudburn, author of the *Wartburianus* above in a quotation, a Benedictine of Wimborne, tells us *J. C. M.* Hingeford him from another author of the same name, who had Bishop of St. David’s in his time, and one of the great canon. Leland in his *Chronica*, fol. 143, quotes “ex chronicis Thome Rudbourne et alio de Wartburiano” this amongst other passages: “Tertio anno regni Ricardi Secundi Normannum Danum & Guidonem captivum in Warwick, etiam localem civitatis Wintoniensis plancitum, quod si Hibernia in illam Demarsch appellatus es, proponas te ad mortem, si Hibernia. Insignia vero rictoris servatur caput gigantis, caput truncatum erat: caput truncatum est in Warwick in ead. cathedrali Wintonie usque ad hanc decimam annos. R. Burne describes the fight more fully in his *Histo. de M. et W.*, and in *Apud Wharton's Anglia Sacra*. The “Hov Due rum” is “Ane-laf;” the scene of the combat is Hyde-Moor; the “gigas” is “mire longitudinis, tenuis, tenuissimus, et inutile meditationis ignarus.” Lydgate, in his *Guy of Warwick*, versified the above-mentioned *Histo. de M. et W.* as he just as Samuel Rowland, something later than a century after him, retold the conflict of Guy with Ane-laf in the form given in this volume. Lydgate’s work, never yet printed, is preserved among the Bodleian MSS. and

“This history is written in rule
painted round the walls of the north
transept of the cath-dral till within
my memory.” Warton. H. E. P.

the author of the "Liber de Lando," it was
written by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
and his son, King Henry IV., in 1399. In the latter
year, John of Gaunt, Earl of Hereford, appointed priest, or one
of his chaplains, to go to the Gorge Cliff near Warwick
to pray for his son Richard Beaufort, who had been killed in
battle at Cravent in 1422. A small tablet, now in the Ashmolean Museum,
records the death and burial of him in whose
memory the Mass was offered daily prayers.
He was a learned and zealous searcher after antiquities,
and died in 1435, leaving a will in which he said
that "he had left behind
him many books and curiosities gathered from many
parts of the world, and passed in studying and examining
them, and he willed that the same should be given
to the University of Oxford." He also left
a sum of £1000 to the University.

REFERENCES.

See *Archæologia*, vol. viii.

The first of the Maymen had evidently long before Rous's time been established at Warwick and at Winchester. The following is a copy of Chaucer's *Godey* or Guyycliffe: "Ould Hall is stede of the Peple there that Guido Earl of Warwick King Edward the Tyme . . . lived in this place like a Kynge. And his wif Felice, until at the Article of his deeth, he was . . . Here is a Louse of Pleasure, a Bower of the Muses. There is sylence, a praty Wood, *antra* and a bower, the bower raling over the stones with a praty yew tree, and a gilden spream, fontes liquidi et genuinei, rivi dulci, rivi su, rivi leves et per saxa discursus, rivi a laudis quae multe amicissima." The heart of the wood is the very spot.

and others, if the word may be used in this case,

for the legend. At any rate, they may serve to show how old it is, and how widely and generally popular it was. In the Elizabethan literature allusions to it abound, though, strangely enough, not one occurs in the plays of Shakespeare, familiar as he must have been with it and the locality to which the more touching part is attached. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* (1589), speaks of "places of assembly where the company shall be desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and the Knights of the round table—Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others like." In Dr. King's *Dialogues of the Dead* (quoted by Mr. Chappell), "It is the negligence of our ballad singers," a Ghost remarks, "that makes us to be talked of less than others; for who almost besides St. George, King Arthur, Bevis, Guy and Hickathrift, are in the chronicles?" The Little French Lawyer in Fletcher's play of the name, and Old Master Merrythought in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* sing snatches of the *Legend*. Corbet in his *Iter Boreale* wishes,

May all the ballads be call'd in & dye,
Which sing the warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy.

Butler tells us of Talgol, one of Hudibras' supporters (who, according to L'Estrange, represented a certain Newgate Market butcher),

He many a boar & huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compard'
Had like the boar or dun-cow fur'd.

Such has been the popularity of this story. The oldest literary form of it preserved to us is, as we have seen, an Anglo-Norman romance, composed probably in the thirteenth century. This, no doubt, was founded on songs and traditions that were then commonly in vogue in the country, that had then already been so for many a generation. These were dressed and decorated by the romance-writer according to the fashion of his age;

the old Saxon hero transformed into a Norman knight, dispatched to the crusades, conducted from tournament to tournament throughout Europe, and carried through all the adventures proper for a hero of chivalry. One most prominent feature of the romance is its monastic feeling, which, indeed, is so strong that one may well believe it to be the work of a monk. A terrible remorse seizes Guy at last for all the blood he has shed, and his love for the woman who has incited him to his blood-shedding career passes away. Is this penitential element part of the original tale? Was this sung of by old pre-Norman gleemen? Or is it rather to be ascribed to the translator and editor of the thirteenth century? Probably so. In the old Saxon poetry, so far as is known, women occupy but an unimportant place. Neither there, nor indeed in the life which that poetry reflects, do they "rain influence and adjudge the prize." Moreover, one can well conceive such an addition being made to the story in the thirteenth century, a period of a great monastic revival—a period of much doubt as to matrimony, an uneasy suspicion prevailing that it was an indulgence which the truly pious man would scarcely allow himself. Such a suspicion enters the soul of Guy, when at last, after waiting and longing and serving so long, he is at last crowned with the happiness of his heart; he resolves to abandon the treasure gained. How noble and devout such an abandonment was held to be by the mediaeval monks may be seen from endless instances, notably from the story of Saint Alexios, of whom Alban Butler thus writes¹:

Having, in compliance with the will of his parents, married a rich and virtuous lady, he on the very day of the nuptials, making use of the liberty which the laws of God and his church give a person before the marriage be consummated, of preferring a more perfect state, secretly withdrew, in order to break all the ties which held him in this world. In disguise he travelled into a different country, em-

¹ See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

braced extreme poverty, and resided in a hut adjoining to a church dedicated to the Mother of God. Being after some time there discovered to be a stranger of distinction, he returned home, and being relieved as a poor pilgrim, lived some time unknown in his father's house, bearing the contumely and ill-treatment of the servants with invincible patience and silence. A little before he died he by a letter discovered himself to his parents.

Guy's wife-desertion then, and his severe asceticism, may be later additions to his original story. There can be little doubt that that original story belongs to a remote age,—possibly, as has been suggested, to an age anterior even to that assigned to it in the romance—the age of Athelstan. With this age of Athelstan it would seem to have been connected from a very early time. There is no kind of historical basis for it in what records we have of that age. There was certainly a great Northern invasion in the reign of Athelstan. Northumbria, lately annexed by him, allied itself with Scots, Danes, Welsh, and essayed to recover its independence. "They fought with Athelstan," writes Milton, "at a place called Wenduse [which might easily have been confounded with Wynton]; others term it Brununbury, others [as William of Malmesbury] Bruneford; which Ingulgh [who calls it Brunford] places beyond Humber; Camden in Glendale of Northumberland on the Scottish borders—the bloodiest fight, say authors, that ever this island saw." Ellis suggests that Guy—he should say Egil—may be identical with one Egils, "who did in fact contribute very materially" to the victory. If this be so, then the legend must be rather Scandinavian than Saxon; for this Egil was a northern viking enlisted on the side of Athelstan. But, indeed, if the legend be an old Saxon one, there need be no difficulty in accounting for its later connection with the reign of Athelstan. That was the most glorious reign in the history of Saxon England. Athelstan reaped the rich fruits of his illustrious grandfather's wisdom and policy. He was enabled to consolidate the kingdom, and to maintain its unity unimpaired. At home

and abroad his name was known and feared. His crowning victory at Brunanburgh produced a profound impression. Even the Saxon imagination was stirred by such power and glory. "To describe his famous fight," says Milton, "the Saxon annalist, wont to be sober and succinct, whether the same or another writer, now labouring under the weight of his argument and overcharged, runs on a sudden into such extravagant fancies and metaphors as bear him quite beyond the scope of being understood." Strangely enough, the great poet did not recognise in the passage he thus characterises the work of an older bard; for it is in fact one of the few Saxon poems that survive. There are many signs of a rich ballad literature, besides that spirited piece, appertaining to this great monarch's reign. There is the story of Analaf belonging to that same battle, which is evidently taken by Malmesbury from some old ballad. Then there are the stories of the King's mother's dream, and of his brother Edwin's punishment for taking part in a conspiracy against him, both which that chronicler confessedly found in old ballads. Naturally enough, the story too of the great combat with the giant was attached to his reign; for legends attract each other, so to speak. The name given in later times to the national combatant was Guy.

Other romances in course of time grew around that of Guy, treating of his son Ruisburn, of his tutor Heraud and his son.

Harl. MS. 7333. fol. 35 b.

be ermyte with Inne litil spase
By deþe is past be Ende of his laboure
Aftir whome Guy was þer successoure
Space of twoo yere by grace of crist
Ihesu
Dauntyng his fleshe by penaunce and
Rygor
Ay more and more eneressyng in vertev
God made him knowe þ^e daye þ^e he
shold dye
þorowe his gracious resitacioun

By an Aungel his spirit to conveye
Aftir his bodily Resolycioune
For his meriti to þ^e hevenly mansyoune
þan in alle haste he sent his weddyn
Ryng
Vn to his wyff of trewe Affeccioun
Prayd her to come And beo at his condyng
That she sholde doone þere his beys
cure
As by A maner wylly deligense
In haste to ordeyne for his Cepulture

With noo bret coste ne with no grete
 dispence
 Sheo hasted hir til sheo cam in presence
 Wher þat Guy lay dedly pale of face
 Bespreynt with teeres knelyng with
 Reuerence
 þe dede body Felyce did ther inbrace
 ¶ This notable & Famouse worthi knyght
 Sent her to sayne bi his messagier
 In þylke place to burye hym anoone
 Right
 Wher that he lay to fore in A smal
 Awter
 And Affir this doe trewly hir deveyre
 þer for her selfe dysposyn and provide
 Fyfifene dayes Folowynge þe same þere
 She to be buried þere by Guyes syde
 ¶ His holy wif of al this toke good hede
 Like as he badde and liste no longer
 tarye
 Tacquyte hir selfe of wyffly womanhede
 For she was lop^r frome his desire to
 varye
 Sent in Al haste for þe ordenarye
 Wiche occupied in þat dysosye
 She was not founde in oone poynyt
 contrarye
 Eche thyngh tacomplyshe / as ye have
 herde devise
 ¶ And all bis cronicle / For to conclude
 At hes Exequies old & younge of age
 Of diuers folke cam grete multitude
 Witþ grete devocioun vn to þat her
 mitage
 Lyche A prynse with al þe surplusage
 þei tooke hym vppe / and leyde him in his
 grave
 Ordeynid of god be marciall curage
 Ageinst þe Danys bis Regioune to sauie
 ¶ Whos sowle I truste restight nowe in
 glorie

Witþ holy Spiretis Above þe Firmament
 Felice his wif callyng to her memorie
 þe daye gane neghe of her enterrement
 To forne provided in her testament
 Reynborne þeire heyre / ioustely to succede
 By title of hir and lynealle dissent
 þe stok descendyng dounre by þe pee
 degree
 To Guy his fadir by title of mariage
 Affir whos dethe / of lawe and equyte
 Reynborne to entre in to his Ertaige
 Cleimeyng his Ryght / his moder of good
 age
 Habe yolde hir dette by dethe vnto
 nature
 By side her lordre in þat Ermitage
 Wiche eonded feyre was made hir
 Sepultrue
 ¶ For to auctorise better þis matere
 Whos translacious shewewe þe sentence
 Oote of latyne made by þe Cronniculier
 Callid of olde Gyrrard Cronubyence
 Wiche whilome wrot witþ gret deligence
 Dedis of hem in westesex crowned kynges
 Gretly comendyng for kneyghtly ex
 cellence
 Guy of werrerike in heos famouse
 wreytingis
 ¶ Of whos nobeleesse ful gret hede he toke
 His kneyghtly fame to putten in Re
 memberavnse
 þe eleventhe chapitre / of his historialboke
 þe parfite lyf þe vertuouse gouernauunce
 His wilfull pouertee / harde liggings and
 penaunce
 Al sent to me in Englishe to translate
 If owght be wrong in metre or substance
 Put al þe wyte / for dulnesse on lydegate

Harleian MS. 5243, fol. 4.

To all heroical knyghtes, and illustrious
 Ladies, both in Court, and Countrie
 for virtewe, love, bewtie, chivalrie,
 prowes, bowntie: & of other compleate
 departementes most eminent
 and honorabl, John Lane in all
 dutie wisheth gratious perfection to
 felicitie eternal.
 After, nay before all your secular affaires,
 vouchsafe to accepte, to your recreations

the pleasant historie of this virtuous
 paire instanced in the most noble pair of
 frendes, and lovers, the Ladie Felis, and
 her exemplarie sparck of christian honor,
 Sir Gwy Earle of warwick, surnamed
 the heremite; reckoned for more then
 twoe hundred yeeres togeather, the last of
 the Nine worthies: albeit in that heroical
 ranck, hee standeth indignant, or ne
 glected, but without anie known cause,

by some fewe heretofore, for their
lacke of anye safer, whereof expoun-
deth the art of poete, des passion in
the same. His doctres havee bin
in great estimation, and practised by all the
trouers, & poetes of his tyme, as it
seemeth by the report of the original
authors of the same, as by the auctor
H. C. Spenser, whose historie I take to
be true, which standeth not but witness
by our master Poete, written by Arystotell
as well. Authors like him by the Italian
Boccacio, & Rabelais, and by some
Frenchmen, & Spaniard, as it is reported.
But Rabelais, falling in love with
the large spylt vew, which our noble
Guyon, sonne in martiall prouesse, have
done in hisse ages, as Poetes, histories,
and ditties, & the same, as well
is shewed by our learned, and factious
trouer, and poete Mr. Cawdron, whose
witt, ample, and poeticall judgment
giveth us no compaie to the Muses,
callid him, that honest warwrishom
deserveth him to room. And him have
they sette in ded into the fabrick of
seuerall styes, although in termes obso-
lete, and whiche posterite made againe,
and saythe, as isthe Poetes, retine, in
the same perte, accordinge as our lan-
guage is beneffited, and more copions,
and at the laste, to make remenant
vise, & as with reason, and learned
ditties, statutones, wittessid by our noble,
and Englishe ingeniours knyght Sir Philip
Sperry, but in subtyle of concept,
can passe them never, for that they
tolallie in onylome messes poets historie
have ever saide, but on the same
mold, either expressly, or transuersly,
whiche also is povertie. It belongeth
thereto the Lyd, after the Irland, &
lawfull manner of poetical fiction, doe
serve out Guions trwe real historie,
valde the signature of Mistrie, which
hath to drawe with it Alfonson, Cirennus,
D'Isours, Speculation, Senton, &
Italiakay, all soundly vp in these twoe
yeare, Invention, Demonstration, as well
knoweth the Classis of poets laureat, to
whome I produce Chambers tale by the
Spanier, never yet told out by anie in
the same staine, the whiche formes, I also
in this poem shall, and in my poetical
visages, first and second partes, and in
my Twelue monethes observe, and ex-
emplifie, the name Poeta, being derived

of **poesie**, signifieth to make as a maker;
howbeit to define the art it selfe is alles
hard, as to doe it indeede, but not to doe
it rightly I cannever define yt soundly:
No though her practise doe thus extend
yt: v^e Primo, into the Satyrical, which
proveth so offensive to the meridien
whereare yt confineth: as that her back
cannever ware half the enimies shee
begotteth to her self. Secundo, it makte
laid in yt Lyrical, which hath to praise
or despise: which satisfiyeth not the
laste wittes; sith slotinge topp of the
wave for the gull to feed on particulars.
Tertio, it may bee carried in the kind
callid heroical, or Allegorical: the whiche
callegorical waile anglings at the bottom)
implieth those other twaine, and all
nations els, beinge exercised in such
different descent, and varietie of verse
in kind, as discreete art findeth most con-
gruent to the muse: is therefore most
delightfull to the most iudicious, as
having in yt an heroical power of calling
the highest understandinges of all others,
as namely our master Aristotel, Alex-
ander magnus, Scipio Africenus, Octauius
Augustus, Cesar, Jacobus Anglie
rex, with manie moe, whoe are by so
much the more often honorable remem-
bered, as their bounteous favors to the
ingenious in this faculty, have bin shewed,
and their own iudicious dexterities in it
abswold, bat is no meate for paper-
pekinge. In rimers — out poetasters,
sith — muses-tradueinge, — witt abusinge,

Poesie-missvsinge Pieridistes. In which
first, sith heroical kind: Homer bestirred
him selfe to lead the dawnce. Virgil
blasoned the riches of his learnings in
the same cloth of arras, the ancient English
Poetes (meaninge allways the sownd ones) have delivered them of heroical
birthes in this kind: which doe survive
of theirre deceased parentes glorie, all of
them adducinge a complete knyght, in the
personations of twoe in number; and
made as lawfullie bee instanced in one:
and all as well in twoe, as pleaseth the
ingenious. For so M^r Edm^s Spenser in
his allegorical declaratoria, faerye de-
clameth. Now, for my own part (under
correction) I endevour to call a general
muster of all our noblest Guions whole
historie, in the same kind also, as beinge
most proper for it, and him; but without
derogatinge from the desert of our ancien-

English poets first plott: the which (representinge excellent) was written allmost three hundred yeres gonn, by Don Lidgate, and since him, by John Rowse & Pepulwick. But wheare all they had theire first president! is now by the ancient historiens verie hard to prove; for that in our greatest combustion of antiquite, they suffred shippwrack: Notwithstandinge, some of them escaped y^e distroier, and are yet extant, & well preserved by the singular industrie of osm, that wase both studious, and learned: amongst whome, M^r Thomas Allen, in the learnedest rancies hath reputation; as Sir Robert Coton knight his industrie in this kind, hath singular commendation. All these ancient Cronoclers wrote of Guies person, & greate prowes; namely, Henricus Knighton, Thomas Radburn, Giraldus Cornubiensis, Johannes Strench, Johannes Hardinge, Johannea Gresley, Johannes Powtrel: all beinge manuscripts, never printed, with many moe, as saith John Rosse, whoe diligentlie in K. Hen: the seavnths time collected them on the point of Gwy, while the recordes ware yet extant, every of them avouchinge his overcominge of Colbrand on the same conditions, which tradition hath ever since that time maintained. Cronica cronicorum affirmeth the same, though at the second hand, and with missnaminge of Giraldus Cambrensis, for Giraldus Cornubiensis. Yet all this notwithstandinge! our valient Guy is so vnfortunatle amongste our late Croniclers, as that they are pleased to saie lesse of him, then Hanibale epitaph, amounted vnto. Amongst whome! som of oures, (but vnkindlie for th'innocent English penn, and that to (his worthies dishonor) whose person they confesse; yet after holdinge his own for many ages in his grave ex concessio, woold faine decline the credite of all y^e ancientes, concerninge the conditions of Guies fightinge the Duello for this kingdom, when hee slewne Colbrand the Africau giant challenginge for the Danes: as yf Sir Guy, beinge then a man retired to obscurite, and besides overtaken of old age; shold, or woold runn at a masterie so daungerous for glorie, which hee contemned: and not vppon the necessitie of that occasion. but this presumptuous kind of novitios writinge, maie rest assured, that onlie

one of yonder ancientes, livinge neerer the time of the famous Guy by some hundreds of yeres, will carrie more credite! then one thowsand such newe, offringe so forwardly, which must needes bee ignorantlie, sith not havige seene anie of the manuscripts before mentioned. Howbeit, John Stowes note of Guy, is perfecter then all the rest of the newe. Against which manner of historifyenge, which intendeth but to vex the credite of antiquity, (speakinge this vnder correction, and without taxinge the good endevoure of anie man, or the person it selfe) Poetrie hath to bringe her action of encroachment, for resurpinge on her licence of allusion in matter of fact, and it applienghe to historie of longe before our new writers times: which manner, scarce is historicum dicendi genus, but is goodly to shewe with what eloquence such endewe them selves with all, and to enlarge tomes beyond movinge, without the helpe of a porter. In the meane time, the precise naked integritie of the ancientes, gave (with more breviti) accompt, rather of plaine fact, as it was indeede, then of affected eloquence poeticalie interlined (but vnlawfullie) in historie. Which new fluence, breeding affluence, will shortlie leave in evidence, that what Poetrie doth idealie deliver for fiction! is trewe; constant truth standing vp her perpetual ensigne: and what this novel kind of historifinge affirmeth for trewe! is false, sith mixed. For, marck if theire affected insinuations doe not purposely wooe these three common concubines Partialitie! feare! flattery! and on them begettothe the bastard falsy! a chaungelin, the which mote these faeries overlive them selves! and the partie they have with theire mouth glewe starched! they woold not faile so to stripp off theire old skinn, cast all theire loose haier, and rectifie theire new sett countenaunce att annother glasse; as that Proteus him selfe woold not bee able to knowe them. How then may such bee trusted to bee cited in other discentes do futuro? yf not as trewly reportinge! as doth positive divinitie in schoole: with whome, to growe to particulars, woold surelie provoke theire passion, but theire integritie never. On thother side, sownd Poetrie of the ancient manner, suffreth no alter-

which fates a bawdy, blant marchioness, and they for to make up their regalities, caused all wroth and vexation to drive them to seek out these vauding cardinals. And so you see, there warraunt to thidnesse, that as the houses, and the artes or reformatio[n]s, with this true shewe, as poore, but in tract without dwelvynge, as you see it were founde in the book, and hee auctor to bee at all, that how these d[omi]n[i]ster kn[ow]it as wel as where we may take theirre w[or]kis, for want of place against the schollers & clerkes, writers, livinge in sondry places by many ares, were no r[es]on for to say, that them selves ar[en]t worthy to be v[e]rified, or might estymed, when they also have taken farre w[or]k of the world, though it w[er] seemeinge to be fallen out betw[een] Lidgate and his prentice, bee yet in effect, through his owne, word fesser like let downe of her, but not as Aristotle shal hereafter declare his masters, in not shewing the immunitio[n]e contra[m]facionis of experte disputatione, credere. Wherupon Lidgate hath respectevly followed the advise of the same Aristote[n] given for Poetry set of towning y[n] on and historie, and the same determinati[n]e ge[n]erall, a shewyng booke which precepte, Lidgate hath dwelt performed in this maner, viz that tenuing time! Manns whiche he is but short, and touchinge tenuing of st me[n]s Lidgate f[or]med this of Guy, first recorded by Gilfilus Cornu-Britannus, and by manie other cronichlers before named. Besides, that the middest Normannes, whiche came in with the Conquerour, and were earles of Warwick after earle Newbrighte, above six score yeres after Guy, namely the familie of Beaumont or Bellcamp, many yeres after that I rejoiced to joine them selves to the memorie of such an ancestor: and did not onlie repair those monumentes weare found of Guy, but added somewhat else. Thus Lidgate faterlike discharginge him selfe, leaveth it apparent, that the mo[re] historien, is of all other infusus! the most malignant toward the Poet historical: whom hee vnderstandeth not: though him the Poet doth at an haier, is therefore the most vnfitt to accuse, or censure the iustitrious, in the same case, that Prince Hector, and king Artur maie also bee

deuided of, because they likewise have binne poeticalie historified by poetes prosequuting ideal verite, as the historien pretendeth positive truthe. But now alas so sickly! sith tempted by yonder three fountaine troublinge faeries, that (as the world waggeth,) it is harder to fid an ancient poet false, then a new historien trewe; while hee imbibeth that rancke pena swoln humor, newly cleaped the art of reformation: meaninge the same art, which our excellently learned knight Sir Henrie Sauyl in his annotations vppon Tacitus, mett stealinge over-^sa hithward, vppon whose bold forehead, hee scoreth a lecture, wheareof shes is hardly capable sze of more modestie. Weare it not thearefore better, that Don Barckley (the ferriman) bee delt with all, to shipp her back againe? sith none that knowes, trustes her for straws; rather then thus, through her envious supressinge the heroes, to discourage the fertile wittes of our Englishe nation, whiche ware ready to come into the deservinge rank with the Greekes, Latines and Italiennes, to renewe that poetical reputation it inherited of old, but for this odd fashion of presumed-sincere wisdom, downe strikinge with her lightned thunders of the deceased. Whoe in theire times (without comparison) sored on no contemptible opinion, an hartinge of the foraner, to detract also. But if it shold bee imposed on the me-re historien (so well besene in antiquities, and histories of the reformatives aforesaid) to reconcile those Poemes of Chaucer, and Lidgate, & of somme other later English (even the best of that kind, which staith not yt selfe on particulars only, the which kind was, is, and ever wilbes scandalous) to bee all one things variously transposed! it mote chunce to pose them all though to the poet it bee possible to give a tract, which can satisfy all men, on what kinds of learninge soever they insist! And further demonstrate, how that a forane poet (esteemed excellent, but dealings with holie scripture in the Letter) bath from trewe poetries watese (meaninge the ancient) not a litle erred: forasmuch as it is well knownen to the Academick Classis Laureate, that not good verse alone, nor prose alone, ne store of similes, or some description with allusion onlie, and the

like, doe make poetrise complete. Yet
beinge of it! can at the most amount
but to Sermocination, of prose turnd
verse. Thus yf Poetes bee of my iury!
I hope I have not provoked anie dis-
creete manns choler, in thus showdringe
(though weakely, to poetries behoof) for
the same roome for her, which Porphirie
in schooles collateth szt habet esse in
generis demonstrantium; and thearefore
without leave, is worthie of own in-
genious reputation as well now, as then;
to whome ancient learninge woold never
give the lye, for doubt of pledginge the
new in apium risus. Otherwise, even
Cornelius Agrippa, ipse aries (for all
his occult philosophick lookees) maie
chaunce in this straine, to sitt beatinge
his heeles without the musees gates,
singinge to own vanity, Beati qui non
intelligunt. more mote bee brought how-
lustie some historiens deport them on
own glorious ostentation, as yf theare
weare none to them! sith vncivilis taun-
tinge, discreditinge, degradinge, and con-
trowlinge dejected poetrise (the ideal
model of moral demonstratives) which
ever was rara avis in terris, and knoweth
what shee doth, without such as publish
an ignorance, never ingendred in
schooles: for Poetrise hath waies by her
selfe. Whearefore such angrie quill-
men maie, (when they knowe more)
blush of own shame, yf shee acquitt her
self from beinge either ward! or tenant

at will to them! Howbest love predominatinge with vs, concealeth names, that
by this little (gentlie ment,) they woold
bee pleased to amend much; which more
woold commend their own learninge, yf
not indignlie baiting sound poetrise of
virtuous institute; and thearefore so
much the more esteemed by the most
noble, most honorable, most valient,
wise, and learned, as thinge (by som
maintained) which none maie teach to
other: Least elles shee complaines her to
all her ingenious pupills, whoe cann
byte home yf bytten. I never had the
philosophers stone, whearewith to pro-
mise our Guyon, in suche daintie limned
worck, as Ariostoes orlando hath found
since hee came into England; nevertheless
this meanethe historicalie with the
ancientes, to present Sir Gwies youth,
manwood, and old age: his love, warr,
& mortification, all sommed vp in his
lifie, and death, and that accordinge to
our most ancient historiens, poetes,
heraltes recordes, publick monumentes,
and tradicion also, which somtime is a
never dienge trewe cronicler. Thus not
havinge whearewith ells to expresse my
poore service vnto you then in this
expense of times leasure with takinge
humblest leave doe recommend it vnto
you, and you all, to thalmightie.
this of

Your verie lovinge frend
Jo: La:

See Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*. Alexis' father wishes him to marry, and chooses him a bride. "On the appointed day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and festivity; but when the evening came the bride-groom had disappeared, and they sought him everywhere in vain; and when they questioned the bride, she answered, 'Behold, he came into my chamber and gave me this ring of gold, and this girdle of precious stones, and this veil of purple, and then he bade me farewell, and I know not whither he is gone.' And they were all astonished; and seeing he returned not, they gave themselves up to grief: his mother spread sackcloth on the earth and sprinkled it with ashes, and sat down upon it; and his

wife took off her jewels and bridal robes, and darkened her windows, and put on widow's attire, weeping continually; and Euphemian sent servants and messengers to all parts of the world to seek his son, but he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, Alexis, after taking leave of his bride, disguised himself in the habit of a pilgrim, fled from his father's house, and throwing himself into a little boat, he reached the mouth of the Tiber; at Ostia he embarked in a vessel bound for Laodicea, and thence he repaired to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia, and dwelt there in great poverty and humility, spending his days in ministering to the sick and poor, and in devotion to the Madonna, until the people who beheld his great

Why hast thou espoused me only to forsake me?' And hearing her thus bitterly lamenting and upbraiding him, he said, 'I was so greatly tempted; nevertheless I remained steadfast. In many years passed away, until his name sank under his sufferings, he was revealed to him that he had died. Then he recovered from a severe attack of leprosy, pen and ink, and wrote an account of all these things, and all that had happened to him in his life, and gave it to the pope in his bosom, expecting to die. It happened about this time, on a certain festal day, that Pope Innocent was celebrating high mass before the emperor Heraclius and all his court, and a lonely voice was heard, which said, 'Look! the servant of God who is about to depart from this life, and who shall inherit the city of Rome.' So the people looked about; and another voice said, 'Whence should we seek him?' And the first voice answered, 'In the house of Euphemian the patrician.' And Euphemian was standing next to the emperor, who saw him. 'What! hast thou such a servant in thy house, and hast not discovered it? Let us now repair thither immediately.' So Euphemian went before the emperor the way, and as he approached the door a servant met him, saying, 'The poor beggar whom thou hast shamed to let within this hour, and who I saw fall on the steps before the door.' And Euphemian ran up the steps and then covered the face of the beggar, and it seemed to him the face of an angel, such a glory of light proceeded from it; and he was astounded within him, and he fell on his knees; and as the emperor and his court came near, he said, 'This is the servant of God of whom the voice spoke unto me.' And when the pope saw the letter which was in the dead hand of Alexius, he humbly asked him to deliver it, and the hand relinquished it forthwith, and the chancellor read it aloud before all the assembly.'

[The First Part.]

[How Guy undertakes to fight a Danish Giant.]

WHEN: meate & drinke is great plentye, [page 349] At feasts
then lords and Ladys still wilbe,

& sitt, & solace lythe¹;

- 4 then itt is time ffor mee to speake
of keene knights & kempes² great,
such carping ffor to kythe,³

I tell of
knights and
warriors

how they haue conquered, for Englands right:

who have

- 8 with helme vpon head, with halbert⁴ bright,
ffull oft & many a sithe⁵

they⁶ haue burnt by dale and downe,
citye, castle, tower, & towne,burnt towers
and towns,

- 12 & made bearnes vnblithe;

made Ladyes ffor to weepe with dreery mood,
when theirre ffrends ought ayled but good,
their hands⁷ to wring and writhe.⁸and made
women weep
for their
friends.

- 16 of all cronicles ffarr and neere,
were⁹ any deeds of armes weere,¹⁰
the most I prayse Sir Guy

Above all
heroesI put Guy of
Warwick,

of warwicke! that noble knight

- 20 oft times ffor Englands right
hath done ffull worthylye;
yett hee kept itt as priunilye
as tho itt had never beene hee,

who kept
secret his
noble deeds
for England.

- 24 without noyse or crye.

& when he came ouer the salt ffrome
ffrom Sir Terrey of Gorwaine,¹¹When he
came back¹ soft, gentle.—P. listen to.—F.⁷ MS. lands.—F. hands.—P.² *kempa*, a soldier, Champion; *kemp*,⁸ The author wrote “wry.”—Dyce.

to contend. Scot. vid. Gl. ad G.D.—P.

⁹ where.—P.³ A.-S. *cyðan*, to make known, relate.¹⁰ There is a tag to the e.—F.

—F.

¹¹ Sir Thierry of Gurmoise, in the Afleck Romance as analysed by Ellis, first Guy's opponent, then the friend rescued by him. See Ellis, p. 204, 214, 218, 223 (ed. Bohn).—F.⁴ hauberk.—P.⁵ *sithe*, vices (time) Lye; Chaucer.

—P.

⁶ The Danes.—P.

from helping
Sir Terry,

a knight of maine and moode,
28 ffor feare lest any one shold him know,
he kept him in silly beggars rowe
where euer hee went or stood ;

he dressed as
a beggar,

and only
enquired
about
Warwick.
Athelstan
was then
besieged in
Winchester

& euer he sperred¹ priuilecke
32 how they flared att warwicke,
& how they liued there.
King Athels[t]one, the truth to say,
att the towne of winchester there he lay
36 with one soe royll a ffare.

by the
Danish king,
Avelocke,

whose
Giant

was all
armed in
plate,

the King of Denmarke, Auelocke,²
he into England brought a flocke
of bearnes as breeme as beare³ ;
40 & with him a Gyant stiffe & starke,
a Lodlye devill out of Denmarke :
such another you neuer saw yore :

hee was rayed richlye with royll plate
44 both legg & arme, you may well wott,⁴
in armor bright to be seene ;
he brought weapon,—who list ffor to read—
more then any cart could lead,⁵ .
48 to ding men downe by-deene ;

and had
sworn to
subdue all
England.

No English
knight dares
fight him.

& swore othes great and grim,
that all England shold hold of him,
or he would kindle their care.

52 then in England there was neuer a knight
that once with him durst flght,—
full sore⁶ he did them dread,⁷ —

Athelstan
prays;

neither with Auelocke nor Athelstone.

56 then our King, to Christ he made his moane,

¹ i.e. enquired.—P. There are two strokes for the second *i* in *priuilecke*.—F.

² Aulaf, in the Affleck MS. The change here is due, no doubt, to the Romance of Havelok the Dane.—F.

³ boare, q.—P. *Bore* is the regular word.—F.

⁴ wate, west, q.—P.

⁵ forté pro (lade, i.e.) load, A.-S.

hladan, B. læden.—P.

⁶ soe sore.—P.

⁷ dare, q.—P.

- & to his mother bright to be scene.
 then one Night as our King lay in a vision,
 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen
 60 to lett him vnderstand ¹: an angel comes to him in a vision,
- he sayd, "rise vp in the morning by prime,²
 & goe to the gates in a good time;
 an old man shall you ffind there,
 64 both with his scripp and his pike,
 as that hee were palmer like,
 lowring ³ vnder his here.⁴ and tells him to go early to the gates, where he'll find an old man like a palmer.
- vpon thy knees, Sir King, looke thou kneele him to,
 68 & pray him the battell to doe,
 for his loue that Marry bore.⁵ Him he must pray to fight the giant.
- with that the Angell vanished away.
 but more of this Gyant I haue to say.
 72 as I haue heard my Elders tell,
 he was soe ffolle & soe great course,⁶
 That neither might beare him steed nor horssse ; (page 350)
 men thought he came ffrom hell.
- 76 the[n] bespake a Squier priuilye : (A squire says Sir Guy
 "where is the Knight men call Sir Guy,
 some time ⁷ in this land did dwell?
 or Sir Arrard ⁸ of arden alsoe ?
 80 the one of these might thither goe
 the Gyant ffor to quell." or Sir Arrard of Arden would fight him.
- then bespake him an Erle in that while,
 & saia, "Sir Guy is now in Exile,
 84 no man knowes wh[i]ther or where ; " Ah ! but Guy is in exile.
 he had but one sonne, & he hight Rainborne ; His son Rainborne is stolen :
 a merchant stold him ffrom wallingsford towne,
 ouer the seas with him to flare ;

¹ him kren aright, q.—P.² Prime, the first hour of the day (in Summer at foore a clocke, in Winter at eight.) Cutgrave.—F.³ Only half the n is in the MS.—P.⁴ hair, q.—P. here = hair.—P.⁵ bare, q. P.⁶ i.e. Corpse. P.⁷ tyme in the MS.—F.⁸ Sir Heraud, Guy's trusty companion, then "in a dungeon on the coast of Africa." Ellia, p. 198, 234.—F.

- and his wife,
Felix,*
- thinks he,
Guy, is
dead."*
- Next
morning,
Athelstan
goes to the
gates,*
- finds an old
man in
palmer's
dress,*
- and prays
him to fight
the giant.*
- The Palmer
says*
- he is too
weak.*
- Athelstan
says
God wills
that he
should fight.*
- "Then I
will,"
answers he.*
- Athelstan*
- 88 "the Erle & the Countesse beene both dead,
Dame ffelix is sore adread
of¹ her Lord, Sir Guye.
"her ffather and mother beene dead her ffroe ;
92 & soe shee thinkes Sir Guy is alsoe,
the flower of knighthood bold."
then Earлы, as soone as itt was day,
our King to the gates tooke his way,
96 his fforward² ffor to hold.
right certaine truth to tell,
he ffound³ a man in the same apparell
as the Angell before had him told.
100 vpon his knees the King kneeld him to,
and prayd him the battell doe,
ffor his loue *that Iudas sold.*
then answered the Palmer right,
104 & sayd, "in England you haue many a Knight
the battell *that may doe.*
I am brused in my body, & am vnyeold⁴ ;
alas, I may no wepons welde !
108 behold, & take good heede⁵ !"
our King sayd the palmer vntill,
"well I wott itt is gods will
you shold helpe me in my need⁶!"
112 "If *that be soe*," the palmer did speake,
"by the might of Christ I shall thee wreake,⁷
if I had armour & sheild."
our King of this hee was ffull ffaine,
116 & soe were all his lords certaine.

¹ for, q.—P.² agreement: with the angel?—F.³ MS. faund.—F.⁴ unwielde or unweld, q. Chauc.—P.⁵ Then take good heed thereto, q.

—P.

⁶ in the field, q.—P.⁷ revenge.—P.

to a Chamber they cold him Lead ;
they sought vp Armour bright and flaire,
inough ffor any King to haue in store,¹
120 & they best they did him bidd.

offers him
armour,

but meete for his body there was none,
he was soe large of blood and bone,
the fferssest² that euer was field.
124 the day of battell drew neere hand ;
but 5 dayes before, as I vnderstand,
our king was sore affrayd.

but none
will fit him,
he is so big.

The day of
battle draws
near.

then bespake the palmer priuilye,
128 " where is the Knight men call Sir Guye ?
sometimes in this land he dyd dwell³ ;
once I see him beyond the sea ;
his Armoure I thinko wold serue mee
132 in battell stifye to stand."

The Palmer
suggests
that Guy's
armour will
fit him.

the King did thereto assent ;
the Kings messenger to warwicke went,
the Countesse soone he found.⁴
136 before her he kneeled him on his knee,
prayed her of the armor belonged to Sir Guy
when he was a-liae liuande.⁵

Athalstan
sends to the
Countess for
it.

shee saught vp armoure flaire to bee scene :
140 Sir Guyes sword was sharpe & keene,
himselfe was wonnt to weare.
to the towne of winchester they did itt bring ;
full gladd therof then was the King,
144 & many that with him there were.

and she
sent it
back, with
Guy's sword.

then the rayed the palmer anon-right
with helme vpon head, with halbert⁶ bright ;

They arm
him.

¹ to wear, q.—P.

⁴ fand, q.—P.

² MS. ffersest.—F.

⁵ aliae on ground, q.—P.

³ he did dwell in this land, q.—P.

⁶ hauberk, q.—P.

- they caught him shield and spear.
 he mounts,
and rides
forth.
 When he
gets to the
field
 Guy dis-
mounts,
and prays
to Christ
 to grant him
strength to
 free England
from the
Danish yoke.
 Then he
springs into
the saddle,
 and Athel-
stan says
 he never
saw any one
do that
except Sir
Guy.
- 148 Then he leapt on horsback with good entent, [p. 231]
 & forth of the gates then he went,
 his foes ffor to feare.
 152 then al be-spread¹ was the ffeild
 with helme vpon head, with shining sheld,²
 as breeme³ as any beare.⁴
- & when the palmer all the armes sawe,
 he lighted downe, & list not lange,
 156 but he mad his prayers arright⁵:
 “Christ! that suffered wounds⁵,
 & raised Lazarus from dath to liffe,⁶
 to grant mee speech & sight,—
 160 & saued danyell the Lyons ffre,
 & borrowed⁷ Susanna out of woe,—
 to grant vs strength & might,
- “that I may England out of thralldome bring
 164 & not let vnder⁸ the danish King
 haue little England att his will.”
 then without any stirropp verament
 into the saddle he sprent,
 168 & sate there sadd and still.
- our King said, “by gods graco
 this riseth ffrom a light liuerne,⁹
 and of an Egar will.
 172 I neuer knewww no man that soe cold haue done,
 but old Sir Guy of warw[i]cke towne,
 that curteous knight himselfe.¹⁰ ”

¹ MS. albe spread.—F. all bespread.—P.

² With Hauberk glitterand bright,
query.—P.

³ MS. breeue.—F.

⁴ boar, qu.—P. *Bore* is the old word;
but the rhyme with *feare* makes the
change necessary. See too l. 39.—F.

⁵ prayers thore.—P.

⁶ from dead on live, q.—P.

⁷ borrow, ab. A.-S. *beorgan*; *serare*.
custodire.—P.

⁸ defend.—P.

⁹ nimbleness. See *liuer*, vol. i. p. 17.
l. 46. Fr. *delivre de sa personne*, an
active nimble wight. Cotgrave.—F.

¹⁰ himsel. Boreal. D.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How Sir Guy fights and kills the Danish Giant.]

- 176 { The Gyant was the ffirst that tooke the place ;
vgly he was, and ffoule of fface ;
the danish men began to smile.
he wold neither runne nor leape,
but layd all his weapons vpon a heape,
& dryd¹ himselfe for guile
that he might choose of the best,
that who-soever with them hee hitt,
which warr that hard while.
- 2^o parte { The foul
 Giant comes,
stands still,
and tries his
weapons.
- 184 Trumpetts made steeds to stampe & stare ;
the King of denmarke, he was there,
the King of England alsoe.
then the King of Denmarke a booke out breade,²
- King
Avelocke
- 188 & sware theron, as the story sayes,—
behold & take good heed :—
- swears
- “if the Gyant had the warre,³
of England he wold neuer cleame more,
neither nye nor flurr.⁴”
- 192 the kinge of England was there alsoe ;
the same othe he sware alsoe,—
behold and take good heede,⁵—
- that if the
Giant is
beaten,
he'll never
claim
England
again.
Athelstan
swears that
it
- 196 “if the pore palmer had the wore,
of England he wold neuer claime more,
while his liffe dayes last wold.”
- his Palmer
is beaten
he'll not
claim
England.
- 200 & thus their trothes together they strake,
they said their poyntment shold not slake,
nor exile out off Arr.⁶

¹ fforté dressid. — P. tried. — F.² bende, bronde, arme, &c., also pulled
out drew. Gl. ad Chanc. — P.³ were for werr. — P.⁴ i.e. nigh nor far — P.⁵ corrupt. — P.⁶ mold. q.—P.

The Giant
says that
he will

then the Gyant loud did crye :
to the King of Denmarke ¹ these words says hee,

204 “ behold & take good heede !

yonder is an Iland in the sea :
ffrom me he can-not scape away,
nor passee my hands indeed ;

kill or drown
Guy,

204 “ but I shall either slay him with my brand,
or drown him in yonder salt strand ² ;

ffro me he shall not scape away.

and crown
Avelocke
King of
England.

then I will with my owne hand
212 crowne thee king of litle England
ffor euer and ffor aye.”

The Giant
and Guy
cross to an
island in
two barges.

that was true, as the King of denmarke thought;
comanded ² barges forth to be brought,

216 & either into one was done.

the Gyant was ³ the ffirst that ore did passe.
& as soone as hee ⁴ to the Iland come was,
his barge there he thrust him ffroom ;

into the
stream,

220 with his foote & with his hand
he thrust his barge ffroom the Land,
with the watter he lett it goe,
he let it passe ffroom him downe the stremme.

224 then att him the Gyant wold ffreane ⁵
why he wold doe soe.

saying that

then bespake the Palmer anon-right,
“ hither wee be come ffor to ffight

228 till the tone of vs be slaine ;

2 botes brought vs hither,
& therfore came not both together,
but one will bring vs home. ⁶

one is
enough to
carry the
victor back.

¹ MS. Demmarke.—F.

² Cp. “then I was ware of a runing
strand.” Eger & Grime, vol. i. p. 360.
l. 187.—F.

³ It should be ‘Sir Guy was.’—P.

⁴ Guy.—F.

⁵ *frein, fraine, interrogare, Jun.*—P.
⁶ Percy adds (againe) ? Home is for
hame.—F.

232 "ffor thy Bote thou hast yonder tyde, [page 352]
ouer in thy bote I trust to ryde ;
& therfore Gyant, beware ! "

trumpetts blew, & bade them goe toote,
236 the one [on] horsbacke, the other on floote¹ ; The
but Guy to god was darre.² trumpets sound,

Sir Guy weened well to doo,
he tooke a strong speare & rode h[i]m too, and Sir Guy
charges.

240 he was in a good intent :
althoe he rode neuer soe ffast,
his strong speare on the Gyant hee brast,
that all to shiuers itt went. He shivers
his spear on
the Giant,

244 & then Sir Guy anon-right
drew out his sword that was soe bright,
that many a man beheld,
& on the Gyant he smote³ soe
248 that a quarter of his sheild fell him ffroe,
euuen vntill the ffeild. draws his
sword,
and cuts off
part of his
shield.

the Gyant against him made him bowne⁴ ;
horsse & man & all came downe
252 vpon the ground⁵ soe greene.
throughout Sir Guyes stede
the Gyants sword to the ground yeed⁶ ;
such stroakes haue seldom⁷ beeene scene. The Giant
knocks Guy
over,

256 then Sir Guy started on his feete ffull tyte,⁸ Guy cuts
& on the Gyant cold hee smite
as a man that had beeene woode ;
& vpon the Gyant he smote soe ffast
260 that the Gyants strong armour all to-brast ;
there-out sprang the bloode. through the
Giant's
armour,
and draws
blood.

¹ There is a mark between the *f* and *in* in the MS. — F.

² *darre*, q. - P.

³ *soote* in the MS. — F.

⁴ *ready* — P.

⁵ One stroke too many in the MS — F.

⁶ *passed*. — P.

⁷ *seld* or *seedl*, q. — P.

⁸ *Light*, q. — P.

The Giant
knocks off
the jewelled
crest of
Guy's helm,

- then the Gyant hitt Sir Guy vpon the helme ;
aboue on his head the stroake itt ffell ;
264 itt was with stones sett,
itt was with precyous stones made ;
Sir Guys helmett neere assunder yode¹ ;
such stroakes of men beene drade.

and then

- 268 then the Gyant thirsted sore ;
some of his blood he had lost thore² ;
& this he sayd on hye :
“ good Sir, & itt be thy will,
272 give me leauue to drinke my ffill,
for sweete S^t Charytye ;

he'll let Guy
do the same.

- “ and I will doe thee the same deeds
another time, if thou haue neede,
276 I tell the certaintye.”
“ why, vpon *that* couenant,” Sir Guy can sayne,
“ goo & drinke thy ffill, & come againe,
and heere Ile abyde thee.”

the Giant
drinks,

- 280 beside them there the riuier ran ;
the Gyant went & refresht him then,
& came ffull soone againe.
ffrom *that* itt was lowe prime
284 till itt was hye noone,
thé delten strokes with maine.³

Guy gives
him leave,
and they
fight till
noon.

- but the sword *that* Sir Guy had lead,
therewith he kept his head,
288 stooode oft in poynt ffor to be slaine.
then Sir Guy thirsted sore ;
he had rather haue had drunke there
then haue had England & almaine⁴ :

yode.—P.

² So Chaucer R.R. 1853, pro *tho*, vel
there, metri gratia.—P.

³ amaine, q.—P.

⁴ Germany.—P.

- 292 "good Sir, iff itt be thy will,
lett me goe now & drinke my fill,
beffore as I did thee."
and asks the
Giant to let
him drink.
- 293 " nay," then sayd the Gyant, " I were to blame
vnlesse that I knew thy name,
I tell thee certainlye."
" You may if
you'll tell me
your name."
- 294 " why then," quoth hee, " Ille neu[r] swicke¹ ;
my name is Guy of warwicke;
" Guy of
Warwick."
- 295 what shold I longer layne² to thee ? "
the Gyant sayd, " soe might I swinke,³
doest thou thinke Ille let thee drinke ?
no ! not ffor all Cristentye !
" Then you
sha'n't
drink.
- 296 " Ah ha !" quoth the Gyant, " haue I Sir Guy here ?
in all this world is not a⁴ peere.
ffor ought that thou can doe or deale,⁵
thy head [I] shall present my Lady the Queene,
297 I tell thee certainlye [bedeene.]⁶"
then Sir Guy towards the riuer came.
I'll give
your head
to my
queen."
- 298 the Gyant was not light, but after him went ;
the Gyant Layd after Guy with strokes strong,
300 but Guy was light, & lope againe to the Land⁷ ;
ffor ere he cold any stroke of Sir Guy woone,⁸
Guy had beene in the riuer⁹ to the chune,¹⁰
& dranke that did him gaine.
However,
Guy goes
into the
river,
- 301 & vp he start, & sayd there :
" thou foulle traitor ! I will thee loue noe more¹¹ !
ffor thy trechery, traytor, thou shalt abuy¹² !"
[page 223]
up to his
chin, and
dranks.
- 302 & vp he start, & sayd there :
" thou foulle traitor ! I will thee loue noe more¹¹ !
ffor thy trechery, traytor, thou shalt abuy¹² !"
Then he
reproaches
the Giant
for his
treachery.

¹ scit, fallere, decipere. Lye. G.D.
162, 28.—P.

² leuo colare.—P.

³ labor, toil.—P.

⁴ heu... P. ⁵ defend, q.—P.

⁶ Added by Percy.—F.

⁷ The Giant did not lag behind him
long.

But layd after Guy with strokes
strong.

Guy lope on the Land againe.—P.

⁸ winne, q. P.

⁹ Only half the *n* in the MS.—P.

¹⁰ chinne. P.

¹¹ leave no mair, q.—P.

¹² reu, q.—P. Perhaps "kneel":

compare l. 327.—Dyce.

and hitte him
a stroke

that cuts

down to his
skull.

The Giant
knocks Guy
down.

Guy thinks
on Christ,

sticks the
Giant
through the
breast-plate,

but breaks
his sword.

- these words spake good Sir Guy,
 320 & lifted vp his swordd on hye,
 & saies, "good stroakes thou shalt ffeele."
 then Sir Guy att the Gyant smote
 a dint that wonderfull byterlye bote :
 324 he smote assunder Iron & steele ;
 Sir Guys sword through the basnett¹ ran,
 & glased² vpon his braine pan,
 & the Gyant began to kneele.

- 328 & then the Gyant att Sir Guy smote
 a dint that wonderfull³ bitterlye bote ;
 he smote Sir Guy downe to the ground.
 Sir Guy was neuer soe discomfittid before ;
 332 but through⁴ the might of him that Marye bore,
 releued him againe in that stonde.

- he thought on Christ that suffered wounds⁵,
 & raised Lazarus ffrom d[e]ath to liffe,
 336 & vpon the crosse was wound,
 to giue him grace to quitt that.
 & then his sword in his hand he gatt,
 & narr⁶ the Gyant did hee stand,⁶

- 340 & att the Gyant there he smote
 a dint that wonderfull bitterlye bote ;
 through his brest-plate his sword he stake.⁷
 & as Sir Guy wold haue wrested itt out,
 344 his good sword broke with-on[t] all⁸ doubt,
 within the hiltes itt brake ;

¹ *Bassnet*, Helmet, or Head-piece
(French) Gl. ad G. D.—P. A light helmet,
shaped like a skull-cap. Fairholt.—F.
² glanced or grazed, q.—P.
³ *bu* with one dot for *bi* in the MS.—F.

⁴ delend.—P.
⁵ i. e. nearer.—P.
⁶ stond, q.—P.
⁷ strake, Qn.—P.
⁸ without all, q.—P.

& theratt loughe the Danish King,
 & Athelstone made much mour[n]ing
 348 to heare how the Gyant speake :

" now thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,
 here is no wepons ffor to weld ;
 therforo yeeld thee to mee swythe,¹
 352 & I will thy arrand soe doo,
 & to Auelocke our King Ile speake ffor thee,
 to grant thee land and liffe,
 /that thou durst ffor thy Chualrye
 356 be soe bold as ffight with mee
 /that am ² soe stiffe and stithe.³"

The Giant
tells him

he had
better yield
at once, and
Auelocke
will grant
him land
and life.

" nay ! " sayd Sir Guy, " by heauen Queene,
 /that sight by me shall neuer be seene,
 [forsooth I do thee tell.]
 360 ffor I shall kindle thy Kings cares ⁴ :
 through the Might of him that Marry bare,
 with stroakes I shall thee ffell."

Guy refuses.

the Gyant langht, & loud gan crye,
 364 " why speakest thou masterfullye ?
 hearke what I shall thee tell :
 thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,
 & thou hast noe wepons thy selfe to weld,
 368 nor ⁵ here is none to sell."

But, says the
Giant,

you've no
weapons to
fight with.

" no," sayd Sir Guy, " I know better cheape ;
 yonder lyes a great cart-load on a heape,
 /that thou thy-selfe hither did bring."
 372 " then the wold laugh me to scorne, my Lords manye,
 if of my wepons I shold let thee take anye,
 my selfe downe ffor to dinge."

" I'll help
myself from
your heape."

¹ soon. instantly.—P. There is a ² Stithe, rigidus, validus, strenuus.
 stroke between to and mee.—F. Lyc.—P.
³ ann in the MS.—F. ⁴ care, q.—P. ⁵ ? MS. now.—F.

Guy seizes a
Danish axe,

cuts off the
Giant's
sword-arm,

and then, as
he stoops,

his head.

The Danes

fee,

and take
their king
home,

as they
swore to
claim
England no
more.

then Sir Guy to the weapons went :

376 a danish ¹ axe in his hand hee hent,
& lightlye about his head he can itt fling.
the Gyant vpon the sholder he smote ;
the sword and arme ffell to hys ² foote,
380 this was noe leasinge.

then as he wold hane stooped, as I vnde[r]stand,
to haue taken vp his sword in his other hand
to haue wreaked him of that wrathe,
384 Sir Guys axe was sharpe, & share,
the Gyants head he smote of there,
bremelye ³ in that breath.

& then the Danish men gan say
388 to our Englishmen, “ well-away [page 254]
that euer wee came in your griste ⁴ ! ”
they ran & they rode ouer hill & slade ⁵ ;
much haste home-ward they made
392 with sorrow & care enough.

they hyed them ouer the salt ffome
to bring the King of denmarke hame
with sorrow and mickle care ;
396 ffor they haue left behind them slaine
a fullffoul Lodlye ⁶ swayne,
both of head and hayre.

ffor their trothes they had truly plight,
400 that ‘ as they were true King and Knight,
of England neuer to clayme more.’
& then to the body they sett his head ;
his sword in his hand was lead,⁷
404 ⁸ the strongest that euer man bo[re].

¹ See note ^a to l. 169, p. 68, vol. i. of country. Bosworth.—F.
—F.

² The y is dotted as in old MSS.—F.

³ breme, ferox, atroc. Lye.—P.

⁴ ? MS. grisle.—F.

⁵ A.-S. slēd, a slade; plain tract

⁶ filthy.—P.

⁷ laid, q.—P.

⁸ ḡ stanks as did the tide is cross
out at the beginning of this line in th

MS.—F.

- the Gyants blood was blacke & red,
his body was like the beaten lead,
& stanke as did the tyke.¹
- 408 then thē Layd the head to the corse,
& the arme againe to the bodeye alsoe,
& buryed them both in a diche.²
- great hauocke our Englishmen made.
- 412 of³ the great cart-loade of weapons that were made,⁴
they loughe, & good game they made.⁵
- that the axe out of Denmarke was brought,
the Gyants head of to smyte,⁶
- 416 thē thanked christ that tyde.
- & then the King beffore the palmer did kneele,
sayes, " thou art blest, I wott itt weele,
of god and our Ladye."
- 420 the palmer, in his hart hee was full sore
when he saw our king kneele him before ;
" stand vp, my lord !" sayd hee,
- " ffor well I wott itt was his deede
- 424 that ffor vs vpon a crosse did bleede
vpon the mount of Calnarye."
- & then our king after that,
in the honor of this battell great,
- 428 this deed hee caused to be done :
gard them to take vp the axe & the sword,
& keepe them well in royll ward,
& bring them to winchester towne,
- 432 & hang them vp on St. Swithens church on hye
that all men⁷ there may see,

The Giant's

corpse

is buried.

The English
make fun
over his
weapons.Athelstan
thanks Guy.

Guy

gives the
victory to
Christ.

Athelstan

has the
Giant's
sword and
axe hung
up inSt. Swithin's
Church in
Winchester.

¹ tike, *Risius*, [tick.] a dog-louse.
In Shakespear it is used for a little dog.
Johnson.—P.

² Dyke, q.—P.
³ st.—P.
⁴ laid, q.—P.

⁵ & did dasyda, q.—P.

⁶ that smote, q.—P.

⁷ mens in the MS.—F. There is no
tradition in Winchester of Guy's axe
and sword ever having been in St.
Swithin's church.—Bailey.

thither if they wold ffare.¹
 I tell you the weapons be there & thore
 436 but of this matter Ile tell you more,
 hastylye and soone.

[The Third Part.]

[How Sir Guy turns Hermit, and sends for his Wife as he dies.]

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| A procession
of monks,

singing
<i>Te Deum</i> ,
meets
Athelstan,

who offers
Guy castles
and towers.

Guy asks
only for his
staff and
pike.

The King
goes with
him and
asks his
name.

Guy tells | 440
3 ^d parte
444
448
452
456 | <p>Then all religious of the towne,
 they mett the <i>King</i> with ffaire procession ;
 & other psalmes amonge,²
 te deum was theire song,
 & other praises there amonge,
 that plaused³ the Lords to pray.
 thé profferred the palmer att that tyde,
 castles hye & towers wyde,
 good horsses to assay.</p> <p>“ Nay,” saies he, “ give me that is mine,
 my scripp & my pike & my slauen,⁴
 & lett me wend my way.”</p> <p>ffor all they profferred him there,
 he fforsooke them : wold hane no more⁵
 but that with him he brought.
 & then our <i>King</i> with him forth on his way went ;
 to know his name was his entent ;
 “ but all,” he sayd, “ is ffor nought,
 without you wilbe sworne vnto me,
 ffor 12 monthes in councell itt shalbe,</p> |
|---|---|---|

¹ gone.—P.² all their Psalms 'gan say, q.—P.³ It pleased, q.—P.⁴ Slaveine, a pilgrim's mantle. *Sarabarda*, Anglice a sclavene. Halliwell. Fr. *Esclarine* as *Esclauine* (a long and thicker riding cloake to beare off the raine;

a Pilgrims cloake or mantle ; a cloake for a traueler;) or a sea-gowne; or a course high-collered, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg and vsed most by seamen and Saylor. Cotgrave, A.D. 1611.—F.
⁵ mair, q.—P.

by him that all this world has wrought."
 & when our King had sworne him too,
 460 "why, my name," he sayea, "is Guy of warwicke, loe!"
 & this ffor thee I haue fflought."

him under a
tree of
mercy.

"O," said our King, "Sir Guy, abyde with mee,
 & halfe of England I will gine thee,
 464 & assunder wee will never."
 "nay, I thanke you my lord curteous & kind,¹
 I haue a pilgramage great to wend,
 from sinne my soule to couer.²"
 468 Sometimes I was one of your Erles wight,³ *Gage 225.*
 but now age & trauell hath me dight;
 ffarwell, my Lord, ffor euer!
 for to warwicke wend will I,
 472 to speake with fayre felix⁴ my wiffe, before I dye,
 for nothing I had leaner."

Achilles
offers mee
halfe of
England
to stay.

Grey returns.
He meant go a
pilgrimage.

to Warwick.
to see his
wife.

he had beeene in battell stiffe & strong,
 & smitten with wepons that were long,
 476 & bidden many a drearye day:
 when the parted, they both did weepe.
 Sir Guy held downe the hye street,⁵
 in warwicke where he lay.

Grey
journeys

480 & when he came to warwicke towne,
 his owne countesse to dinner was bowne
 & all maases were sayd.
 for feare lest any man shold him Ken,
 484 he sett him downe among the poore godsmen,
 & held him well pleased.⁶

to Warwick.
leads his
Countess at
dinner,

and
sets down
among the
poore
godsmen.

¹ bend, q. --P.

² pronounced *ker*; perhaps *cover*.

³ street, active. --P.

⁴ Felice, in Ellis.—F.

⁵ i.e. the High-way. Qu. the high Roman Road.—P.

⁶ to, q. P.

⁷ well-apaid, q. (evidem fare season.)

—P.

The
Countess
feeds daily
13 palmers.

Guy goes in
as one,

and his
Lady gives

him wine :
he gives it to
his mate.

He takes
leave of his
Lady.

She bids her
steward

tell him to
come to
dinner every
day.

The steward
gives Guy
the message.

his owne Ladye euerye day att her gate
13 palmers in cold shee take
to dine with her att noone.
Sir Guy was leane of cheeke & chin,
& therrefore the porter lett him in,
& 12 after him did goe.¹

492 the Ladye see hee was ill att ease ;
shee floundred² fflast him to please,
[and did him make good cheere ;³]]
shee fett him a pott of her best wine :
496 he dealt⁴ itt about him at that time,
all to his ffellowes there.

then after dinner, as saith the booke,
leauue of his owne Ladye he tooke
500 before them in the hall.
the Ladye called her steward vnto ;
shee sayd, " my bidding looke thou doe."
" Madam," hee sayd, " I shall."

504 " why then, goe to yonder⁵ pore palmer,
& bidd him come euerye day to dinner
before me in this hall ;
ffor an honest man⁶ he hath beeene
508 when he was younge & kept cleane,
as may be well seene."⁷

the steward wold no longer abyde,
but went after the palmer that tyde,

¹ gone, q.—P.

² fond, found, to try, endeavour.

A.S. fandian, tentare. Urry, Jun.—P.

³ A Line wanting:

" And bede (or did) him make good
cheere." q.—P.

⁴ him follows, marked out.—F.

⁵ yonder in the MS.—F.

⁶ MS. me. A-S. mæg is a relation,

friend, neighbour.—F.

⁷ as may be seen of all, q.—P.

512 & did as the Ladye him bede;¹
 says, "well greetes you my Ladye mild of cheere,
 prayes you every day to come to dinner,²
 giffe that itt be your will."

516 the palmer made answer her steward vnto³;
 say, "I pray to christ grant her that meede
 that welds both welth and witt!

Guy says

520 a little ffarther I haue to fflare,
 to speake with an hermitt here,
 gif I can with him hitt."

he must go
on to an

"an hermitt is dead, I vnderstand,
 & here a hermitage stands vacand,
 524 as [I] doe vnderstand."⁴

empty
hermitage
near.

& there he liued, the truth to say,
 till itt was his ending day,
 & serued christ our King;
 528 he neuer eate other meate
 but herbes and rootes greate,
 & dranke the water of a springe.

He goes,
lives on

then he hyred him a litle page
 532 that was but 13 yeeres of age,
 he was both fflayre and feate⁵;
 & euery day when the noone bell rang,
 the litle ladd to the towne must gang,
 536 to fleitch⁶ the Ladys liuerye.⁷

herbs, roots,
and water.

and his
page
daily at
noon
fetches the
Countess's
allowance to
him.

¹ as y^e Lady did him tell.
 As the Ladys bade him till or tell.

² delivery, allowance of food. Fr. *Lievie*, A deliuerie of a thing that's giuen; and (but lessse properly) the thing so giuen; hence, a Lierie; Ones cloth, colours, or device in colours worn by his servants, or others. *La Lievie des Chanoines*. Their liuerie, or corrodie; their stipend, exhibition, daille allowance in victualls or money. Cotgrave.—F.

Q.—P.
³ dinners, q.—P.
⁴ to her Steward answer made, q.—P.
⁵ Half a Stunes or more wanting.
 These seem to be the Steward's words.—P.

⁶ MS. may be *foste*.—F. *foste*, q.—P.
 both fflayre and feate was he."—Dyce.
⁷ to fet, q.—P.

the Ladye was gladd, as I vnderstand ;
 shee gane itt with her owne handes,¹
 and gladd itt soe shold bee.

At last a
death-sick-
ness takes
Guy ;

- 540 but there he liued, as sayth the booke,
 till a sicknesse there him tooke,
 that needly² he must dye.

an angel
comes to
him

to warn him
he shall
die—

- 544 one night as Sir Guy lay in vysion,
 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen
 to lett him vnderstand.
 he was as light as any leame,³
 as bright as any sunn beames.
 548 with that wakened Sir Guy.⁴

[page 350]
 St. Michael,
from God.

- He sayes, “ I coniure in the power of Jesus christ⁵
 to tell me wether thou be an euill angell or a good ! ”
 he sayd, “ I hett Michall.
 552 I came ffrom him *that* can both loose and bind
 both mee, and thee, and all mankind,
 both heauen, earth, and hell.”

Sir Guy
sends his
page

to tell his
wife to
come to him.

- 556 & then Sir Guy his ring out raught
 to the litle ladd, and him taught,
 & bidd he shold “ goe snell⁶
 to her *that* hath beene true to mee,
 & pray her to come, my end and see ;
 560 ffor nothing *that* shee dwell.⁷ ”

The page
goes to the
Countess,

the little lad made him bowne
 till he came to warwicke towne.

¹ hand.—P.

² so Chaucer, for needs must.—P.

³ *Leame, leme*, a flame, a Light, a blaze.
 Chauc. *Urry*. Jun.—P. A.S. *leoma*.
 —F.

⁴ Sir Guy wakende, q.—P.

⁵ Jesus' blood, q. I conjure thee
 by y^r Roode. Qu.—P.

⁶ *snell, celer, pernix, citus, agilis*. A.S.
snel. Lye.—P.

⁷ dwelle, to stay, tarry. Chauc. *Id.
 dwelia, est cessare, morari*. Jun. *Lye*.
 —P.

the Countesse soone hee ffound ;
 564 before her he kneeled on his knee ;
 saith, " well ¹ greeteth you my Lord, Sir Guy !
 but he is dead neere hand,²

tells her
that Guy is
dying,

" & heere he hath sent to you his ringe,—
 568 ffull well you know this tokeninge,—
 & bidds you hye him till."
 a squier wold hane brought her a palfrey,
 but shee tooke a nearer stay ;

and bids her
come to him.

572 for knight ne squier none wold shee haue,
 but ffollow shee did the litle knaue³ ;
 the way was flayre and drye ;
 follow shee did the litle ffoot page
 576 till shee came to the hermitage
 wheras her lord did lye ;

She follows
the page
to the
hermitage,

& then the lady curteous & snell,
 vpon his bed-side downe shee fiell
 580 with many a grecuous grone.
 hee looked vpon her with eyes ²,
 he neuer spake more words but these,
 saying, " Madam, lett be thy flare⁵ ! "

and falls
down by
Guy,
groaning
grieviously.

He tells her
to be still.

584 a man that had scene the sorrow shooe had,
 & alsoe the contrition that shee made
 for her Lord, Sir Guy,
 they wold haue shed many salt teares⁶ :
 588 soe did all that with them were,
 both lords eke and Ladyes.

You'd have
cried to see
her sorrow.

¹ *grest* follows, marked out, in the
MS.—F.

² *bond*, q.—P.

³ *crafte*, paer.—P.

⁴ with his eyes, q.—P.

⁵ mon. — P.

⁶ many a teare, q.—P.

She says
she and Guy
were
together
only 40
days;

- then shee told them how they had loued long,
& were marryed together when they were younge,
592 & liued together but dayes 40 :
& afterward shee neuer him see,
by no knowledge that cold bee,
of 30 winters and three.

their child
was stolen,

and Sir
Arrarde
went to
seek it.

- 596 then shee told them of much more woe :
theire younge child was stolen them free ;
they had neuer none but one.
Sir Arrarde of Arden after him went
600 to seeke the child with good intent,
that was true of borne blood.¹

The
Countess
goes to King
Athelstan,

who tells her
how Guy
slew the
giant.

- & as shee can ² these tales tell,
in swooning downe shee ffell
604 vpon the ground soe greene ;
& when shee was reuarterd againe,

- shee wold neuer rest nor rowe ³
till shee came our king vnto,
608 her to wishe and read.
before our king when shee was brought,
the king told her how Sir Guy had foughht
& smitten of the Gyants head :

- 612 "ffast his name I did ffreane,⁴
but he sware me that I must leane ⁵
ffor a 12 month and a day."

Athelstan
vows he'll
bury Guy in
Winchester.

- the king said, "soe christ me saue !
616 this Erle to winchester I will haue ;

¹ of true blood borne, q.—P.

² i. e. gan.—P. did.—F.

³ A.-S. row, sweet, quiet, repose.—F.

⁴ ask.—P.

⁵ conceal.—P.

his body there I will interre."
 but all that about him there cold stand,
 they cold not remoue him with their hands
 620 nor further thence him beare.

But his
corpes
cannot be
moved,

a new purpose there the tooke ;
 they made a graue, as saith the booke,
 before the hye Altar,
 624 & buried him in warwicke, the truth to say.
 the ladye lined after him but dayes 40:
 And there was buried alsoe.¹

[page 287]

and is there-
fore buried
in Warwick,
with his
wife, who
soon died.

& then they floundred a ffayre abbey,
 628 & monkes ffor them to singe.

thus came the knyght out of his care,²
 that had beene in land wyde where,
 that came to England safe againe.

632 now all you that haue heard this litle Iest,³
 I betake your soules to Iesus christ,
⁴ [to save from endless pain,]
 & that wee may on doomeeday
 come to the blisse that shall ffor aye,
 636 with Angells to remaine. ffins.

Bless you,
all my
bouners !
May you go
to heaven !

¹ alsoe, Chauc. idem.—P.
² care.—P.

³ Properly Gest.—P.
⁴ a Line wanting.—P.

for penniless squires, convivial, and indulging his disposition in that respect. He is indeed a somewhat coarse-grained fellow, apt to brag of his prosperity when he can do so securely, ignorant, prejudiced. Altogether, he is very much what the average Englishman of to-day is—a good-hearted Philistine. But one thing mars his felicity—his fear of the King and the King's purveyors. This constrains him to conceal his riches, to simulate poverty, to shrink from intercourse with wayfarers and strangers.

This picture of a villain's life may seem surprisingly bright and cheerful. No doubt it would be unwise to conclude that the members of his class were as sleek and affluent as the John de Reeve. On the other hand, it is unwise to conclude from the laws that regulated it, that the position of that class was, at least in the latter feudal days, for the most part beggarly and wretched. The wall of partition that separated the villain from the freeman was often very slight. The arbitrary services, the exaction of which characterized his condition, assumed in course of time a definite shape, so that his tenure was as little galling as those of his neighbours. He could prosecute his own interests as undisturbedly as they. His social status would be nominally inferior to theirs; but his opportunities of growing rich would be as good, with few drawbacks. Probably there would be often little to choose between the small yeoman and the villain.¹ Villains too had fought in the English ranks on the famous battle-fields of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. That fearful pestilence that ravaged the land in 1349 may be said to have dealt villainage a blow from which it never recovered. Free labourers, as Eden (in his *State of the Poor*) remarks, are first specifically recognised by the legislature in 1350. The First Act of Richard the Second (cap. 6) has reference to complaints urged by the Lords and Commons, that

¹ Cf. v. 307 of the ballad.

The poem then was written after the death of Edward III., that is, after 1377 and before the accession of Edward IV., that is, before 1461. Its general character shows that it was written at a period when the position and prospects of the villain were brightening. It was evidently written in the decadence of feudalism, when the darkest ages of villenage were fast passing away. The bare notion of making a villain a knight could scarcely have occurred to any man's mind before the fifteenth century; nor yet the bare notion of a villain's delighting in his position. The lower classes had already felt their strength, and made their strength felt, when John de Reeve was described with so much respect and pride. The great rising of Richard II.'s reign, however abortive, however completely foiled it might have seemed at the time, had produced a lasting effect. In the course of events, kings were presently to assume in earnest that position of leadership which Richard had taken lyingly in Smithfield in 1381. This is a poem of mirth and of hope, not a wild angry satire, not a deep bitter moan. That mighty exodus which the fifteenth century witnessed is being accomplished. The house of bondage is being left. The land of freedom is coming into sight.

The knight had had poems sung and written in his honour for many a long year. A whole literature had celebrated him; he is the one star and glory of the old romances. The yeoman, too, had had his praises sung. His services at Crecy and Poictiers had given him an importance and a celebrity that could not be forgotten. He had become a name. And now, at last, the villain had raised himself so far out of the depths of his abasement, that he too was found worthy of poetic celebration.

John de Reeve, one of the King's bondmen, is represented here as extremely well-to-do and comfortable in his circumstances, of a highly independent spirit, with a supreme contempt

for penniless courtiers, convivial, and indulging his disposition in that respect. He is indeed a somewhat coarse-grained fellow, apt to brag of his prosperity when he can do so securely, illiterate, prejudiced. Altogether, he is very much what the average Englishman of to-day is—a good-hearted Philistine. But one thing mars his felicity—his fear of the King and the King's purveyor. This constrains him to conceal his riches, to simulate poverty, to shrink from intercourse with wayfarers and strangers.

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¹ Cf. v. 307 of the ballad.

villains and land-tenants withdraw their services "under pretext of exemplifications from the Book of Domesday, and by their evil interpretation of the same they affirm themselves to be quit and utterly discharged of all manner of servage, due as well of their body as of their said tenures, and will not suffer any distress or other justice to be made upon them, but do menace the ministers of their lords, and gather themselves together in great routs, and agree by such confederacy that every one shall aid other to resist their lords with strong hand, to the great damage of these said lords, and evil example to other to begin such riots." These combinations did much to advance the position of the working classes, as unions, with whatever admixture of evil, have done since. How tremendous was their power some four years after those complaints were submitted to the royal ear and measures taken to satisfy them, is illustrated by the eagerness of the King to grant the four points of the charter the assembled mob then demanded of him. The roar of that mob was remembered for many a day. (See Chaucer's *Nunne Prest his Tale*.) Nor were there wanting at the same time those who advocated the claims of those insurgents on the most general grounds, who dealt with the question radically. Ideas fatal to the notion of thraldom were now growing into predominance in France, in Flanders, in England and elsewhere. The Church, however lax its practice, had again and again raised its voice against it. There is nowhere a nobler rebuke of it than that given by Chaucer's *Parson*—"Thilke that thay clepe thralles," he says, in that division of his discourse that treats of Avarice ("an adaptation of some chapters" of Frère Lorens' *Somme des Vices et des Vertus*: see Mr. Morris's *Ayenbite of Inuryt*, Pref. p. ii.), "ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; thay ben contubernially with the Lord. Thenk eek as of such seed as cherles springen, of such seed springe lords; as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same

deth that takith the cherl, such death takith the lord. Wherfor I rede do right so with thi cherl as thou woldist thi lord dide with the, if thou were in his plyt. Every sinful man is a cherl as to synne. I rede the certes, thou lord, that thou werke in such a wise with thy cherles that they rather love the than drede the." Such words as these said more perhaps than their utterer intended. Certainly, they enable us to understand how the position of the villain grew to be much more tolerable than its expressed conditions would have led us to expect.

Moreover, the villain's hardships must have been greatly alleviated by that resolute independence which forms so prominent a feature in the native English character. The Englishman would prove but a stiff-necked, obstinate, troublesome slave—his self-willedness would go far to protect him from the worst excesses of the hardest master—his surliness would often serve him for a shield.

This ballad gives us a view of both the private and public life of the churl. We see him as he goes abroad, and we see him in the security of his domestic comfort. He makes no secret of the cause of those fears which make him so chary of his hospitality, which induce him to cut such a sorry figure when out of doors. See v. 103 *et seq.*, v. 199 *et seq.* &c. His personal appearance is described with great care in vv. 52–57, and again in vv. 593–650. He offers his guests the poorest food and liquor at first. (Compare the account of the poor widow's "scelender meel" in the *Nonne Prest his Tale*.) No doubt his fears were well grounded. "Thurgh his cursed synne of avarice," says the Parson whom we have already quoted, "comen these harde lordschipes, thurgh whiche men ben destreyned by talliages, custumes, and carriages more than here duete of resoun is; and elles take thay of here bondemen amercimentes, whiche mighte more resonably ben callid extorciouns than mercymentonis. Of whiche mersymentes and raunsonyng of bondemen, some lordes stywardes seyn that it

is rightful, for as moche as a cherl bath no temporel thing that it nys his lordes, as thay sayn. But certes thise lordeshipes doon wrong that bireven here bondemen thinges that thay never gave hem." When the abolition of slavery was proposed in the first Parliament that met after Wat Tyler's insurrection, "with one accord," writes Knight (in his *Popular History of England*), "the interested lords of the soil replied that they never would consent to be deprived of the services of their bondmen. But they complained of grievances less inherent in the structure of society—of purveyance; of the rapacity of law officers; of maintainers of suits, who violated right and law as if they were kings in the country; of excessive and useless taxation." "I have no doubt," says Eden, "that the tax-gatherers were extremely partial to the rich and oppressive to the poor; for notwithstanding the above instance of their scrupulous attention to levy the utmost farthing on petty tradesmen [certain instances he has quoted from the valuation of movable property made at Colchester in 1296, see *Rot. Parl.* i. 228], we find that the master and brethren of an hospital, besides their cattle and corn, only accounted for one household utensil, a brass pot, and an Abbot and a Prior paid only for their corn and their live stock. The Rector of St. Peter's seems to have been equally fortunate."

But, on whatever account John de Reeve may make whatever pretence of direful penury, he is in fact a man of wealth. He may say with Horace's miser, "At mihi plundo ipse domi." He says:

"I go girt in a russet gown,
My houd is of homemade browne,
I wear neither burnet nor green,
And yet I trow I have in store
A thousand pounds and some deal more,
For all ye are prouder and fine.

Therefore I say, as mote I ther,
A bondman it is good to be,
And come of carles kin.

For and I be in tavern set,
To drink as good wine I will not let
As London Edward or his Queen."

The Earl said: "By godes might,
John, thou art a comely knight
And sturdy in every fray."
"A knight!" quoth John, "do away for shame!
I am the King's bondman:
Such waste words do away.

"I know you not in your estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wot;
I will not thereto say nay.
But if any such do me wrong
I will fight with him hand to hand
When I am clad in mine array."

We must now commend this most interesting ballad to readers.¹

¹ The Editors have received the following letter from Archdeacon Hale, whom they here beg to thank:

Charterhouse, Dec. 18, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for the opportunity of reading the interesting ballad of "John de Reeve." That he designates himself as the King's bondman, seems to me to imply that he was of villain rank. I think it probable that the king's bondmen, nativi and villains, were proud of their position, as being attached to royalty, and as having the privilege of tenants in ancient demesne, of not being impleaded or distrained except in the king's courts. It would seem from the Act of Richard the Second, of which mention is made in the preface, p. 552, that they made use of this privilege to withdraw their services from the lords of manors in which they were tenants, and that they were in reality leaders of that resistance to the rights of the lords which produced the disturbances of Tyler and Cade. Except *tailage ad voluntatem domini*, none of the services due from the various classes of villains appear to me cruel or unjust,

prudential service being the rent or the possession of land by the villain. I am inclined to think that as increased in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the tradesmen became possessors of villain land, and that as lands were accumulated in fewer hands the prudential service became more liable to be rendered, as well as more able to the personal position tenant, who might himself be holder, *liber tenens*, and yet villain land. John de Reeve had rich; his name implies that he came from a family who held officially in a royal manor; the house which he lived having a hall and indicates the superior character tenement. I may also remark that abode was in the south-west and that, to the best of my recollection, royal manors, and consequently in ancient demesnes, abound in and Somerset. The description house would lead to the idea that dwelt in the hall of the demesne was of the same freehold (p. 4 his two neighbours; but it was wards (p. 593), that they were

[The First Part.]

[How John at first avoids the King, and then takes him home.]

GOD : through thy might and thy mercy,
all that loueth game and glee,
their soules to heauen bringe !
best is mirth of all solace ;
therfore I hope itt betokens grace,
of mirth who hath likinge.

God bless all
who love
merriment !

as I heard tell this other yeere,
8 a clarke came out of Lancashire :
a rolle¹ he had reading,
a bourde² written therein he found,³
that some time ffell in England,⁴
12 in Edwards dayes our King.

A Lance-
shire clerk
found
this story
of Edward

by East, west, north, and Southe,
all this realme well run⁵ hee cowthe,⁶
castle, tower, and towne.

men. I shall be very glad if what I
written should seem to throw light
on the condition of John de Reeve.

And I remain,

Yours very faithfully,
W. H. HALE.

r. Toolmin Smith, in a communication
made to the Editors, is of opinion
the Reeve " was the King's collector
of dues—in other words the Farmer
of taxes. He was in bond to the
King (as all collectors still are) to remit
and hence, and not as a vassal,
bondman. The collector would only
fear of the King because he did not

want it known what a capital bargain
he had made, lest the price paid by him
for his office should be raised." But
there is nothing whatever in the ballad
to justify this interpretation of the
Reeve's fear. Nor are we prepared to
acquiesce in the confusion of the terms
" bondman " and " bondsman." —H.

¹ rolle. —P. Qu. M.N. roide. —F.

² i.e. Jest. Junius. —P.

³ fonde. P.

⁴ Englaunde, qu. —P.

⁵ i.e. run over.—P.

⁶ cowthe, could. M.N. 'he ne cowth.'
He could not. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

- 16 of *that name* were Kings 3 ;
 Longshanks.
 but Edward with the long shankes was hee,
 a Lord of great renowne.

One day, out
hawking, the
King loses
all his

- as the King rode a hunting vpon a day,
 20 8 frawcons¹ flew away ;
 he ffollowed wonderous ffast.
 the rode vpon their horsses *that tyde*,
 they rode forth on euery side,
 24 the country they out cast ;

followers

- ffrom morning vntill eueninge late,
 many menn abroad they gate
 wandring all alone ;
 28 the night came att the last ;
 there was no man *that wist*
 what way the King was gone,

except a
Bishopp and
an Earl.

The three
lose their
way,

and the
weather is
very bad.

- sane a Bishopp & an Erle ffree
 32 *that* was allwayes the king ffull nye,
 & thus then gan they say :
 “itt is a ffolly, by St. Iohn,
 ffor vs thus to ryde alone
 36 soe many a wilsome² way ;

- “a King and an Erle to ryde in hast,
 a bishopp ffrom his coste³ to be cast,
 ffor hunting sikerlye.⁴
 40 the whether happned⁵ wonderous ill,
 all night wee may ryde vnskill,⁶
 nott wotting where wee bee.”

¹ 3 [of his] fawc! Qu.—P.

² *wilsome, wilsum.* Desert, solitary,
 wandering. i.e. Wild: (Scotch) Gloss. to
 Ramsay's Evergreen, q.d.*wilsome.* Gloss.
 to G.D.—P.

³ province, district.—F.

⁴ surely, certainly: *sicker, sur-*
tain. Johns?—P.

⁵ *happneth, query.*—P.

⁶ i.e. unskill'd.—P.

- then the King began to say,
 44 "good Sir Bishopp, I you pray
 some comfort, if you may."
 as they stooode talking¹ all about,
 they were ware of a carle² stout:
 48 "good deene, ffellow!" can³ they say.

They see
a man

- then the Erle was well apayd⁴:
 "you be welcome, good ffellow!" hee sayd,
 "of fellowshipp wee pray thee!"
 52 the carle ffull hye on horssse sate,⁵ on horseback
 his leggs were short and broad,⁶
 his stirrops were of tree⁷;
 a payre of shooes were⁸ stiffe & store,⁹ •
 56 on his heele a rustye spurrie,
 thus fforwards rydeth hee. riding away
from them.
 the Bishopp rode after on his palfrey:
 "abyde, good ffellow, I thee pray,
 60 and take vs home with thee!"

The Bishop
asks him to
stop.

- The carle answered him that tyde, [page 258]
 "ffrom me thou gett ost noe other guide,
 I awcare by sweete St. Iohn to!" but the man
won't.
 64 then said the Erle ware and wise,
 "thou canst litle of gentrie!¹¹
 say not soe ffor shame!"

¹ *Forte* were stalking.—P.
Carle (word.) Vir tenuiorum atque
impertin. nomen ac *chart* &c. Jun.
 The shape of the initial c in the
begin to change here frequently.
made like an l instead of a foreign-
accented. It might be printed C,
but the old form of the C is retained,
Certus'w. l. 121.—F.
Can, *defend*.—P. *canis* did.—F.
Glad *letus*. Jun.—P.
 The rhyme requires *rude*.—Dyce.

² [some deal] *bread* or *bread*—Lan-
cashire Dialect.—P.

³ i.e. wood.—P. *tree*, wooden,
p. 181, l. 1.—F.

⁴ *Forte* The shoes he ware were &c.
—P.

⁵ *stour*, *sture*, great, thick, ingens
eransus, Jun., stiff, strong, robust. *Gloss.*
ad G. D. P.

⁶ *Jamie*, see at 224 [l. 132].—P.

⁷ *Gentrie* is still in use in Scotland,
for gentility, honourable birth. See
Gloss. to *Ramsay's Evergreen*.—P.

he has
nothing to
do with
courtesy.

The King
and Earl

beg the man
to stop,

but he still
rides on.

The King
tells them

to pull the
man down.

The Bishop
asks him to
stop.

- the carle answered the Erle vnto,
 68 "with gentlenesse¹ I haue nothing to doe,
 I tell thee by my ffay."
 the weather was cold & euen roughe² ;
 the King and the Erle sate and loughe,
 72 the Bishopp did him soe pray.

- The King said, "soe mote I thee³ !
 hee is a carle, whosoeuer hee be !
 I reade⁴ wee ryde him neere."
 76 thé sayd⁵ with words hend,⁶
 "ryd saftlye, gentle ffreind,
 & bring vs to some harbor."

- then to tarry the carle was lothe,
 80 but rode forth as he was wrothe,
 I tell you sickerlye.
 the king sayd, "by mary bright,
 I troe⁷ wee shall ryde all this night
 84 in wast vnskillfullye⁸ ;

- "I feare wee shall come to no towne ;
 ryde to the carle and pull him downe
 hastilye without delay."
 88 the Bishopp said soone on hye,
 "abyde, good ffellow, & take vs with thee !
 ffor my loue, I thee pray."

¹ gentrise, qu.—P.

² evening rough.—P. pronounced *row*.

þe Amyral bende ys browes *rowe*,
 & clepede is consaile.

Kyng Sorybrant & obre ynowe
 ther come wyþ-oute fayle.

Sir Ferumbras, MS. Ashmole 33, fol. 26.

Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,
 Row, and full of lowsy here.

Skelton, Poems against Gernesche, l. 124.

Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 123.—F.

³ *thee*, i.e. thrive. Lye.—P.

⁴ i.e. counsel : *reade* is counsel, *consilium*. Junius.—P.

⁵ sayd [to him].—P.

⁶ i.e. kind, *hend*, *hende*, i.e.feat, fine, gentle, *forte*, q.d. handy or handsome.

Skinner, ab Isl. *henta*, i.e. decere. Lye. MS.—P.

⁷ *trow*, confido, opinor. Lye.—P.

⁸ without reason. O. N. *skil*, reason.—F.

- the Erle said, "by god in heauen !
 92 oft men meete att vnsett steuen¹ ;
 to quite thee well wee may."
 the carle sayd, "by St. Iohn
 I am² affraye of you eche one,
 96 I tell you by my flay !"
The Earl
says he'll
pay him out
some day.

- the carle sayd, "by Marye bright,
 I am afrayd of you this night !
 I see you rowne³ and reason,⁴
 100 I know⁵ you not & itt were day,
 I troe you thinke more then you say,
 I am affrayd of treason.
The man
explains
that he is
afraid of
them.

- "the night is merke,⁶ I may not see
 104 what kind of men *that* you bee.
 but & you will doe one thinge,
 swere to doe me not⁷ desease,⁸
 then wold I ffaine you please,
 108 if I cold, with any thinge."
If they'll
swear not to
hurt him,

he'll help
them.

- then sayd the Erle with words ffree,
 " I pray you, ffellow, come hither to mee,
 & to some towne vs bringe ;
 112 & after, if wee may thee kenn,
 amonge Lords and gentlemen
 wee shall requite⁹ thy dealinge."
The Earl
says, if he
will, they'll

reward him
among
Lords.

- "of lords," sayes hee, " speake no more¹⁰ !
 116 with them I haue nothing to doe,
 nor never thinke to haue ;
The man
says he'll

i.e. unexpectedly at a time un-
anted. *Nomen tempus statutum.*
—P. See p. 386, note¹, above. —F.
MS. ann. F.
word, i.e. whisper. P.
i.e. talk, as in Shakspere, &c.—Dyce.
forte knew. P.
i.e. dark. P.
so disease.—P.

¹ *projectice, to make uneasy.* see
Johnson.—P.

² *forte, quite.* P.

³ *more* P. Compare
Aqueyntance of lordship wyll y night,
For, furste or laste, dore hit wylle be
bought. Proverb from MS. B. 1. no.
back of last leaf. Camb. Univ. Lib., in
Reliq. Antiq., vol. 1. p. 205. —F.

never crouch
to Lords.

ffor I had rather be brought in bale,
my hood or *that*¹ I wold vayle,²
on them to crouch or crane.³"

The King
saketh him
who he is.

the King sayd Curteously,
"what manner of man aree yee
att home in your dwellinge?"

The King's
bondman,

124 "a husbandman, fforsooth I am,
& the Kings bondman⁴;
thereof I haue good Likinge."

the' he never
speaks to him.

128 "Sir, when speake you with our King?"
128 "in ffaithe, neuer, in all my liuing!
he knoweth not my name;
& I haue my Capull⁵ & my croft⁶;
if I speake not with the King oft,
132 I care not, by St. Iame!"

¹ or *that*, i. e. before *that*.—P.

² *vail*, to let fall; to suffer, to descend, in token of respect. Fr. *acaller le bonet*. Johnson.—P.

³ Was John, like Chaucer's Reeve, 'a skelendre colericke man'? Among the marks of persons of 'Chollericke complexion' are: 'The sixth is, they be stout stomacked, that is, they can suffer no injuries, by reason of the heate in them. And therefore Avicen sayth, That to take every thing impatiently signifieth heate. The seauenth is, they be liberall to those that honour them,'—as John says in lines 169, 243, he'll give the wanderers all they want, so that they be thankful:—'The fourteenth is, he is wily,'—cp. the first bad supper, below;—'The eleventh is, he is soone angry, through his hote nature'—as the King's porter experiences, l. 731;—'The thirteenth is, he is bold, for boldnesse commeth of great heat, specially about the heart,'—cp. l. 304;—John's cowardice at first, l. 97, was but prudence, the better part of valour. Also, he must have had a beard. 'The ninth is, a Cholericke person is hayry, by reason of

the heate that openeth the pores, and moueth the matter of hayres to the skinne. And therefore it is a common saying, *The Cholericke man is as hayre as a Goat*.' On the other hand John must have had a cross of 'the sanguine person' in him, for 'Secondly, the Sanguine person is merry and jocond, that is to say, with merry words he moueth other to laugh, or else he is glad through benignity of the sanguine humour, provoking a man to gladnesse and jocondity, through cleare and perfect spirits engendred of bloud. Thirdly, he gladly heareth fables and merry sports, for the same cause. Fifthly, he gladly drinketh good Wine. Sixthly, he delighteth to feede on good meate, by reason that the sanguine person desireth the most like to his complexion, that is, good Wines and good meates.' *Regimen Sanitatis Salmi*, ed. 1634, p. 169-71.—F.

⁴ i. e. Vassall.—P.

⁵ capull, i. e. *keyfil*, Welch for a Horse. Lye.—P.

⁶ Croft est agellus prope domum rusticum. Lye.—P.

- "what is thy name, ffellow, by thy leane ?"
 "marry," quoth hee, " Iohn de Reeue¹ ;
 I care not who itt heare ;
- 136 ffor if you come into my inne,²
 with beeffe & bread you shall beginn
 soone att your supper³ ;
- " salt Bacon of a yeere old,
 ale that is both sower & cold,⁴ —
 I vse neither braggatt⁵ nor beare, —
 I lett you witt withouten lett,
 I dare eate noe other meate,
 144 I sell my wheate ech yeere."⁶
- " why doe you, Iohn, sell your wheate ?"
 "ffor [I] dare⁶ not eate that I gett.
 therof I am ffull wrothe ;
- 148 ffor I loue a draught of good drinke as well
 as any man that doth itt sell,
 & alsoe a good wheat loffe.
- "ffor he that ffirst⁷ starueth Iohn de reeue,
 152 I pray to god hee may neuer well⁸ cheene,⁹
 neither on water nor land,
 whether itt be¹⁰ Sherriffe or King
 that makes such statuinge,¹¹
 156 I outecept¹² neuer a one !

His name is
John de
Reeve;

he can feed
them

[page 239]

with stale
bacon and
sour ale :

he brews no
beer, for

he sells his
wheat,

he dare not
keep it,

thought he
liked
good drink
and bread.

May all who
starve him
come to
grief!

Querry. John the Reeve, i.e. Bailiff.
 See St. 7, P^o 3. — P.
 inne, Sax. *est cubiculum, caverna,*
morium domus. Inne, a house, ha-
 ouse.—P.
 suppone — P.
Nos sit acetosa cervisia, sed hinc
... This text declarereth fve thinges,
which one may know good Ale and
... The first is, that itt be not sower,
hat hureth the stomacke. A sower
g. as Avena saith in many places)
sch the sinewea. And the stomacke
member full of sinewea, especially

about the brim or mouth. *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 59. F.

¹ Chauc. *Brakit*, Camb. Br. *bragad*.
 A sweet drink made of honey & spices,
 used in Wales, &c. Urry's *Gloss.* P.

² I dare, Qu. — P.

³ ffirst, defend, Qu. — P.

⁴ well, defend, Qu. — P.
⁵ thrive, qu. P. Fr. *chever*, to bring
 a business to a head, get well through
 it; from *chif*. F.

⁶ MS. fer. F. ¹¹ statuning — P.

⁷ sorte except. — P. An old hybrid.
Outtake is the older word. F.

" ffor and the Kings penny were Layd by mine,
I durst as well as hee drinke the ¹ wine
till all my good ² were gone.

He asks
where they
live.

- 160 but sithence *that* wee are mett ³ soe meete,
tell mee where is your recreate,⁴
you seeme good laddes eche one."

The Earl
says,
In the
King's
house.

John pro-
mises to
lodgethem if

- 164 the Erle answered with words flaire,
" in the kings house is our repayre,⁵
if ⁶ wee bee out of the way."
" this night," quoth Iohn, " you shall not spill;
such harbour I shall bring you till;
168 I hett ⁷ itt you to-day.

they are
thankful,

but if they're
saucy he'll
keep' em out,

with the
help of his
two neigh-
bours,

owned by
the Bishop of
Durham
and the Earl
of Glo'ster,

- " soe that yee take itt thankefullie
in gods name & St. Iollye,
I aske noe other pay;
172 & if you be sturdy & stout,
I shall garr ⁸ you to ⁹ stand without,
for ought *that* you can say.

- 176 " for I haue 2 neighbours won ¹⁰ by mee
of the same ffreeledge ¹¹ *that* am I,
of old band-shipp ¹² are wee:
the Bishopp of Durham this towne ¹³ oweth,
the Erle of Gloster—who-soe him knoweth—
180 Lord of the other is hee.

¹ the, delend.—P.

² goods, qu.—P.

³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁴ ? MS. retrete, home.—F.

⁵ repair, resort, abode, the act of be-taking oneselfany whither. Johnson.—P.
⁶ ? but.—F.

⁷ i. e. I promise, assure.—P.

⁸ cause.—F.

⁹ To, delend. Qu.—P.

¹⁰ i. e. dwell.—P.

¹¹ *frelege*, freedom, power, privilege: a quo forte corrupt. It is yet used in

Sheffield. Ray. Gloss. ad G. Doug.¹ has render'd *Cui tanta Deo perm* *potestas*, Quahat God has to him graci *frelege*, St. 9, v. 97.—P. A. *frelic* is A free offering, a sacrifice: *-lac* and *-ledge* have the meaning of st condition.—F.

¹² a *band*, Vinculum, retinaculum, l men, nexus; A.S. *banda*.—P.

¹³ Perhaps Tone, viz. the one of Companions was vassal to the Bis vid. p. 66, V. 251 [of MS. ; vol. i. p. l. 466 of text].—P.

- "wist my neighbors that I were thratt,¹
 I vow to god the wold not lett
 ffor to come soone to mee ;
 184 if any wrong were to mee done,
 wee 3 durst flight a whole afternoone,
 I tell you sikerlye."
- the King sayd, "John, tell vs not this tale ;
 188 wee are not ordayned ffor battell,²
 our weeds are wett and cold ;
 heere is no man that yee shall greeue.
 but helpe vs, John, by your leaue,
 192 with bright a ffeare³ and bold."
- "Ifaith," sayd Iohn, "that you shall want,
 ffor ffuell heere is wonderous scant,
 as I heere haue yee told.
 196 thou getteth noe other of Iohn de Reeue ;
 ffor the kings statutes,⁴ whilest I live,
 I thinke to vse and hold.
- "If thou find in my house payment fine,⁵
 200 or in my kitchin poultry slaine,
 peraduenture thou wold say
 that John Reeue his bond hath broken :
 I wold not that such words weere spoken
 204 in the kings⁶ house another day,

who'd fight
all afternoon
for him.

The King
says their
clothes are
wet,

they want a
good fire.

John says he
can't give
them that,

as he is a
bondman.

If he were to
feed them
well,

A.S. *þreatan*, to threaten, disquiet,
 1800 E.
hattayle—Chaucer—P.
 with a bright fire &c. P.
 Referring to William the Conqueror's
 that fires and lights were to be put
 at the breakfast curfew, and people
 to bed. The evening must have been
 advanced when John spoke. E.
 I wold not that thou find in my
 1804 *Pain de main*, fortasse corrupte
 pain de main, i.e. white bread.

So Chaucer. 'White was his face as paine
 de main.' *Rime of Sir Thomas Eye.*
 P.—Payman, a kind of cheese-cake.
 Haukwell. Pynment or Piment was both
 a special spiced and spiced wine, & a
 recipe in Hawkwell, and also the general
 name for sweet wines. see *Hawker's* *Herb*, p. 283, and *Herb Book*, &c., p.
 202. If 'payment' is used here for
 bread, as in 148, part ii. below, then I
 suppose it means 'spiced bread'. E.
 To the King an P.

it might get
to some
officials'
ears, and
injure him.

"ffor itt might turne me to great greeffe¹;
such proud ladds *that beare office*
wold danger a pore man aye;
208 & or I wold pray thee of mercy longe,
yett weere I better² to lett thee gange
in twentye twiine devills way.³"

John takes
the King,
Bishop, and
Earl to his
hall.

thus thé rode to the towne:

212 John de Reene lighted downe
beside a comlye hall.⁴
4 men beline⁵ came wight⁶ ;
they hasted them ffull swyft
216 when they heard John call ;
thé served him honestly and able,
And [led⁷] his horsse to the stable,
& lett noe terme misfall. [page]

His wife
welcomes
them.

220 some went to warne their dame
*that Iohn had brought guests home.*⁸
shee came to welcome them tyte⁹
in a side¹⁰ kirtle of greene,¹¹
224 her head was dight all by-deene,¹²
the wife was of noe pryd;

Her hair is
white.

her kerchers were all of silke,
her hayre as white as any milke,
228 loue-some of hue¹³ and hyde ;

¹ Two letters are marked out after the
g.—F.

^{*} I would read thus (St. 38)
To welcome *them* that tyde

² Yt were better.—P.

Shee came in a side Kirtle &c.—P.

³ 'twenty devil way' is the ordinary
phrase.—F.

⁸ brót [3] guests hame. Qu.—P.
¹⁰ all. or, that tyde.—P. *tyte*, qui

⁴ Cp. Chaucer's description of the
Reeve's 'wonyng fair upon an heth.'
Prol. Cant. T. l. 609.—F.

¹¹ F.—P. A.-S. *sid*, wide.

⁵ 'beliue', instantly. Lye.—P.

¹² *bedene*, Scotch, is, immediis

⁶ *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson; also
stout, valiant, clever, active. Gloss? ad
G.D.—P.

Gloss? to Ramsays Evergreen; a G

⁷ And [led] his &c.—P.

bedienen præstare officium. Gloss
G.D.—P. Dutch *by dien*, by this.—

¹³ ? MS. *huid*.—F. hue, Qu. See

& Grime, pa.—P.

shee was thicke, & some deal broad,
of comlye flashyon was shee made,
both belly, backe, and side.

She is
comely.

- 232 then Iohn called his men all,
ayes, " build me a ffre in the hall,
& give their Capulls meate ;
lay before them corne and hay ;
236 ffor my loue rubb of the clay,
ffor they beene weary and wett ;

John orders
a fire for his
guests, and
food for
their horses.

- " lay vnder them straw to the knee,
ffor courtyes¹ comonly wold be Iollye,
240 and haue but litle to spend."

- then hee said, " by St. Iohn,
you are welcome evry one,
if you take itt thankefullye !
244 curtesye I learned neu[e]r none,
but after mee, sfiellowes, I read you gone."
till a chamber they went all 3 ;

John bids
them
welcome.

- 248 a charcole² ffre was burning bright,
candles on chandlours³ light,
Eche ffreake⁴ might other see.
" whero are your sordis⁵ ? " quoth John de
Reeue.
the Erle said, " Sir, by your leaue,
252 wee weare none, pardye."

and shows
them into a
room
with a fire
and candles.

¹ courtyers.- P.

² Charcoal fires were used to avoid
smoke from wood or coal getting
into men's eyes, as there were no
windows. See *Ladye Brange*, vol. iii.,

and cp. *Kinge and Miller*, p. 150, l. 40,
above. F.

³ chandlours. Fr. chandelier, a Candle-
stick. P.

⁴ ffreake, man. Jun. P.

⁵ sordis. P.

John askes
the Earl
who the
long-legged
fellow is.

"The
Queen's head
Falconer."

"If I had
his gay hood,

I'd keep no
man's
hawks.

But who's
that
next the
Falconer?"

"That's
a poor
Chaplain,

and I am a
Sumpter-
man."

"Gay
fellows, and
penniless
too, I
suppose!"

then Iohn rowned¹ with the Erle soe ffree:
"what long f fellow is yonder," quoth hee,
"that is² soe long of lim and lyre³?"

256 the Erle answered with words small,
"yonder is Peeres pay-ffor-all,
the Queenes Cheefe fawconer.⁴"

"ah, ah!" quoth Iohn, "ffor gods good,
260 where gott hee *that* gay hood,
glitering as gold itt were?
& I were as proud as hee is like,
there is no man in England ryke⁵
264 shold garr me keepe his gleads⁶ one yeere.

"I pray you, sir, ffor gods werke,
who is yond in yonder serke⁷
that rydeth⁸ Peeres soe nye?"
268 the Erle answered him againe,
"yonder is a pore chaplaine,
long aduanced or hee bee;

"& I my selfe am a sumpter man,
272 other craft keepe I none,
I say you withouten Missee."
"you are ffresh f fellowes in your appay,¹⁰
Iolly Letters¹¹ in your array,
276 proud ladds, & I trow penyles."

¹ whispered.—F.

² that is, delend.—P.

³ lim, i. e. limb: lyre, i. e. flesh, quicquid carnosum & nervosum in homine. Lye. Also Lire, is complexion or air of the face. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. "Lyke the quhyte lyllie wees her lyre." Lyndesay's *Hist. of Squyer Meldrum*.—F.

⁴ fawconere.—P.

⁵ ryke, A.-Sax. *rice* regnum, imperium.—P.

⁶ gleads, i. e. Kites.—P.

⁷ serke, Indusium, a shirt or succulent garment. Jun.—P.

⁸ standeth.—F.

⁹ forlē mon.—P.

¹⁰ ? content, self-satisfaction.—F.

¹¹ To *jet*, inter alia, signifies to strutt to agitate the body by a proud gait. The Turkey-Cock is said to *jet*, when he bridles &c. See Johnson, from Shakesp. 12th Night. *Jetters* then strutters &c. See pag. 237 [of MS. p. 155, l. 178 of text, above].—P.

the King said, "soe mote I thee,
there is not a penny amongst¹ vs 3
to buy vs bread and flesh."

"We haven't
a penny to
pay for our
food," says
the King.

290 "ah, ha!" quoth Iohn, "there is² small charge;
290² ffor courtyes³ comonlye are att large,
if they goe neuer soe ffresh.

"Ah,
courters
generally
live on other
people;

294 "I goe girt in a russett gowne,
my hood is of homemade browne,
I weare neither burnett⁴ nor greene,
& yett I troe I haue in store
a 1000⁵, and some deale more,
ffor all yee are prouder and ffine;

but though
I wear
russet,

I've 1000*l.* in
store.

298 "therfore I say, as mote I thee,⁶
a bondman itt is good⁶ [to] bee,⁷
& come of carles kinne;
ffor and I bee in tauerne⁸ sett,
292 to drinke as good wine I will not Lett,
as London⁹ Edward or his Queene."

It's well to
be a bond-
man,

for I drink
as good wine
as the King."

296 the Erle sayd, "by gods might,
Iohn, thou art a comly knight,
and sturdy in euyere ffray."
"a knight!" quoth Iohn, "dooe away, ffor shame!
I am the King's bondman.
Such wast words doe away!"

"You're a
comely
knight,
John."

"Knight!
bondman!"

[page 261]

300 "I know you not in your estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wott¹⁰;
I will not therto say nay.

¹ amongst in the MS.—F.

⁶ St. 49, as mote I thee. Thee,—to
thrive. Vid. Jun. & Lye.—P.

² ffor that is.—P.

⁷ forte "as good."—P.

³ courtyers.—P.
⁴ burnet, a kind of colour, whether
that of the Pimpernel, which is called
Burnet, or a dark brown (French *brou-*
neste) stuff worn by Persons of quality.
Glossed G. Doug.—P.

⁸ bee, or to bee. Qu.—P.

⁹ Only half the *s* in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ forte defend.—P.

¹⁰ forte waste; G. Doug. *waste*, *wast*.
Chauc.—P.

But if any
one
wrongs me
I'll fight
him."

"Have you
travelled
beyond sea,
John?"
"Not I!"

But I can
hold my own
on the road
at home,

and have got
into trouble
by it."

"Have you
any armour
or weapons,
John?"

"None but
a two-
pronged
pitchfork,

a rusty
sword,
and a broad
knife,

tho' perhaps
I can fight
as well as
you.

304 but if any such doe me wrong,¹
I will ffight with him hand to hand,²
when I am cladd in mine ³ array."

308 the Bishopp sayd, "you seeme sturdye:
trauelled you neuer beyond the sea?"

312 Iohn sayd sharplye "nay!
I know none such strange guise,
but att home on my ⁴ owne wise
I dare hold the hye way;

316 " & that hath done Iohn Reeue scath,
ffor I haue made such as you wrath
with choppes and chances ⁵ yare."

"Iohn de Reeue,"⁶ sayd our King,
"hast thou any armouringe,
or any weapon to weare?"

320 "I vow, Sir, to god," sayd Iohn thoe,⁷
"but a pikefforke with graines 2—
my flather vsed neuer other ⁸ speare:—
a rusty sword that well will byte,
& a handfull, a thytill ⁹ syde
that ¹⁰sharplye will stare,¹¹

324 "an acton ¹² & a habargyon a floote side;
& yett peraduenture I durst abyde ¹³
as well as thou, Peeres, fför all thy painted ge-

¹ fortè *wrong*. Dialect. boreal.—P.

² fortè hond to hond.—P.

³ ? *mine* in the MS.—F.

⁴ fortè in my.—P.

⁵ Changes, Qu. *yare*, ready. dextrous, ready. —P.

⁶ John the Reeve.—P.

⁷ thoe, i.e. then.—P.

⁸ had no other. Qu.—P.

⁹ *thytill*, a knife. Halliwell. A.-Sax. *þwitan*, to cut off.—F. *thytill*, some weapon, perhaps a Dagger, so named from its being worn upon the thigh, *thigh-till*. *syde* is long; perhaps the verse should be read "And a thytill a handful

¹⁰ syde," i.e. a handful long: so a foot is a foot long. Vid. Stan. 26, P⁴ 3

¹¹ *Syde* is also broad, wide.—F.

¹² will full sharplye share.—P.

¹³ share.—P.

¹² Acton, Fr[ench] *Hocqueton*, & militare: a kind of armour made of Taffity or leather, quilted thick stuck full of thread, fringe, &c. reaching from the neck to the knee, worn the Habergeon, to save the body Bruises &c. Skene's exposition of the words contain'd in the 4 buiks of R Magestatem, 1641 Q¹⁶—ubi pluram

¹³ stand a charge, fight; last out

328 quoth Iohn, “ I reede wee goe to the hall,
wee 3 ffellowes ; & peeres pay=for=all
the proudest before shall fare.”

But let's go
to supper.”

332 thither they raked¹ anon-wright² :
a charcole ffyer burning bright
with manye a strang³ brand.

They go to
the Hall,
which has a
fire in it,

the hall was large & some deale wyde,
there bords were⁴ couered on eurye syde,
there mirth was comanded.⁵

and tables
laid.

336 then the good wiffe sayd with a scemlye cheere,
“ your supper is readye there.”
“ yett watter,” quoth Iohn, “ letts see.”
by then came Iohn's neighbors 2,
340 hobkin⁶ long and hob alsoe :
the ffirst ffitt here ffind wee.

John's
neighbours,
Hobkin and
Hodgkin,
come in.

¹ went.—F.

Babees Book, p. 5, l. 129, &c.

² right.—P.

Whenne that ye se youre lorde to mete

³ strong.—P.

shalle goo,

⁴ never in the MS.—F.

Be redy to feeche him water sone.—F.

⁵ forte, at command.—P.

⁶ Hodgkin, vid. infra.—P.

⁶ This was for washing hands. See

See

⁷ Hodgkin, vid. infra.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How John feasts the King, and dances with him.]

John arranges his guests:

the King at top, the

Bishop next his wife,

the Earl near the King,

his prettiest daughter next the King, the other by the Earl;

and says that if

the King married one,

344
2¹ parte.

348

Then Iohn sperred ⁵ where his daughters were:
 352 "the ffairer shall sitt by the ffawconere;
 he is the best ffarrant ⁶ man:
 the other shall the Sompter man haue."
 the Erle sayd, "soe god me saue!
 356 of curtesye, Iohn, thou can.⁷"

"If my selfe," quoth Iohn, "be bound,⁸
 yett my daughters beene well ffarrant,
 I tell you sickerlye.

360 Peeres, & thou had wedded Iohn daughter reuee,
 there were no man that durst thee greeue
 neither ffor gold nor ffee.

¹ John said as marshal I'll take the wand &c.—P. Compare *The Boke of Curtasye*, Sloane MS. 1486, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc., ed. Furnivall in *Babees Book* &c. E. E. Text Soc. 1868,
 Fowre men berben bat jerdis schalle bere,
 Porter, marshall, stuard, vsshore;
 The porter schalle haue be lengest wande,
 The marshalle a schorter schalle haue in hande.

¹ l. 352-6; *Babees Book*, &c. p. 309.
 In halle, marshall alle men schalle sett

After here degre, with-outen lett.

l. 403-4.—F.

² deesse, dais.—F.

³ i.e. Meas-mate.—P.

⁴ familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

⁵ i.e. enquired.—P.

⁶ *farrant*, perhaps the same as *far-rantly*, a word in Staffordshire signifying sufficient, handsome, proper &c. T.P. *farand*, *farrant*, beseeming, becoming, courteous, handsome. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

⁷ knowest.—F.

⁸ bende, or bande.—P.

" Sompter man, & thou the other had,¹
 364 in good fiaith then thou were made
 ffor euer in this cuntrye ;
 then, Peeres,² thou might³ beare the prize.
 yett I wold this chaplaine had a benefize,
 368 as mote I⁴ thariue⁵ or three⁶ !

and the Hart
the other,
they'd be
made men.

And as for
the Bishop,

" in this towne a kirke ther is ;
 & I were king, itt shold be his,
 he shold haue itt of mee ;
 372 yett will I helpe as well as I may."
 the King, the Erle, the Bishopp, can say,
 " Iohn, & wee liue weo shall quitt thee."

If he, John,
were king,
he'd give
him their
parish
church.

They all 3
promise to
reward him.

when his daughters were come to dease,⁷
 376 " sitt ffarther," quoth Iohn withouten Leaze,⁸
 " fför there shalbe no more."
 these strange fellowes I doe not ken ;
 peraduenture they may be some¹⁰ gentlemen ;
 380 therfore I and my neighbors towe,

 " att side end bord wee¹¹ will bee,
 out of the gentles compayne¹² :
 thinke yee not best soe ?
 384 fför itt was never the Law of England¹³
 to sett gentles blood with bound¹⁴ ;
 therfore to supper will wee goe.¹⁵"

John and his
two neigh-
bours sit at
a side table.

¹ yee—had, Qu.—P.
² Tho' Peeres, &c. P.
³ bought, mote. P.
⁴ so mote I. P.
⁵ Qu. MS. There is one stroke too few
for *thariue*. " Thrive or thee" is the
phrase intended.—F.
⁶ all three, Qu.—P.

⁷ *Ihesu, erat altior & eminentior mensa*
in aula. The high table. See Jun. *Ihesu,*
deek, bench, seat, table. Per metonymy.
adj., a feast, banquet, or entertainment
¹² per al. meton. to set at dene with one

(Lat. *b-e-spi-tum*) is taken for friendship,
alliance, or [co]reuant. . . . —P.
⁸ *Leze*, Lying, falsehood, treachery.
Urry, Gloss. to Chaucer.—P.
⁹ more. —P.
¹⁰ some *defend*. P.
¹¹ At side leal end wee &c. Vid. N.
¹² At side bord we &c. So with-
outen for without. *Shenstone*. P.
¹³ Only half the s in the MS. F.
¹⁴ Englaunde. P.
¹⁵ bounle. P.
¹⁶ we'll goe. —P.

The supper
is bean
bread,
salt bacon,
broth,
lean beef,
sour ale.

*King
don't like
it.*

John says

he'll give
him no
better,
unless they
all swear

not to tell
the King.

The King
vows he'll
never tell
him,

- 388 by then came in beane bread,¹
 salt Bacon rusted and redd,
 & brewice² in a blacke dish,
 leane salt beefe of a yeere old,
 ale that was both sower & cold :

392 this was the firsse service :

 eche one had of that ylke³ a messe.
 the king sayd, "soe haue I blisse,
 such service nerest⁴ I see."

396 quoth Iohn, "thou gettest noe other of mee
 att this time but this."⁵

400 "yes, good fellow," the King gan say,
 "take this service here⁶ away,
 & better bread vs bringe ;
 & gett vs some better drinke ;
 we shall thee requite, as wee thinke,
 without any letting."

404 quoth Iohn, "beshrew the morsell of bread
 this night that shall come in your head
 but thou sware me one thinge !
 swere to me by booke and bell

408 that thou shalt neuer Iohn Reeue bettell
 vnto Edward our kinge."

412 quoth the king, "to thee my truth I plight,
 he shall nott witt our service⁷
 no more then he doth nowe,
 neuer while wee 3 lye in land."
 "thereto," quoth Iohn, "hold vp thy hand,
 & then I will thee troe."

¹ Compare the loaves of beans and bran baked for his children by the Ploughman. *Vision*, p. 89, l. 270 ed. Skeat.—F.

² Brewice, i.e. Broth, Pottage. Jun.—P.
The *ice* stands over *ish* marked out.—F.

³ ilk, *ipse* that ilk, *idem* the Lye.—P.

⁴ never, or no Forté other [Meate or other

Qth John, at this Time, but this

Thou gettest none of me.—P.

⁵ MS. herer.—F.

⁶ our service witt. Qu.—P.

- 416 "loe," quoth the king, "my hand is heere!"
 "soe is mine!" quoth the Erle with a merry cheere,
 "thereto I give god a vowe."
 "haue heere my hand!" the Bishopp sayd.
 420 "marry," quoth Iohn, "thou may hold thee well
 apayd,
 ffor itt is ffor thy power!
 "take this away, thou hobkin² long,
 & let vs sitt out of the throng
 424 att a side bordes end;
 these strange fellowes thinke vncouthlye
 this night att our³ Cookerye,
 such as god hath vs sent.⁴"
- 428 by them⁵ came in the payment bread,
 wine that was both white and redd
 in siluer cupp[e]s cleare.
 "a ha!" quoth Iohn,⁶ "our supper begins with
 drinke!"
- 432 taaste itt, laddis! & looke how⁷ yeo think,⁸
 ffor my loue, and make good cheere!
 "of meate & drinku you shall haue good flare;
 & as ffor good wine, wee will not spare,
 436 I gote⁹ you to vnderstand,¹⁰
 ffor euerye yeere, I tell thee thoe,¹¹
 I will haue a tunn or towne
 of the best that may be ffound.¹²
- 440 "yeo shall see 3 Churles heere
 drinke the wine with a merry cheere;
 I pray you doe you soe;

² and so say
the Earl

and Bishop.

John orders
the bad
supper
off,and then has
in the good:
spiced bread,
and good
wine.He tells
them to
taste his
wine.There is
plenty
of it.and the best
that can be
got.¹ Foste,Quoth John yee may be well ap^d
For it is in my power now.—P.Power is for Prove, profit, advantage;
Fr. prov.—P.^b Hodgkin, vid. Infra.—P.^c of our &c.—P.^d God doth us send.—P.¹ ? MS. then.—F.² Quoth John, &c. (a ha deled).—P.³ Foste tell how &c.—P.⁴ Qu. slink, perhaps thinke.—P.⁵ Qu. give.—P.⁶ understande.—P.⁷ thee now or true.—P.⁸ foode.—P.

The Earl
says the
King
can drink no
better wine.

- 444 & when our supper is all doone,
you and wee will dance soone;
letts see who best can doe."
- 448 the Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,
wheresoever the King lyeth this night,
he drinketh no better wine
then thou selfe¹ does att this tyde."
"infaith," quoth Iohn, "soe had leueu² I did
then liue ay in woe & payne.³
- 452 452 "If I be come of Carles kinne,
part of the good that I may winne, [page 36]
some therof shall be mine.
he that neuer spendeth but alway sparcth,
- 456 comonlye oft⁴ the worsse he ffareth;
others will broake⁵ itt ffine.⁶"
- 460 by then came in red wine & ale,
the bores head⁷ into the hall,
then sheld⁸ with sauces seere⁹ ;
Capon both baked & rosted,¹⁰
woodcockes, venison, without bost,
& dish meeate¹¹ dight ffull deere.
- 464 swannes they had piping hott,
Coneys, curleys,¹² well I wott,
the crane, the hearne¹³ in ffere,¹⁴

¹ thyself.—P.

² i. e. rather: I leever, *legend*.—P.

³ pine or pyne. Chauc. idem.—P.

⁴ oft, *defend*.—P.

⁵ to brouke, broke, to brook, bear;
To use, enjoy. Urry in Chauc.—P.

⁶ fine for finely.—P.

⁷ See the Carol, *The boris hede furst*,
in Mrs. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS.
No. 10. The carol is printed in *Reliq.*
Antiq. vol. ii., *Babees Book &c.* p. 397.—F.

⁸ The swerd of Bacon is call'd the
Shield: and the horny Part of brawn in
some places.—P.

⁹ *seere, sere, several; many; contract.*

from *sever*, or *several*. Gloss. at
—P.

¹⁰ roste.—P.

¹¹ sweet dishes, &c. Russell
his *Boke of Nurture*, l. 513–14,
Some maner cury of Cookes craf
y haue espied,
how beire dischmetes ar dress
hony not claryfied.—F.

¹² curlews.—P.

¹³ heron. See Russell, in *Babes*
p. 143–4. Compare this feast wi
sell's *Fest for a Franken*, B.B. p
—F.

¹⁴ i.e. together, along.—P.

Next come
the boar's
head,

capons,
venison,

swans,
curlews,
herons, &c.

- 468 pigeons, partrid[*g*]es, with spicerye,
Elkes,¹ ffomes,² with ffroterye.³
John bade them make good cheere.
- 472 the Erle sayd, " see mote I thee,
lohn, you serue vs royallye !
if yee had dwelled att London,⁴
if king Edward where here,⁵
he might be a-payd⁶ with this supper,⁷
such ffreindshipp wee haue fround."
- 476 " Nay," sayd Iohn, " by gods grace,
& Edward wher in⁸ this place,
hee shold not touch this tonne.
hee wold be wrath with Iohn, I hope ;
480 therrefore I beshrew⁹ the soupe¹⁰
that shall come in his mouth¹¹ ! "
- theratt the King laughed & made good cheere.
the Bishopp sayd, " wee fare well heere ! "
- 484 the Erle sayd as him thought.
they spake lattine amongst them there¹² :
" infayth," quoth Iohn, " and yee greeue mee,
full deere itt shalbe bought.
- 488 " speake English euery-eche one,¹³
or else sitt still, in the devills name !
such talke loue I naught.¹⁴
Lattine spoken amongst Lewd¹⁵ men,
- 492 therin noe reason ffind I can ;
ffor ffalshood itt is wrought.

partridges,
tarts &c.

The Earl
says it's
a royal
feast ;

the King
might be
pleased with
it.

" If he were
here, he
shouldn't
have a
scrap," says
John.

They talk
Latin
together.
John tells
them to

talk English.

¹ • *Eyk*, a wild swan. Northern. Hal-
lewell. ² *yolk*, some dish of eggs.—F.

³ *fflomes*, a kind of cheescake.—F.

⁴ *ffroterye*, fruit collectively taken,

meat.—Fr. Johnson. P. Fritters,

have no doubt. See them in Russell's

body of Nurture (p. 166-70 Babees Book)

and many other Bills of Fare.—F.

⁵ *Forte* As ye at London wond. —P.

⁶ Edward's self were heere. —P.

⁷ *to appay*, to satisfy, to content, hence

'well appaid' is pleased. 'ill appayd'
is uneasy (Fr. appayer). Johns. P.

⁸ *suppre*. P.

⁹ MS. *wherin*.—F. were in.—P.

¹⁰ *beshrew*, verbum male precantia. Jun.

—P. ¹¹ sup. soupe. —P.

¹² That in his Mouth shalbe come. —P.

¹³ perhaps "three". P.

¹⁴ overche one. P.

¹⁵ not, or hold I naught. —P.

¹⁶ Lewd, i.e. Laymen. Johnson. —P.

he doesn't
like whisper-
ing,

it's traitors'
work

496

"row[n]ing,¹ I loue itt² neither young nor old;
therefore yee ought not to bee to bold,

neither att Meate nor meale.

hee was ffalſe that rowning began;
theerfore I say to you certaine

I loue itt neuer a deale:

and not to
be tolerated
by any
courteous
host.

The Earl
promises to
leave off.

500

"that man can [nought] of curtesye
that lets att his meate rowning bee,³
I say, soe haue I seile.⁴"

504

the Erle sayd right againe,
"att your bidding wee will be baine,⁵
wee thinke you say right weelee."

Then sweets
come in,

508

by this came vp ffrom the kitchin
sirrupps⁶ on plates⁷ good and ffine,
wrought in a ffayre array.

and John
proposes
that they
shall be
merry

"Sirrah,⁸" sayth Iohn, "sithe wee are mett,
& as good ffellowes together sett,
lett vs be blythe to-day.

and he and
his mates
shall

512

"Hodgkin long, & hob of the Lath,⁹
you are counted good ffellowes both,¹⁰
now is no time to thrine¹¹;

¹ rowning, they are used promiscuously
in Chaucer.—P.

² in, qu.; or loved neither.—P.

³ John is right here. Whispering is
strictly forbidden by the old Books of
Courtesy, &c.

"Loke þou rownde not in no mannys ere."
Babees Book, p. 20, l. 54.

Looke that ye be in rihte stable sylence,
Withe-oute lowde lauhtere or langelynge,
Rovnyng, Iapynge or other Insolence.

ib. p. 253, l. 93-5.

Bekenyng, fynguryng, non þou vse,
And pryue rownyng loke thou refuse.
Boke of Curtasye, l. 250, Bab. Book, p. 306.

⁴ *seil*, Scotch, i.e. prosperity, happiness.
Gloss¹² to Ramsay's Ever-green.
& Teut. *selig*, &c., *beatus, felix*. Gloss.

ad G. D.—P.

⁵ so *bane* in G. Doug. is ready
v. 96, Antiquam exquirite matr
seik zour auld moder make z
perhaps for *bowne*, metri gratia.
ad G. Doug.—P.

⁶ Compare Russell, l. 509, (*i*
Book ff.) speaking of cooks:
Some with Sireppis (Sawces), Se
soppes.—P.

⁷ *forté* platters.—P.

⁸ *Forté* Sirs.—P. Sirrahs.—]

⁹ Lathe.—P.

¹⁰ ba
¹¹ The German *thränen*, to r
weep, is the only word I can
for this, though it could hardly
thrine. A.-S. *bringan* is to throng
press. *Trinc*, to hang. Halliw

- 516 this wine is new come out of ffrance ;
 be god ! me list well to dance,
 therfore take my hand in thine ;
 dance.
 “ffor wee will fför our guests sake
 hop and dance, & Rouell make.”
- 520 the truth fför to know,
 vp he rose, & dranke the wine :
 “wee must haue powder of ginger therein,”
 John stands
 up
 John sayd, as I troc.
- 524 Iohn bade them stand vp all about,
 “ & yee shall see the carles stout
 dance about the bowle.
 Hob of the lathe ¹ & Hodgkin long,
 528 in ffayth you dance your measures wrong !
 methinkes that I shold know.
 with Hob
 and
 Hodgkin,
 and they
 dance
- “yee dance neither Gallyard ² nor hawe,
 Trace ⁴ nor true mesure, as I trowe,⁵
 (page 364)
 532 but hopp as yee were woode.”
 when they began of floote to ffayle,
 thē tumbled top ouer tayle,
 & Master and Muster they yode.
 till they
 tumble
 down.
- 536 fforth they stepped on stones store ⁶ ;
 Hob of the lathe lay on the floore,
 his brow brast out of blood.
 “ah, ha !” Quoth Iohn, “ thou makes good game !
 540 had thou not ffalled, wee had not laught ;
 thou gladds vs all, by the rood.”
 John laughs
 at Hob,

¹ lathe est horreum ; a Corn-house, a Grange. Jun.—P.

² A quick and lively dance introduced into this country about 1541. Halliwell.—F.

³ Hey. Qu. Dance the Hay. P. A round country dance. Halliwell.—F.

⁴ Trace, apt. G. Douglas, is explain'd in y^e Gloss, ‘stepping, walking softly,’ from the Fr. trace, a step; but it

is join'd with dancing in y^e following Passage :

The harpis & gythornis playis attanis,
 Upset Troyanna, & synce Italianis
 And gan do doubl brangillis & gambettis
 Dancis & roundis trusung mony gatis,
 —P.

⁵ Ferte, as I say. — P.

⁶ store, stour, sturr, ingene, crassus. Lye.—P.

and pulls
him up.

They begin
to play at
kicks,

and the
King has a
merry night.

Next
morning

they hear
Mass,
breakfast,

promise
John a
reward,

544 John hent¹ vp hobb² by the hand,³
 sayes, " methinkes wee dance our measures wro
 by him that sitteth in throne."⁴
then they began to kicke & wince,⁴
John hitt the king ouer the shinnes
 with a payre of new clowted shoone.

548 sith King Edward was mad a knight,
 had he neuer soe merry a night
 as he had with Iohn de Reeue.⁵
to bed the busked them anon,
552 their liueryes⁶ were serued them vp soone
 with a merry cheere;

& thus⁷ they slepted till morning att prime⁸
in ffull good sheetes of Line.

556 a masse⁹ he garred them to hane,
& after they dight them to dine
with boyled capons good & fine.
the Duke sayd,¹⁰ "soe god me sauе,
560 if euer wee come to our abone,¹¹
we shall thee quitt our Barrison¹² ;
thou shalt not need itt¹³ to craue."

¹ i.e. held. Lye.—P.

² The first *b* is made over a *p* in the MS.—F.

³ hond or wrang.—P.

⁴ Winche, to kick. Halliwell.—F.

⁵ the Reeve, or John Reeve there.—P.

⁶ Allowances of meat and drink &c.

⁷ Lyueray he hase of mete and drynke.
Boke of Curtasye, l. 371, *Babees Book*, p. 310. Bouge of Court it is called in *Household Ordinances*, t. Edw. IV.—F.

⁷ there.—P.

⁸ prime sic legerit. Lye.
morn⁹ prime, or morn at prime.—

⁹ perhaps Mess.—P. Mass w
by all in the morning.—F.

¹⁰ The Erle said.—P.

¹¹ Fortasse Wone.—P. Abofe i
dwelling (Halliwell); abone, abo

¹² Garrison [gift, reward] see
St. 40.—P.

¹³ it delend.—P.

[The Third Part.]

[How the King invites John to court, and rewards him.]

- the king tooke leane att man & mayde¹ ; and take
 564 John sett him in the rode way ; their leave.
 to windsor can hee² ryde.
- Then all the court was ffull faine
 568 that the king was comen againe,
 & thanked ch[i]st that tyde. King Edward is welcomed at Windsor.
- 3rd parte the Ierfawcons were taken againe
 572 in the fforrest of windsor without laine,³
 the Lords did soe provyde,
 they thanked god & S^t Iollye.
 to tell the Queene of their harbor⁴
 the lords had ffull great prydce. They tell the Queen about John de Reeve,
- The Queene sayd, " Sir, by your leaue,
 576 I pray you send ffor that Noble Reeve,
 that I may see him with sight." and she askes
 the Messenger was made to wend,
 & bidd John Reeve goe to the King
 580 hastilye with all his might. A messenger tells John to come to the King.
- John waxed vnfaine⁵ in bone & blood,
 saith, " dame, to me this is noe good,
 my truth to you I plight." He is put
 584 "you must come in your best array."
 "what too," sayd John, "Sir, I thee pray ?"
 " thou must be made a Knight."

¹ may.—Dyce.

² gan br dce.—P. Cen means did.—F.

³ MS. laine.—F. Vid. Stanz. 45.—P.

⁴ forté harbore, or harlere. P.

lodging.—F.

⁵ displeased, literally 'unglad.'—P.

- thinks his
late guests
- have got him
into a
scrape;
"but never
mind,"
- wife, fetch
my armour,
pitchfork,
and sword."
- The
scabbard
is torn.
- John calls
for leather
and a nail to
mend it,
- and tries to
pull the
blade out.
- 588 I know right well I am beguiled
with the guests I harbord late.
to debate they will me bring;
yett cast ¹ I mee ffor nothinge
noe sorrow ffor to take;
- 592 "Allice, feitch mee downe my side Acton,
my round pallett ² to my crowne,
is made of Millayne ³ plate,
a pitch-firke and a sword.⁴"
shee sayd shee was affrayd ⁵
this deede wold make debate.
- 596 Allice feitached downe his Acton syde;
hee tooke itt ffor no litle pryd,
yett must hee itt weare.
the Scaberd was rent withouten doubt,
a large handfull the bleade ⁶ hanged out:
John the REEUE sayd there,
- 600 604
- 608
- 612
- [page 36]
- "gett lether & a nayle," Iohn can say,
"lett me sow itt ⁷ a chape to-day,
Lest men scorne my geere.
- Now," sayd Iohn, "will I see
[w]hether ⁸ itt will out lightlye
or ⁹ I meane itt to weare."
- Iohn pulled ffast att the blade :
(I wold hee had kist my arse *that* itt made !)
he cold not gett itt out.

¹ to cast, to calculate, to reckon, compute. Item, to contrive, to turn the thoughts. Johnson.—P.

² Pallat, in G. Doug¹ is used for *caput*. Scot. bor. *pallet* or *pallat* is the crown of the Head or Skull. Gloss. ad G. Doug¹. Hence it *should* signify here an Helmet or Skull-cap.—P.

³ See note ², vol. i. p. 68.—F.

⁴ forte swaerd.—P.

⁵ affear'd.—P.

⁶ blade.—P.

⁷ For'te sow in. in, qy.—P. the hook of a scabbard; the me at the top. Halliwell.—F.

⁸ whether.—P.

⁹ or, i.e. before.—P.

- Allice held, & Iohn draughe,¹
either att other ffast loughe,²
- 616 I doe yee out of doubt.
- Iohn pulled att the scaberd stoe hard,
againe a post he ran backward
& gaue his head a rowte.³
- 620 his wiffe did laughe when he did ffall,
& soe did his ⁴ meanye all
that were there neere about.
- Iohn sent after his neighbors both,⁵
624 Hodgkine long & hobb of the lath.⁶
- they were beene⁷ att his biddinge.
3 pottles of wine⁸ in a dishe
they supped itt⁹ all off, as I wis,
628 all there att their partinge.
- Iohn sayd, “ & I had my buckler,¹⁰
theres nothing *that* shold me dare,
I tell you all in ffere.¹¹
- 632 ffeitch me downe,” quoth he, “ my gloues ;
they came but¹² on my¹³ hands but once
this 22¹⁴ yeere.
- “ ffeitch mee my Capull,” sayd hee there.
636 his saddle was of a new manner,¹⁵
- his stirrops were of a tree.¹⁶
“ dame,” he sayd, “ ffeitch me wine ;
I will drinke to thee¹⁷ once againe,
- 640 I troe I shall neuuer thee see.

drowghe, Chauc., i.e. drew.—P.
lough, or lowghe, i.e. laughed.
icf.—P.
Great or violent stir. Devon.
—F.
hui in the MS.—F.
baith.—P.
Lathe.—P.
Qu. bowne, bane, bayne, Vid. Pt. 2.
9 [t.i. 28 of MS., l. 504 above].—P.
MS. wime.—F.

⁸ itt, delend, censeo.—P.
¹⁰ bucklere.—P.
¹¹ in fere, together, intire, wholly.
Gloss. ad G.D.—P.
¹² delend. Qu.—P.
¹³ came upon my.—P.
¹⁴ two & twentyc.—P.
¹⁵ mannerc.—P.
¹⁶ of tree.—P. wood.—F.
¹⁷ An upright stroke, which may be for
1, stands between *thee* and *once*.—F.

He,
Hodgkin,
and Hob

drink five
gallons;

and
Hodgkin
beaves him
on to his
mare.

When he
gets to
Windsor
Castle, the
porter won't
let him in,

and the
servants
chaff him.

" Hodgkin long, & hob of the lathe,
tarry & drinke with me bothe,¹
ffor my cares are ffast commannde.²"
644 they dranke 5 gallons verament :
" ffarwell ffellowes all present,
ffor I am readye to gange ! "

John was soe combred in his geere
hee cold not gett vpon his mare
till hodgkinn heave vp³ behind.

" Now ffarwell, Sir, by the roode ! "
to neither Knight nor Barron good
652 his hatt he wold not vayle
till⁴ he came to the Kings gate :
the Porter wold not lett him in theratt,
nor come within the walle,

656 till a Knight came walking out.
they sayd, " yonder standeth a carle stont
in a rusticall arraye."
on him they all wondred wright,⁵
660 & said he was an vnseemelye wight,
& thus to him they⁶ gan say :

" hayle, ffellow ! where wast thou borne ?
thee besemeth ffull well to weare a horne !
where had thou that ffaire geere ?
I tree a man might seeke ffull long,
one like to thee ar that hee ffound,⁷
tho he sought all this yeere."

¹ bathe or baith.—P.

² i. e. are coming fast. *comand*, idem

ac coming.—P.

³ hove up.—P.

⁴ when. Qu.—P.

⁵ right.—P.

⁶ they *delend*.—P.

⁷ fondé.—P. ? flong, got hold
Dyce.

- 668 John bade them kisse the devills arse¹: John says
 "ffor you my geare is much the worsse²!
 you will itt not amend,
 by my ffiaith, *that can I lead!*
- 672 vpon³ the head I shall you shread
 but if you hence wende!
- 676 "the devill him spedde vpon his crowne
 that causeth⁴ me to come to this towne,
 whether he weare Iacke or Iill !
 what shold such men as I doe heere
 att the kings Manner⁵?
 I might haue beene att home still."
- 680 as John stooode fflyting⁶ ffast,
 he saw one of his guests come at the last ;
 to him he speake ffull bold,
 to him he ffast ffull rode,⁷
 684 he vayled neither hatt nor hood ;
 sayth, " thou hast me betold ! " [page 306] Then John
 sees his
 guest,
 the Earl,
- "full well I wott by this light
 that thou hast disdainde mee right ;
 688 ffor wrat[h] I waxe neere wood ! "
 The Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,
 John, thou made vs a merry night ;
 thou shalt haue nothing but good."
- 692 the Erle tooke leaue att John Reue,
 sayd, " thou shalt come in without greefe ;
 I pray thee tarry a while."

Erle, Chauc. - P.

Worne, Chauc. - P.

M. vpon or vpon.—F.

Porte caused.—P.

Manner.—P. Dwelling, mansion.

¹ To flyte, i.e. to chide, is still in use in Scotland. (Gloss to Ramsay's Evergreen. *Flyt*, to scold, chide. A *S. Atlan*, contendere, rixari. (Gloss. ad G. Doug.)
² full faste rode.—P.

and goes to
tell the King
that John is
at the gate.

King
Edward
orders John
to be brought
in to table.

The Earl
describes
John's

armour,

his knife,

gloves,

and temper.

John tells
the porter to
let him in.

the Erle into the hall went,
696 & told the King verament
that ¹ John Reeue was att the gate;
“to no man list hee lout.
a rusty sword gird ² him about,
700 & a long fflawchyon, I wott. ³”

the King said, “ goe wee to meate,
& bringe him when ⁴ wee are sett;
our dame shall haue a play.”

704 “ he hath 10 arrowes in a thonge,
some are short & some are long,
the sooth as I shold say;

“a rusty sallett ⁵ vpon his crowne,
708 his hood were made home browne ⁶;
there may nothing him dare;
a thytill hee hath ffast in his hand
that hangeth in a peake band,⁷
712 & sharpyle itt will share.

“ he hath a pouch hanging ffull wyde,
a rusty Buckeler on the other syde,
his mittons ⁸ are of blacke clothe.

716 who-soe to him sayth ought but good,
⁹ [I swear it to you by the rood,]
ffull soone hee wilbe wrothe.”

then Iohn sayd, “ Porter, lett mee in !
720 some of my goods thou shalt win ;
I lone not ffor to pray.”

¹ That *defend*.—P.

² girdeth.—P.

³ weet. Item. wate, wat, i.e. know,
knew, wot. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

⁴ him in, when.—P.

⁵ Aliter *salad*, a Gallic. *Salade*, a Head-piece. *Celada*, or *Zelada*, Spanish. Lye. vid. St. 6, Pt. 2d [l. 594 above].—P.

⁶ of homespun browne : or ra
of homemade brow[n]. See Pt
[l. 284 above].—P.

⁷ See the Picture of Chaucer.

⁸ Cp. Twey mitteyness as met
Plowman's Crede.—F.

⁹ A line waunting.—P.

the Porter sayd, "stand abacke !
& thou come neere I shall thee rappe,
724 thou carle, by my fay ! "

The porter
says he'll
give him
a rap.

John tooke his fforke¹ in his hand,
he bare his fforke on an End,
he thought to make a fray ;
728 his Capull was wight,² & corne ffedd ;
vpon the Porter hee him spedd,
and him had welnye slaine.³

On which
John
charges him
with his
pitchfork,

nearly
kills him,

he hitt the Porter vpon the crowne,
732 with that stroke hee fell downe,
fforsooth as I you tell ;
& then hee rode into the hall,
& all the doggs both great & small⁴
736 on John fast can the yell.⁵

and then
rides into the
King's hall,

John layd about as hee were wood,
& 4 hee killed as hee stood ;
the rest will now be ware.
740 then came fforth a squier hend,
& sayd, " John, I am thy freind,
I pray you light downe heere."

killing four
of his dogs
on the way.

One squire
asks him to
dismount ;

another sayd, " giue me thy fforke,"
744 & John sayd, " nay, by S^t William of Yorke,⁶
first I will cracke thy crowne ! "

another, to
give up his
fork ;

¹ fforke. Perhaps stocke, which is used
Gawain Douglas for a dagger, rapier,
l. 7, 669, "veruque sabello" being
sh'd "with stokkis sabellyn." ab
L. stoker, ensis longior. Gloss. ad
D. Stork, caudex, truncus. Jun. It
takes also the handle of anything.
mossa. A staff or long Pole. P.
m's tool is of course his two-grained
fforke that he describes in line 319,
I make for in line 596 above.—F.

² V.i.l. Pt. 1, St. 36.—P.
³ did well-nye slay. — P.

⁴ Dogs had possession of the whole of
the houses in Early English days. See
the directions for turning them out of the
lord's bedroom in Russell, the Sloane MS.
Boke of Curtasye, &c. in *Hales Book*,
p. 182, l. 969, p. 283, l. 93, p. 69.—F.

⁵ gan to yell — P.

⁶ ? what saint.—F.

a third, his
sword

and helmet.

He must be
very stupid
not to see in
whose pre-
sence he is.

"What the
devil's that
to you?"
says John.
"I shall
wear my
sword."

The Queen
asks who he
can be.

John rides
on,

with his
pitchfork
at the
charge,

and
frightens the
Queen.

another sayd, "lay downe thy sword¹ ;
sett vp thy horase ; be not affeard ;
thy bow, good Iohn, lay downe ;

"I shall hold your stirroppe ;
doe of your pallett & your hoode
ere the ffall, as I troe.

752 yee see not who sitteth att the meate ;
yee are a wonderous silly ffreak,
& alsoe passing sloe² ! "

756 "what devill," sayd Iohn, "is that ffor the
itt is my owne, soe mote I thee !
therfore I will itt weare."

760 the Queene bcheld him in hast :
"my lord," shee sayd, "ffor gods ffast,
who is yonder that doth ryde ?
such a ffellow saw I neuer yore³ !
shee saith, "hee hath the quaintest geere,
he is but simple of pryd."

764 right soe came Iohn as hee were wood ;
he vayled neither hatt nor hood,
he was a ffaley⁴ ffreake ;

768 he tooke his fforke as hee wold Iust ;
vp to the dease⁵ ffast he itt thrust.
the Queene ffor feare did speake,

772 & sayd, "lords, beware, ffor gods grace !
ffor hee⁶ will frowte⁷ some in the fface
if yee take not good heede ! "

¹ swerda.—P.

² slow.—P.

³ y' deuill . . . is that to thee.—P.

⁴ my Lords. Qu.—P.

⁵ yore, jamdudum, jam olim. Jun.
perhaps here.—P.

⁶ perhaps stately.—P. ? Ferley, won-
derful.—F.

⁷ Dease, or Deis. See
—P.

⁸ MS. thee.—F.

⁹ Perhaps from Fr. *frotte*
of to bang or beat (*battre*),
its original sense to rub.
use in this sense in Shrops

tho laughed without doubt,
& soe did all *that were about*,
to see Iohn on his steede.

The rest
laugh.

776 then sayd Iohn to our Queene,
“ thou mayst be proud, dame, as I weene,
to haue such a fawconer¹ !

John tells
the Queen
she may be
proud of her
falconer.

ffor he is a well farrand man,
780 & much good manner² hee can,
I tell you sooth in ffre.

He's a fine-
looking
man.

³[.]
“ but, lord,” hee sayd, “ my good, its thine;
my body alsoe, ffor to pine,

[Then
finding that
it's King
Edward I.,]
to whom his
goods and
body belong.

784 ffor thou art king with crowne.
but, lord, thy word is honorable,
both stedfast, sure, and stable,
& alsoe⁴ great of renowne !

788 “ therfore haue mind⁵ what thou me hight
when thou with me [harbord⁶] a night,
a warryson⁷ that I shold haue.”

he reminds
him of the
pledge he
made the
night he
lodged with
him.

Iohn spoke to him with sturdye mood,
792 hee vayled neither hatt nor hood,
but stood with him checkmate.⁸

the King sayd, “ fellow mine,
ffor thy capons hott, & good red wine,
796 much thankes I doe give thee.”

Edward
thanks him
for his
capons and
wine.

the Queene sayd, “ by Mary bright,
award him as his⁹ right ;
well aduanced lett him bee ! ”

¹ fawconer.—P.

Gloss to Ramsay's Ever-green.—P.

² manners.—P.

¹ Qu. Cheek-mate: mate is companion.

³ Some lines wanting here, containing
discovery of the King's rank. Some
are seen wanting here.—P.

Socius, *socius*, q.d. cheek by Jole
This passage may also be explained from
the Term in chess, checkmate being when
the king is hemmed in by some inferior
Piece, so that he cannot stir.—T. P.

⁴ also defend.—P.

² forte as is, or as it is.—P.

⁵ stand in the MS.—F.

⁶ me [passord] a.—P.

⁷ merous, reward. Scottish. See

³ forte as is, or as it is.—P.

the King,

"I thanke you, my l
therof I am well p
thee King tooke a co
& sayd, "Iohn, heer
with worshippe."

John fears
that

812 then was Iohn enyll s
& amongst them all
"full oft I haue h

a rope will
follow the
collar,
and doesn't
like it.

that after a coller co
816 I shall be hanged by
methinkes itt doth

But they
tell him
he must sit
in the chief
place.

6 "sith thou hast tak
that euery man may i
820 thou must begin t
then Iohn therof was
I tell you truth with-
he speake neuer a w

He does so,
wishing
himself
at home.

824 but att the bords end
ffor hee had leeuer be
then att all⁹ their

¹ place defend —D — —

ffor there was wine, well I wott;
royall meates of the best sortes
were sett before him there.

a gallon of wine was put in a dishe;
John supped itt of, both more & lesse.

He drinks
off a gallon
of wine,

"fletch," Quoth the King, "such more."
"by my Lady," Quoth Iohn, "this is good wine!
lett vs make merry, ffor now itt is time;
Christys curse on him that doth itt spare!"

and wants to
make merry.

with that came in the Porter⁴ hende
& kneeled downe before the King,
was all⁵ berunnen⁶ with blood.
then the King in hart was woe,
sayea, "Porter, who hath dight thee soe?
tell on; I wax neere wood."

The porter
comes in

all over
blood.

"Who did
this?" says
the King.

"Now infaith," sayd Iohn, "that same was I,
for to teach him some curtesye,

"I," says
John, "to
teach him
manners.

"ffor thou hast taught him noe good. [page 308]
for when thou came to my pore place,
with mee thou found soe great a grace,
* noe man did bidd thee stand without;

When you
came to me,
if anyone
had told you
to

"ffor if any man had against thee spoken,
his head ffull soone I shold haue broken,"
John sayd, "with-outen doubt.
therfore I warne thy porters ffree,
when any man [comes] out of my⁹ Countrye,
another¹⁰ [time] lett them not be soe stout.

stop outside,
I'd have
broken his
head.

Your porters
mustn't be
so saucy
next time."

nare or man. — P.
Leti our Lady.—P.
in them that spare.—P.
MS. Porters.—F.
The was all &c.— P.
MS. berumen.—P.

' For none thou hast him taught. Qu.
—P.
* None hadde thee stand without — P.
* Any come out, or comes from my
&c.— P.
¹⁰ defend another. — P.

“ if both thy porters goe walling¹ wood,
begod I shall reave² their hood,
866 or goe on floote boote.
but thou, Lord, hast after me sent,
& I am come att thy commandement
hastilye withouten doubt.”

The King
acknow-
ledges
that his
porter was
in fault,

but makes
John kiss
him
and be
friends.

- 860 the King sayd, “ by St. Iame !
Iohn, my porters were to blame ;
yee did nothing but right.”
he tooke the case into his hand ;
864 then to kisse³ hee made them gange ;
then laughed both King and Knight.
“ I pray you,” quoth the King, “ good fellows bee.”
“ yes,” quoth Iohn, “ soe mote I thee,
868 we were not wrathe⁴ ore night.”

The Bishop
promises
to putt
John's two
sons to
school,

- 872 then they⁵ Bishopp sayd to him thoë,
“ Iohn, send hither thy sonnes² ;
to the schoole⁶ I shall them ffind,
& soe god may for them werke,
that either of them haue a kirke
if ffortune be their ffreind.

and says the
King will
find his
daughters
good
husbands.

- 876 “ also send hither thye daughters both⁷ ;
2 marryages the King will garr them to hane,⁸
& wedd them with a ringe.

¹ walling, i.e. boiling, fervent; S. wellan. Lye.—P.

² reave, i.e. bereave (like as reft is for bereft) to take away by stealth or violence. Johnson. (used rather for rive, i.e. cleave.)—P.

³ Cp. Chaucer's making the Host and Pardoner kiss. *Cant. Tales*, end of The Pardoneres Tale :

‘ And ye, sir host, that ben to me so deere,
I pray yow that ye kisse the pardoner;

And pardoner, I pray you draweth yow
ner,
And as we dede, let us laugh and playe.’
Anon thay kisse, and riden forth her
waye.

v. iii., p. 105, l. 502-6, ed. Morris.—F.

⁴ wrothe.—P.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ Forȝt At schoole.—P.

⁷ baith.—P.

⁸ gar them have.—P.

went¹ fforth, Iohn, on thy way,
 looke thou be kind & curteous aye,
 880 of meate & drinke be neu[e]r nithing.²"

then Iohn tooke leaue of King & Queene,³
 & after att all the court by-deene,
 & went fforth on his way.

884 he sent his daughters to the King,
 & they were weded with a ringe
 vnto 2 squiers gay.

his sonnes both hardye & wight,
 888 the one of them was made a Knight,
 & fresh in euery ffray ;
 the other a parson of a kirke,
 gods seruice ffor to worke,
 892 to god serue⁴ night & day.

thus Iohn Reeue and his wiffo
 with mirth & Iolty⁵ ledden their liffe ;
 to god they made Landinge.
 896 Hodgikin long & hobb⁶ of the lathe,
 they were made freemen bothe⁷
 through the grace of the King hend.⁸

then thought [John]⁹ on the Bishopps word,
 900 & ever after kept open bord
 ffor guests that god him send ;
 till death ffeitcht him away
 to the blisse that lasteth aye :
 904 & thus Iohn Recue made an end.

John takes
leave of the
Court.

The King
marries his
daughters
to two
squires ;

knights
one of his
sons,

gives the
other a
living,

and makes
Hodgkin
and Hob
freemen.

John de
Reeve
keeps open
house

till he dies.

¹ word.—P.

² Nothing, nequam, naught. It, a das-
tard poltroon: here it seems to mean
disgracefully.—P. A.S. sitting, a wicked
man, an outlaw.—Boswirth,—later, a
rogue.—F.

³ Only half the s in the MS.—F.

⁴ to serve God.—P.

⁵ Jollity.—P.

⁶ A stroke like a t follows in the MS.
—F.

⁷ baith. P.

⁸ Perhaps head King.—P.

⁹ thought {be}.—P.

God save all
who

have heard
this story!

thus endeth the tale of Reeue soe wight.¹
god that is soe ffull of might,
to heauen their soules bring
908 *that haue heard this little story,*
that lined² sometimes in the south-west countrye
in long³ Edwards dayes our King.

fins.

¹ See Page 210 [of MS.] top of y^e
Page (fell some time, &c.).—P.

² Forte *happned*.—P.
³ long-[shanks] or without *long*.—P.

Appendix.

I.

Agincourt Ballads.

(See p. 159, Nos. 3 and 4.)

1. Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory.

A spirited black-letter ballad, of early date, the only existing copy of which was, however, "printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield," not long anterior to the Civil Wars; it bears for title "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory," purporting to have been sung "to a pleasant new tune." *Collier's Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen?
With our pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat downe,
Shot by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Kill'd the French like tame sparrowes,
Slaine by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where we won field and fort?
French fled like wo-men
By land, and eke by water:
Never was seene such slaughter,
Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
 Fought that day wondrous well, as
 All our old stories tell us,
 Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Either tale, or report,
 Quickly will show men
 What can be done by courage,
 Men without food or forage,
 Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Where such a fight was fought,
 As, when they grow men,
 Our boys shall imitate ;
 Nor need we long to waite ;
 They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Where our fifth Harry taught
 Frenchmen to know men :
 And when the day was done,
 Thousands there fell to one
 Good English Bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Huzza for Agincourt !
 When that day is forgot
 There will be no men.
 It was a day of glory,
 And till our heads are hoary
 Praise we our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 When our best hopes were nought,

Tenfold our foemen.
 Harry led his men to battle,
 Slue the French like sheep and cattle:
 Huzza ! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 O, it was noble sport !
 Then did we owe men ;
 Men, who a victory won us
 'Gainst any odds among us :
 Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Dear was the victory bought
 By fifty yeomen.
 Ask any English wench,
 They were worth all the French :
 Rare English bowmen !¹

2. King Henry V. his Conquest of France
 In Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King ;
 In sending him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton
 of Tennis Balls.

(From the copy in Chetham's Library, Manchester, obligingly transcribed
 by Mr. Jones, the Librarian. Dr. Rimbault has a copy of this ballad
 "Printed and sold in Aldermury Church Yard." He says that tra-
 ditional versions of it also appeared in the Rev. J. C. Tyler's *History of Monmouth*, 8vo, vol. ii, p. 197, and in Mr. Dixon's *Antient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, printed by the Percy Society in 1816. *Notes and Queries*, No. 23, Jan. 25, 1851, vol. iii, p. 51, col. 1.)

As our King lay musing on his bed,
 He bethought himself upon a time,
 Of a tribute that was due from France,
 Had not been paid for so long a time.
 Fal, fal, &c.

¹ In the original it is "Rare English bowmen," probably a mistake for "bowmen," the printer having been misled by the word "wench" above. All the other stanzas end with "bowmen." J. P. Collier.

He called for his lovely page,
 His lovely page then called he ;
 Saying, you must go to the King of France,
 To the King of France, sir, ride speedily.
 O then went away this lovely page,
 This lovely page then away went he ;
 Low he came to the King of France,
 And when fell down on his bended knee.
 My master greets you, worthy sir,
 Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
 That you will send him his tribute home,
 Or in French land you soon will him see.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Your master's young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into my degree :
 And I will send him three Tennis-Balls,
 That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,
 This lovely page then returned he,
 And when he came to our gracious King,
 Low he fell down on his bended knee.
 What news? what news? my trusty page,
 What is the news you have brought to me ?
 I have brought such news from the King of France,
 That he and you will ne'er agree.
 He says, you're young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into his degree ;
 And he will send you three Tennis-Balls,
 That with them you may learn to play.
 Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire
 And Derby Hills that are so free :
 No marry'd man or widow's son,
 For no widow's curse shall go with me.
 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
 And Derby Hills that are so free :
 No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,
 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land,
 With drums and trumpets so merrily ;
 And then bespoke the King of France,
 Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,
They kill'd our Englishmen so free.
We kill'd ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they run away.
And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;
O then bespoke the King of France,
The Lord have mercy on my men and me,
O I will send him his tribute home,
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
And the finest flower that is in all France
To the Rose of England I will give free.

II.

King Estmere.

(See p. 200, note 1.)

We give here reprints of this ballad as it appeared in the 1st and 4th editions of the *Reliques*, putting in italics all the words changed in spelling or position, or for other words, in the two editions, so as to make Percy's acknowledged changes apparent. His unacknowledged ones we must leave to the critical power of our readers to ascertain.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *yonge*, 5
The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their *deedes*,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine 10
Within kyng Estmeres halle:
Whan will ye marry a wife, brother,
A wye to gladd us all?

Then bespeake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
I knowe not that ladye in any *lande*, 15
That is able ⁴ to marry with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye *sholde* be queene. 20

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethen,
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *young*,
The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their *deeds*,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle ²:
Whan will ye marry a wife, brother,
A wye to *glad* us all?

Then bespeake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee ³:
I know not that ladye in any *land*,
That's able ⁴ to *marrye* with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye *shold* be my queene.

Ver. 3. brether, fol. MS.
Ver. 10. his brother's hall, fol. MS.

¹ Ver. 14. hartilye. fol. MS.
² He means fit, suitable.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merrye* Englaund,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothér, 25
Ile beare you *companye* ;
Many throughe fals messengers are *de-
ceyde*,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steedes*, 30
And when they came to kyng Adlands
halle,
Of red golde shone their *weedes*.

And when the came to kyng Adlands
halle
Before the goodlye *yate*,
There they found good kyng Adland 35
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-
land ;
Nowe Christ *thee* save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, *kyng* Estmere,
Right hartilye unto mee. 40

You have a daughter, *sayd* Adler younge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englaude to *bee* queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughter 45
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;
And then *shee* nicked him of naye,
I feare sheele doe *youe* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And leeveth on Mahound; 50
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter *deare* 55
Before I goe hence awaye.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merrye* Englaund,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us *towē* to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you *companye* ;
Many throughe fals messengers are ¹ *de-
ceyde*,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steedes*,
And when *the* came to *king* Adlands
halle,
Of *redd gold* shone their *weeds*.

And when the came to kyng Adlands
halle
Before the goodlye *gate*,
There they found good kyng Adland
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-
land ;
Now Christ *you* save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, *king* Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, *said* Adler younge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englaude to *be* queene.

Yesterday was *att* my deere daughter
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;
And then *shee* nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do *youe* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And leeveth ² on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye ;
That I may see your daughter *deere*
Before I goe hence awaye.

¹ Ver. 27. Many a man . . . is. fol. MS.² Ver. 46. The king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS.
Misprinted 'leeve thou.'

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

*Altho^{ugh} itt is seven yeare and more
Syt^h my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake
To glad my guestes all.* 60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes *laceed* in pall,
And halfe a *hundred* of *bolde* knighting,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And eke as *mauye* gentle *squieres*, 65
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head
sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye *ryng* on her *smalle* fingēr,
Shone of the chrysall free. 70

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madame;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And *iff* you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt *may* bee. 75

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye; 80
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and
castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
And ever I feare that paynim kyng, 85
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboue;
And therefore of *that foule paynim*
Wee neede not stande in *doubte*. 90

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Est-
mēre,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plyght* his troth 95
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Although itt is seven *yeers* and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come *once downe* for your sake
To glad my guestes alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes *laced* in pall,
And halfe a *hundred* of *bold* knighting,
To bring her [from] bowre to hall;
And as *many* gentle *squieres*,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her he-
sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye *ring* on her *small* finger,
Shone of the chrysall free.

Sai^{es}, God you save, my deere madam;
Sai^{es}, God you save and see."
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And, if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt *shal* bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and
castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboue;
And therefore of *the king of Spaine*¹
Wee neede not stande in *doubt*.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng E-
mēre,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plight* his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
hat he wolde marrye her to his wif,
And make her queene of his land.

¹ Ver. 89. of the King his sonne of Spaine. fol. MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree, 100
To fetche him dukes and lordes and
knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne, 105
With kempes many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a *grummē* barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
ter
Tother daye to carrie her home. 110

Then shee sent after kyng Estmēre
In all the spedē might bee,
That he must either *returne* and fighete,
Or goo home and *lose* his ladyē.

One whyle then the page he went, 115
Another *why'e* he ranne;
Till he had overtaken *kyng* Estmēre
I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmēre!
What tydinges nowe, my boye? 120
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *myle*,
A *myle* out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne 125
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a *grummē* barone,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands
daughter,
Tother daye to carrie her home. 130

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighete,
Or goo home and *lose* your ladyē.

Sayes. Readē me, readē me, *deere brother*, 135
My rede shall ryde¹ at thee,
Whiche *wāye* we *best* may turne and
fighete,
To *sare* this fayre ladyē.

Rede. See MS. It should probably be "ryde," i.e. my counsel shall arise from thee. See ver. 146.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and
knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempes many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a *bold* barone,
Tone daye to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
ter,
Tother daye to carrie her home.

Shee sent *one* after kyng Estmēre
In all the spedē might bee,
That he must either *turne againe* and
fighete,
Or goo home and *lose* his ladyē.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another *whide* he ranne;
Till he had overtaken *king* Estmēre,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmēre!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O, tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *myle*,
A *myle* out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a *bold* barone,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands
daughter,
Tother daye to carrie her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighete,
Or goo home and *lose* your ladyē.

Sayes. Readē me, readē me, *deere brother*,
My rede shall ryde¹ at thee,
Whiche *wāye* we *best* may turne and
fighete,
Or goo home and *lose* my ladyē.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise¹ at me, 140
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,²
And when I learned at the schole, 145
Something shee taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this
fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd, 150
Itt will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englaunde,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother, 155
Out of the north countrey;
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighthe,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand; 160
And I will be the best singer,
That ever sung in this land.

Itt shal be written in our foreheads
All and in gramarye,
That we towre the boldest men, 165
That are in all Christentyé.

And thus they renish them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes;
And whan they came to king Adlands
hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands
hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud
portèr: 175
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise² at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,³
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There grores an hearbe within this
field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englaunde,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrey;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighthe,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I wil be the best singer,
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written in our foreheads
All and in gramarye,
That we towre are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyé.

And thus they renish them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes;
And whan they came to king Adlands
hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands
hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud
portèr;
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

¹ Sic.² Sic MS.³ See at the end of this ballad, Note *.* [not reprinted here.—F.]

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

We beene harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the northe countrie; 180
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and
redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother 185
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmère he light off his steede 195
Up att the fayre hall lard;
The friske, that came from his brydle
bitte.
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable thou steede, thou proud
harper,
Goe stable him in the stalle; 200
Itt doth not beseme a proud harper
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,
He will do nought that's meete;
And eye that I odd but find the man, 205
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakest proud wordes, sayd the Pay-
nem kyng.
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy ladd and thee. 210

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
A sight of him wold I see;
And when he hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kempyre man, 215
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

We beene harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the northe countrey;
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and
redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Iuld saye king Estmere and his brother 185
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmère he stald his steede
&c. fayre att the hall lard;
The friske, that came from his brydle
bitte.
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable thy steede, thou proud
harper,
Says, Stable him in the stalle;
Itt doth not beseme a proud harper
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.'

My ladd he is so lither, he said,
He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this halle
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakest proud wordes, says the king
of Spaine.
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

O lett that man come downe, he said,
A sight of him wold I see;
And when he hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kempyre man,
And looked him in the eare,
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And how nowe, kempe, *said* the kyng of
Spayne,
And how what aileth thee? 220
He *sayes*, *It is written* in his forehead
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under
heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe, 225
And playd theron so sweete:
Upstarte the ladge from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

Noure stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say; 230
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He stroake upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both sayre and free;
The ladye was so pleasede therall, 235
She laught loud laughers three.

Noure sell me thy harpe, *said* the kyng of
Spayne,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt
have,
As there be stryngs theron. 240

And what wold ye doe with my harpe,
he sayd,
If I did sell it ye?
To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.

Now sell me, syr kyng, thy bryde soe
gay,
As shee sitts laced in pall, 245
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde
so gay,
If I did sell her yee? 250
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255
“ Noe harper but a kyng.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And how nowe, kempe, *said* the kyng of
Spayne,
And how what aileth thee?
He *saies*, *It is writt* in his forehead
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under
heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge:
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
For Gods love I pray thee
For and thou playes as thou beginnes,
Thou'lt till¹ my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye laugh a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, sell me thy harpe, thou proud
harper,
And thy stringes all,
For as many gold nobles, ‘thou shalt
have’,
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, ‘he
said.’
If I did sell itt yee?
“ To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.”

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe
gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde
soe gay,
If I did sell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
“ Noe harper, but a kyng.

¹ i.e. Entice. *Vid. Gloss.*² i.e. a tune, or strain of music. See *Gloss.*³ Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1705.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
 As playnlye thou mayest see ;
 " And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
 Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye *looked*, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath *sir Bremor* slayne.

Up then rose the kempyng men, 265
 And loud they gan to crye :
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand; 270
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *bite*,
 Through help of gramaryd,
 That aone they have slayne the kempyng
 men, 275
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
 And married her to his *wife*,
 And brought her home to *merry* England
 With her to leade his *lyfe*. 280

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
 As playnlye thou mayest see ;
 " And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
 Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye *looked*, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath *the Sowdan* slayne.

Up then rose the kempyng men,
 And loud they gan to crye :
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand;
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *fyte*,
 Through help of Gramaryd,
 That aone they have slayne the kempyng
 men,
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
 And married her to his *wife*,
 And brought her home to *merry* England
 With her to leade his *lyfe*.

These lines must be Percy's own.—P.

III.

Beginning of Guy and Phillis, p. 201.

PERCY says in his *Reliques*, iii. 105, 1st ed., that his text of "The Legend of Sir Guy" is "Printed from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection." As he tore the beginning of it out of his Folio, I applied to the Librarian of Magdalene to correct by the Pepys copy a transcript of the first twenty-two stanzas of Percy's text; but as I could not give a reference to the volume and page where the ballad is, and the Librarian's catalogue is not yet complete, he has not sent me the collation. I am therefore obliged to print the beginning of the "inferior copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193" (Child).

SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

WAS ever knight, for lady's sake,
So toss'd in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phillis fair, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?
She gave me leave myself to try
The valiant knight with shield and
spear,
Ere that her love she would grant me;
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
In deeds of arms the doughty knight,
That every day in England was,
With sword and spear in field to
fight;
An English man I was by birth,
In faith of Christ a Christian true;
The wicked laws of infidels
I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years, and odd
After our saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athelstan wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwick earl,
And, as I said, on very truth,
A lady's love did me constrain
To seek strange ventures in my youth:

To try my fame by feats of arms,
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I achieved, for her sake,
Right dangerous conquests with my
hands.
For first I sail'd to Normandy,
And there I stoutly wou in fight,
The emperour's daughter of Almain,
From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
To help the emperour to his right,
Against the mighty soldans host
Of puissant Persians for to fight:
Where I did slay of Saracens
And heathen pagans, many a man,
And slew the soldans cousin dear,
Who had to name, doughty Colbrön.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,
 To death likewise I did pursue,
 And Almain, king of Tyre, also,
 Most terrible too in fight to view :
 I went into the soldans host,
 Being thither on ambassage sent,
 And brought away his head with me,
 I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
 Which I also myself did slay,
 As he a lion did pursue,
 Most fiercely met me by the way.
 From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
 And came to Pavy land aright,
 Where I the duke of Pavys kill'd,
 His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
 Towards fair Phillis, lady bright ;
 For love of whom I travel'd far,
 To try my manhood and my might.
 But when I had espoused her,
 I stay'd with her but forty days,
 But there I left this lady fair,
 And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,
 My voyage from her I did take,
 Unto that blessed holy land,
 For Jesus Christ my saviours sake :
 Where I earl Jonas did redeem,
 And all his sons, which were fifteen,
 Who with the cruel Saracen,
 In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
 In battle fiercely hand to hand :
 And doughty Barknard killed I,
 The mighty duke of that same land.
 Then I to England came again,
 And here with Colbron fell I fought,
 An ugly giant, which the Danes
 Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
 And slew him dead right valiantly ;
 Where I the land did then redeem
 From Danish tribute utterly ;
 And afterwards I offered up
 The use of weapons solemnly,
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,
 In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forest, &c.

Ritson. *A Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii. p. 296-299.
 Part IV., *Ancient Ballads*.

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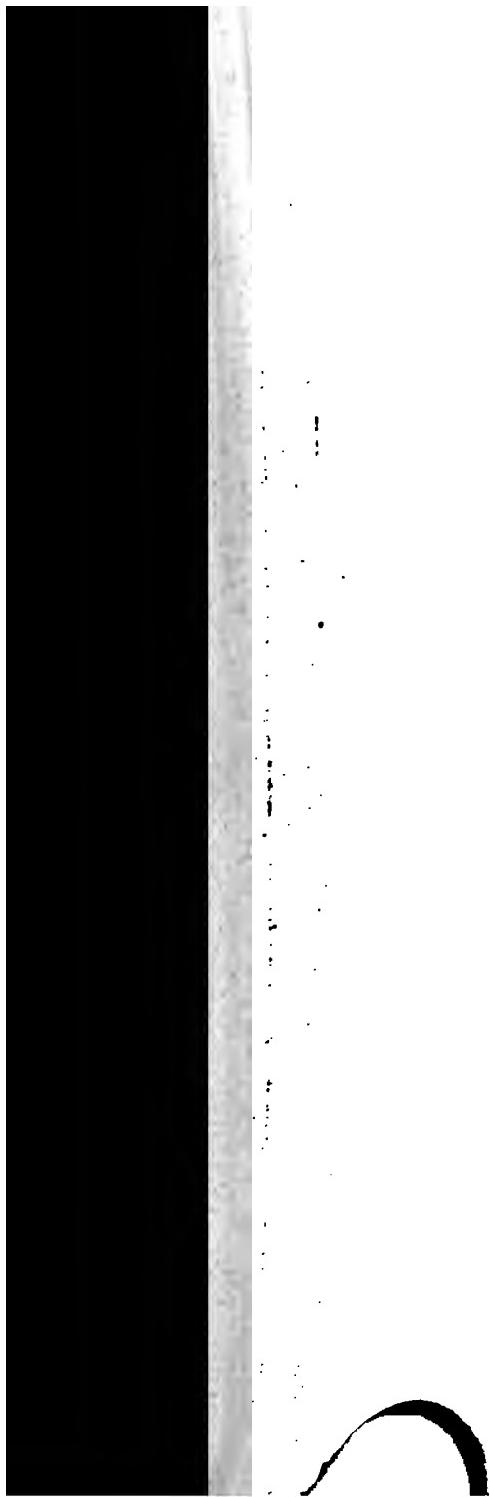
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